ıcerning Kissing

Ethics in a Business Suit

So They Say

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The Golden Book

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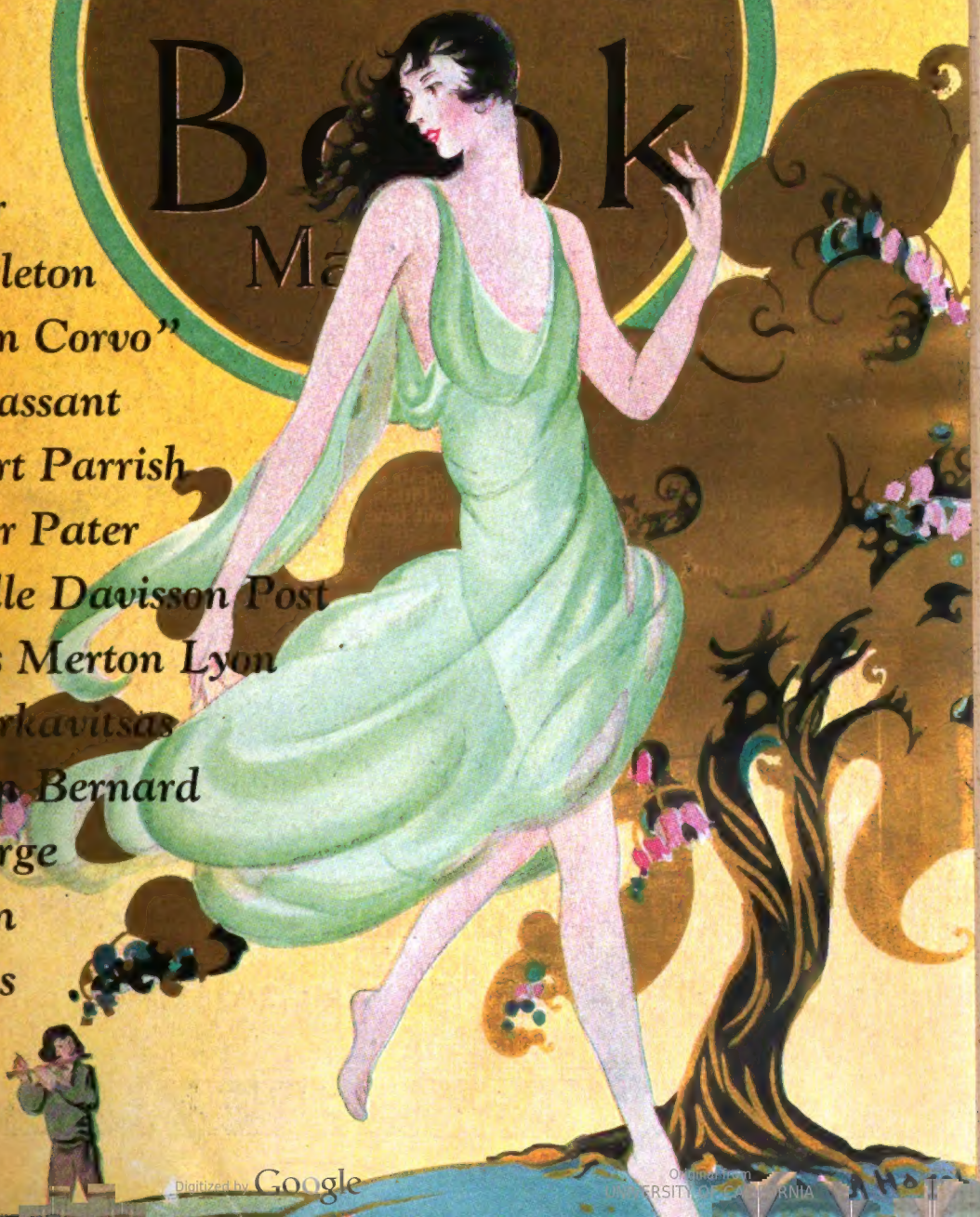

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

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DIXIE'S LAND.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Cimmon seed 'an sandy bottom—

In Dixie's Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin.

Chor.—Look away—look 'way—Dixie Land.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray—Hooray!

In Dixie's Land we'll took our stand
To lib and die in Dixie. (Repeat

Away—away down South in Dixie?

Old Missus Marry Will de weaber,
William was a gay deceaber;

Look away, etc.

When he put his arm around 'er,
He look as fierce as a forty pounder,

Look away, etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

His face was sharp like bucher's cleaber
But dat didn't seem to grieb her;

Look away, etc.

Will run away—Missus took a decline, oh
Her face was de color ob bacon-rine-oh!

Look away, etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc

Now, could she act such a foolish part,
As marry a man dat break her heart?

Look away, etc,

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, et

Here's a health to de next old Missus,
And all de galls dat wants to kiss us;

Look away, etc.

Now if you want to dribe away sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to morrow!

Look away, etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Sugar in de gourd and stonny batter,
De whites grow fat an de niggers fatter!

Look away, etc.

Den hoe it down and scratch your grab. ble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble,

Look away, etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc

Hopkins, printer, 823 Tchoupitoulas-street, New-Orleans.

THE FIRST PRINTING OF A FAMOUS SONG IN NEW ORLEANS

From an old broadside in the Howard Memorial Library

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Secret Affinities

A Pantheistic Madrigal

By THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

English Version by Lafcadio Hearn

FOR three thousand years two blocks of marble in the pediment of an antique temple have juxtaposed their white dreams against the background of the Attic heaven.

Congealed in the same nacre, tears of those waves which weep for Venus—two pearls deep-plunged in ocean's gulf, have uttered secret words unto each other;—

Blooming in the cool Generalife, beneath the spray of the ever-weeping fountain, two roses in Boabdil's time spake to each other with whisper of leaves;—

Upon the cupolas of Venice, two white doves, rosy-footed, perched one May-time evening on the nest where love makes itself eternal.

Marble, pearl, rose, and dove—all dissolve, all pass away;—the pearl melts, the marble falls, the rose fades, the bird takes flight.

Leaving each other, all atoms seek the deep Crucible to thicken that universal paste formed of the forms that are melted by God.

By slow metamorphoses, the white marble changes to white flesh, the rosy flowers into rosy lips—remoulding themselves into many fair bodies.

Again do the white doves coo within the hearts of young lovers; and the rare pearls re-form into teeth for the jewel-casket of woman's smile.

And hence those sympathies, imperiously sweet, whereby in all places souls are gently warmed to know each other for sisters.

Thus, docile to the summons of an aroma, a sunbeam, a colour, the atom flies to the atom as to the flower the bee.

Then dream-memories return of long reveries in white temple pediments, of reveries in the deeps of the sea—of blossom talk beside the clear-watered fountain—

Of kisses and quivering of wings upon the domes that are tipped with balls of gold; and the faithful molecules seek one another and know the clinging of love once more.

Again love awakens from its slumber of oblivion;—vaguely the Past is re-born; the perfume of the flower inhales and knows itself again in the sweetness of the pink mouth.

In that mother-of-pearl which glimmers in a laugh, the pearl recognizes its own whiteness;—upon the smooth skin of a young girl the marble with emotion recognizes its own coolness.

The dove finds in a sweet voice the echo of its own plaint—resistance becomes blunted, and the stranger becomes the lover.

And thou before whom I tremble and burn—what ocean-billow, what temple-font, what rose-tree, what dome of old knew us together? What pearl or marble, what flower or dove?

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1 Where smooth the Southern waters run
Mid rustling leagues of poplars gray,
Beneath a veiled soft Southern sun,
We wandered out of Yesterday;
Went Maying in that ancient May
Whose fallen flowers are fragrant yet,
And lingered by the fountain spray
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

ANDREW LANG.

2 Set Madamoiselle at home, and we home, and to my office, whither comes Mr. Bland, and pays me the debt he acknowledged he owed me for my service in his business of the Tangier Merchant, twenty pieces of new gold, a pleasant sight. It cheered my heart; and he being gone, I home to supper, and shewed them to my wife; and she, poor wretch, would fain have kept them to look on, without any other design but a simple love to them; but I thought it not convenient, and so took them into my own hand. PEPYS.

3 Light-winged I fly to Olympus to fetch master Love; for lo! he will not play with me as he used to do, but he has seen that my beard is getting gray now, and so he flies by me in the wind of his golden-shining wings. ANACREON (EDMONDS).

4 What understanding shall you expect of a country which inscribed upon its banners the obvious falsehood: all men are born free and equal? Freedom may be attained rarely, and then only by tireless effort and restraint. Equality may be attained never. EDITOR, *Blackwoods*.

5 May's warm slow yellow moonlit summer nights—
Gone are they, but I have them in my soul! *Pippa Passes*. BROWNING.

6 De pot say to de kittle: "Yo smudge me." JAMAICAN PROVERB.

7 Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning! COLERIDGE.

8 Looking at shut eye-lids, when you love the eyes beneath, is more or less a teasing mystery that draws down your mouth to kiss them. Their lashes seem to answer you in some way with infantine provocation.

MEREDITH.

9 I felt like a gnat going to stay in a public building. MAX BEERBOHM.

10 I heard my love was going to Yang-chou
And went with him as far as Ch'u-shan,
For a moment when you held me fast in your outstretched arms
I thought the river stood still and did not flow. TZŬ-YEH Song. (WALEY.)

11 High against the intense sky the magnolia spread its dark boughs, adorned with their queenly white flowers. The little wren stood singing as though every bone of his body were a golden flute. The humming-birds hung on invisible wings and twittered with delight as they feasted on honeysuckle. Roses, an innumerable host, ran a fairy riot about all grounds and clambered from the lowest door-step to the highest roof. GEORGE W. CABLE.

12 Awake to behold
The opening summer, the sky,
The shining moorland—to hear
The drowsy bee, as of old,
Hum o'er the thyme, the grouse
Call from the heather in bloom!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

13 I would have you be like a fire well kindled, which catches at everything thrown in, and turns it into flame and brightness. MARCUS AURELIUS.

14 Whene'er I wive, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye Pow'rs that o'er the Noose preside!
Wit, Beauty, Wealth, and Humour give,
Or let me still a Rover live:
But if all these no Nymph can share,
And I'm predestin'd to the Snare,
Let mine, ye Pow'rs! be doubly Fair.

GEORGE STEPNEY.

15 Guess where I was on Saturday night, what I was doing at midnight. I was on the platform of one of the towers of Notre Dame, drinking orange-water and eating ices in the company of four of my friends and of an admirable moon; the whole presided over by a big owl beating its wings around us.

Paris, in the moonlight, at that hour!

MÉRIMÉE.

16 Beshrew your eyes
They have o'erlooked me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! SHAKESPEARE.

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17 *SHELLEY*

The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven. He gets between the feet of the horses of the Sun. FRANCIS THOMPSON.

18 Young man,
If you try to eat honey
On the blade of a knife,
You will cut yourself.
If you try to taste honey
On the kiss of a woman,
Taste with the lips only;
If not, young man,
You will bite your own heart.
Tatar Song. (MATHERS.)

19 Gratitude is best shown, not by much talk, but by lighting another fire.
African Proverb.

20 Live a Life of Joy; for many other Travellers will journey through the World; the Soul will cry after the Body parted from her; and this Brain, where Passion sitteth throned, will be Trampled under Potters' Feet. OMAR KHAIYAM
(NICOLAS—"BARON CORVO.")

21 Heaven is the work of the best and kindest men and women. Hell is the work of prigs, pedants and professional truth-tellers. The world is an attempt to make the best of both. SAMUEL BUTLER.

22 A Councillor of State: it came out after his death that, in order to earn a rouble, he was employed at the theatre to bark like a dog; he was poor. CHEKHOV.

23 *1811.* How very odd, dear Lady Holland, to ask me to dine with you on Sunday, the 9th, when I am coming to stay with you from the 5th to the 12th! It is like giving a gentleman an assignation for Wednesday, when you are going to marry him on the preceding Sunday—an attempt to combine the stimulus of gallantry with the security of connubial relations. I do not propose to be guilty of the slightest infidelity to you while I am at Holland House, except you dine in town, and then it will not be infidelity, but spirited recrimination! SYDNEY SMITH.

24 At whose musical voice
Come the seals from the deep,
The stag from the mist-crag,
The thrush from the tree.
Old Irish air: "Bridget O'Halloran."

25 Manners are to facilitate life, to get rid of impediments, and bring the man pure to energize. My gentleman gives the law where he is. . . . He is good company for pirates, and good with academicians; he has the private entrance to all minds. EMERSON.

26 Go and tell your mother
To put you in a little niche,
And light before you four candles—
For I don't want you.
Spanish Malagueña (G. W. WHITE).

27 Pure wickedness seems to inherit the power of fascination granted to the serpent. It stupefies and bewilders the simple heart. AMIEL.

28 When Thoreau was dying, his aunt asked him, "Henry, have you made your peace with God?" He whispered, "I did not know we had ever quarreled."
W. L. PHELPS.

29 Now it was summer-time, the month of May, when days are warm, and long, and clear, and the nights still and serene. Nicolette lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine clear through a window, yea, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, so she minded her of Aucassin, her lover, whom she loved so well.
Aucassin and Nicolette.

30 Then the Scald took his harp and sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word;
And the harp-strings a clangour made,
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword. LONGFELLOW.

31 When I read the book, the biography famous,
And is this then (said I) what the author calls a man's life?
And so will some one when I am dead and gone write my life?
(As if any man really knew aught of my life,
When even I myself I often think know little or nothing of my real life;
Only a few hints, a few diffused faint clues and indirections
I see for my own use to trace out here.)
WHITMAN.

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The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME VII MAY, 1928 NUMBER 41

The Lame Priest

By S. CARLETON

S Carleton

IF THE air had not been December's, I should have said there was balm in it. Balm there was, to me, in the sight of the road before me. The first snow of winter had been falling for an hour or more; the barren hill was white with it. What wind there was was behind me, and I stopped to look my fill.

The long slope stretched up till it met the sky, the softly rounded white of it melting into the gray clouds—the dove-brown clouds—that touched the summit, brooding, infinitely gentle. From my feet led the track, sheer white, where old infrequent wheels had marked two channels for the snow to lie; in the middle a clear filmy brown,—not the shadow of a colour, but the light of one; and the gray and white and brown of it all was veiled and strange with the blue-gray mist of falling snow. So quiet, so kind, it fell, I could not move for looking at it, though I was not halfway home.

My eyes are not very good. I could not tell what made that brown light in the middle of the track till I was on it, and saw it was only grass standing above the snow; tall, thin, feathery autumn grass, dry and withered. It was so beautiful I was sorry to walk on it.

I stood looking down at it, and then, because I had to get on, lifted my eyes to the skyline. There was something black there, very big against the low sky; very swift, too, on its feet, for I had scarcely wondered what it was before it had come so close that I saw it was a man, a priest in his black soutane. I never saw any man who moved so fast without running. He was close to me, at my side, passing me even as I thought it.

"You are hurried, father," said I, meaning to be civil. I see few persons in my house, twelve miles from the settlement, and I had my curiosity to know where this strange priest was going. For he was a stranger.

"To the churchyard, my brother,—to the churchyard," he answered, in a chanting voice, yet not the chanting you hear in churches. He was past me as he spoke,—five yards past me down the hill.

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The churchyard! Yes, there was a burying. Young John Noel was dead these three days. I had heard that in the village.

"This priest will be late," I thought, wondering why young John must have two priests to bury him. Father Moore was enough for everyone else. And then I wondered why he had called me "brother."

I turned to watch him down the hill and saw what I had not seen before. The man was lame. His left foot hirpled, either in trick or infirmity. In the shallow snow his track lay black and uneven where the sound foot had taken the weight. I do not know why, but that black track had a desolate look on the white ground, and the black priest hurrying down the hill looked desolate, too. There was something infinitely lonely, infinitely pathetic, in that scurrying figure, indistinct through the falling snow.

I had grown chilled standing, and it made me shiver; or else it was the memory of the gaunt face, the eyes that did not look at me, the incredible, swift lameness of the strange priest. However it was, virtue had gone from me. I went on to the top of the hill without much spirit, and into the woods. And in the woods the kindliness had gone from the snowfall. The familiar rocks and stumps were unfamiliar, threatening. Half a dozen times I wondered what a certain thing could be that crouched before me in the dusk, only to find it a rotten log, a boulder in the bare bushes. Whether I hurried faster than I knew, for that unfriendliness around me, I did not trouble to think, but I was in a wringing sweat when I came out at my own clearing. As I crossed it to my door something startled me; what, I do not know. It was only a faint sound, far off, unknown, unrecognizable, but unpleasing. I forgot the door was latched (I leave my house by the window when I go out for the day), and pushed it sharply. It gave to my hand. There was no stranger inside, at least. An old Indian sat by the smouldering fire, with my dog at his feet.

"Andrew!" said I. "Is anything wrong?" I had it always in my mind, when he came unexpectedly, that his wife might be dead. She had been smoking her pipe and dying these ten years back.

"I don't know." The old man smiled as he carefully shut and barred the door I had left ajar. "He want tobacco, so I come. You good man to me. You not home; I wait and make supper; my meat." He nodded proudly at the dull embers, and I saw he had an open pot on them, with a hacked-off joint of moose-meat. "I make him stew."

He had done the same thing before, a sort of tacit payment for the tobacco he wanted. I was glad to see him, for I was so hot and tired from my walk home that I knew I must be getting old very fast. It is not good to sit alone in a shack of a winter's night and know you are getting old very fast.

When there was no more moose-meat we drew to the fire. Outside the wind had risen, full of a queer wailing that sounded something like the cry of a loon. I saw Andrew was not ready to start for home though he had his hat on his head, and I realized I had not got out the tobacco. But when I put it on the table he let it lie.

"You keep me here to-night?" he asked, without a smile, almost anxiously. "Bad night, to-night. Too long way home."

I was pleased enough, but I asked if the old woman would be lonely.

"He get tobacco to-morrow." (Andrew had but the masculine third person singular; and why have more, when that serves?) "Girl with him when I come. To-morrow—" He listened for an instant to the wind, stared into the fire, and threw so mighty a bark-covered log on it that the flames flew up the chimney.

"Red deer come back to this country!" exclaimed he irrelevantly. "Come down from Maine. Wolves come back, too, over the north ice. I s'pose smell 'em? I don't know."

I nodded. I knew both things, having nothing but such things to know in the corner of God's world I call my own.

Andrew filled his pipe. If I had not been used to him, I could never have seen his eyes were not on it, but on me.

"To-morrow," he barked back abruptly, "we go 'way. Break up here; go down Lake Mooin."

"Why?" I was astounded. He had not shifted camp for years.

"I say red deer back. Not good here any more."

"But—" I wondered for half a minute if he could be afraid of the few stray wolves which had certainly come, from Heaven knew how far, the winter before. But I knew that was nonsense. It must be something about the deer. How was I to know what his mind got out of them?

"No good," he repeated; he lifted his long brown hand solemnly; "—no good here. You come too."

I laughed. "I'm too old! Andrew, who was the strange priest I met to-day crossing the upland farm?"

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"Father Moore—no? Father Underhill?"

"No. Thin, tired-looking, lame."

"Lame! Drag leg? Hurry?" I had never seen him so excited, never seen him stop in full career as now. "I don' know." It was a different man speaking. "Strange priest, not belong here. You come Lake Mooin with me."

"Tell me about the priest first," though I knew it was useless as I ordered it.

He spat into the fire. "Lame dog, lame woman, lame priest,—all no good!" said he. "What time late you sit up here?"

Not late that night, assuredly. I was more tired than I wanted to own. But long after I had gone to my bunk in the corner I saw Andrew's wrinkled face alert and listening in the firelight. He played with something in his hand, and I knew there was that in his mind which he would not say. The wind had died away; there was no more loon-calling, or whatever it was. I fell to sleep to the sound of the fire, the soft pat of snow against the window. But the straight old figure in my chair sat rigid, rigid.

I opened my eyes to broad, dull daylight. Andrew and the tobacco were gone. But on the table was something I did not see till I was setting my breakfast there: three bits of twig, two uprights and a crosspiece; a lake-shore pebble; a bit of charred wood. I supposed it was something about coming back from Lake Mooin to sit by my fire again, and I swept the picture-writing away as I put down my teapot. Afterwards I was glad.

I began to wonder if it would ever stop snowing. Andrew's track from my door was filled up already. I sat down to my fly-tying and my books, with a pipe in my mouth and an old tune at my heart, when I heard a hare shriek out. I will have no traps on my grant,—a beggarly hundred acres, not cleared, and never will be; I have no farmer blood,—and for a moment I distrusted Andrew. I put on my boots and went out.

The dog plumped into the woods ahead of me, and came back. The hare shrieked again, and was cut off in midcry.

"Indian is Indian!" said I savagely. "Andrew!" But no one answered.

The dog fell behind me, treading in my steps.

In the thick spruces there was nothing; nothing in the opener hardwood, till I came out on a clear place under a big tree, with the snow falling over into my boot legs. There, stooping in the snow, with his back to me, was a man,—the priest of yesterday. Priest or no priest, I would not have it; and I said so.

He smiled lightly, his soutane gathered up around him.

"I do not snare. Look!" He moved aside, and I saw the bloody snow, the dead hare. "Something must have killed it and been frightened away. It is very odd." He looked round him, as I did, for the fox or wildcat tracks that were not there. Except for my bootprints from my side, and his uneven track from his, there was not a mark on the snow. It might have been a wildcat who jumped to some tree, but even so it was queer.

"Very odd," he said again. "Will you have the hare?"

I shook my head. I had no fancy for it.

"It is good meat."

I had turned to see where my dog had gone, but I looked back at the sound of his voice, and was ashamed. Pinched, tired, bedraggled, he held up the hare; and his eyes were sharp with hunger.

I looked for no more phantom tracks; I forgot he had sinned about the hare. I was ashamed that I, well fed, had shamed him, empty, by wondering foolishly about wildcats. Yet even so I had less fancy for that hare than ever.

"Let it lie," said I. "I have better meat, and I suppose the beasts are hungry as well as we. If you are not hurried, come in and have a bite with me. I see few strangers out here. You would do me a kindness."

A very strange look came on his face. "A kindness!" he exclaimed. "I—do a kindness!"

He seemed so taken aback that I wondered if he were not a little mad. I do not like madmen, but I could not turn round on him.

"You are off the track to anywhere," I explained. "There are no settlements for a hundred miles back of me. If you come in, I will give you your bearings."

"Off the track!" he repeated, almost joyfully. "Yes, yes. But I am very strong. I suppose"—his voice dragged into a whisper—"I shall not be able to help getting back to a settlement again. But—" He looked at me for the first time, with considering eyes like a dog's, only more afraid, less gentle. "You are a good man, brother," he said. "I will come."

He cast a shuddering glance at the hare, and threw it behind him. As I turned to

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go he drifted lamely after me, just as a homeless dog does, half hope, half terrified suspicion. But I fancied he laid a greedy eye at the bloody hare after he had turned away from it.

Somehow, he was not a comfortable companion, and I was sorry I had no lunatic asylum. I whistled for my dog, but he had run home. He liked neither snow nor strangers. I saw his great square head in my bed as I let the priest in, and I knew he was annoyed. Dogs are funny things.

Mad or sane, that priest ate ravenously. When he had finished his eyes were steadier, though he started frightfully when I dropped some firewood,—jerking toward the door.

"Were you in time for the funeral yesterday, father?" I asked, to put him at his ease. But at first he did not answer.

"I turned back," he said at last, in the chanting voice of yesterday. "You live alone, brother? Alone, like me, in the wilderness?"

I said yes. I supposed he was one of the Indian priests who live alone indeed. He was no town priest, for his nails were worn to the quick.

"You should bar your door at night," he continued slowly, as if it were a distasteful duty. "These woods are not—not as they were."

Here was another warning, the second in twenty-four hours. I forgot about his being crazy.

"I always bar it." I answered shortly enough. I was tired of these child's terrors, all the more that I myself had felt evil in the familiar woods only yesterday.

"Do more!" cried the priest. He stood up, a taller man than I had thought him, a gaunt, hunted-looking man in his shabby black. "Do more! After nightfall keep your door shut, even to knocking; do not open it for any calling. The place is a bad place, and treachery—" He stopped, looked at the table, pointed at something. "Would you mind," said he, "turning down that loaf? It is not—not true!"

I saw the loaf bottom up on the platter, and remembered. It is an old custom of silent warning that the stranger in the house is a traitor. But I had no one to warn. I laughed, and turned the loaf.

"Of course there is no traitor."

If ever I saw gratitude, it was in his eyes, yet he spoke peevishly: "Not now; but there might be. And so I say to you, after nightfall do not open your door—till the Indians come back."

Then he was an Indian priest. I wondered why Andrew had lied about him.

"What is this thing"—I was impatient—"that you and they are afraid of? Look out there,"—I opened the door (for the poor priest, to be truthful, was not savoury), and pointed to the quiet clearing, the soft-falling snow, the fringe of spruces that were the vanguard of the woods,—"look there, and tell me what there is in my own woods that has not been there these twelve years past! Yet first an Indian comes with hints and warnings, and then you."

"What warnings?" he cried. "The Indian's, I mean! What warnings?"

"I am sure I do not know." I was thoroughly out of temper; I was not always a quiet old man in a lonely shack. "Something about the red deer coming back and the place being bad."

"That is nonsense about the red deer," returned the priest, not in the least as if he meant it.

"Nonsense or not, it seems to have sent the Indians away." I could not help sounding dry. I hate these silly mysteries.

He turned his back to me, and began to prowl about the room. I had opened my mouth to speak, when he forestalled me.

"You have been kind to an outcast priest." He spoke plainly. "I tell you in return to go away; I tell you earnestly. Or else I ask you to promise me that for no reason will you leave your house after dark, or your door on the latch, till the Indians come ba—" He stopped in the middle of a word, the middle of a step, his lame leg held up drolly. "What is that?"

It was more like the howl of a wild beast than a question, and I spun round pretty sharply. The man was crazier than I liked.

"That rubbish of twigs and stones? The Indian left them. They mean something about his coming back, I suppose."

I could not see what he was making such a fuss about. He stood in that silly, arrested attitude, and his lips had drawn back from his teeth in a kind of snarl. I stooped for the things, and it was exactly as if he snapped at me.

"Let them be. I—I have no fancy for them. They are a heathen charm." He backed away from them, drew close to the open door, and stood with a working face,—the saddest sight of fierce and weary ruin, of effort to speak kindly, that ever I saw.

"They're just a message," I began.

"That you do not understand." He held up his hand for silence, more priest and less madman than I had yet seen him. "I will

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tell you what they mean. The twigs, two uprights and a crosspiece, mean to keep your door shut; the stone is—the stone does not matter—call it a stranger; the charcoal"—for all the effort he was making his hand fell, and I thought he trembled—"the charcoal——"

I stooped mechanically to put the things as he described them, as Andrew had left them; but his cry checked me.

"Let the cruel things be! The charcoal means the unlucky, the burned-out souls whose bodies live accursed. No, I will not touch them, either. But do you lay them as you found them, night after night, at your door, and—and"—he was fairly grinding his teeth with the effort; even an outcast priest may feel shame at believing in heathenry—"and the unlucky, the unhappy, must pass by."

I do not know why such pity came on me, except that it is not right to see into the soul of any man, and I knew the priest must be banned, and thought Andrew had meant to warn me against him. I took the things, twigs, stone, and charcoal, and threw them into the fire.

"I'd sooner they came in," I said.

But the strange priest gave me a look of terror, of agony. I thought he wrung his hands, but I could not tell. As if I had struck him he was over my threshold, and scurrying away with his swift lameness into the woods and the thin-falling snow. He went the way we had come in the morning, the way of the dead hare. I could not help wondering if he would take it with him if it were still there. I was sorry I had not asked him where he was going; sorrier I had not filled his pockets with food. I turned to put away my map of the district, and it was gone. He must have moved more silently than a wolf to have stolen it, but stolen it was. I could not grudge it, if I would rather have given it. I went to the bunk to pull out my sulky dog, and stood amazed. Those books lie which say dogs do not sweat.

"The priest certainly had a bad smell," I exclaimed, "but nothing to cause all this fuss! Come out!"

But he only crawled abjectly to the fire, and presently lifted his great head and howled.

"Snow or no snow, priest or no priest," said I, "we will go out to get rid of these vapours;" for I had not felt much happier with my guest than had the dog.

When we came back we had forgotten him; or why should I lie?—the dog had. I could not forget his lameness, his poor, fierce, hungry face. I made a prayer in my bed that night. (I know it is not a devout practice, but if the mind kneels I hold the body does not matter, and my mind has been kneeling for twenty years.)

"For all that are in agony and have none to pray for them, I beseech thee, O God!" And I meant the priest, as well as some others. But, however it was, I heard—I mean I saw—no more of him. I had never heard of him so much as his name.

Christmas passed. In February I went down to the village, and there I heard what put the faint memory of the lame man out of my head. The wolves who had followed the red deer were killing, not deer in the woods, but children in the settlements. The village talked of packs of wolves, and Heaven knew how many children. I thought, if it came to bare truth, there might have been three children eaten, instead of the thirty rumour made them, and that for the fabled pack there probably stood two or three brutes, with a taste for human flesh, and a distaste for the hard running of pulling down a deer. And before I left the village I met a man who told the plain tale.

There had been ten children killed or carried off, but there had been no pack of wolves concerned, nor even three nor two. One lame wolf's track led from each robbed house, only to disappear on some highroad. More than that, the few wolves in the woods seemed to fear and shun the lonely murderer; were against him as much as the men who meant to hunt him down.

It was a queer story; I hardly thought it held water, though the man who told it was no romance-maker. I left him, and went home over the hard shining of the crusted snow, wondering why the good God, if he had not meant his children to kill, should have made the winter so long and hard.

Yellow shafts of low sunlight pierced the woods as I threaded them, and if they had not made it plain that there was nothing abroad I should have thought I heard something padding in the underbrush. But I saw nothing till I came out on my own clearing; and there I jerked up with surprise.

The lame priest stood with his back to my window,—stood on a patch of tramped and bloody snow.

"Will you never learn sense?" he whined at me. "This is no winter to go out and leave your window unfastened. If I had not happened by, your dog would be dead."

I stared at him. I always left the window ajar, for the dog to go out and in.

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"I came by," drawled the priest, as if he were passing every day, "and found your dog out here with three wolves on him. I—I beat them off." He might speak calmly, but he wiped the sweat from his face. "I put him in by the window. He is only torn."

"But you—" My wits came back to me. I thanked him as a man does who has only a dumb beast to cherish. "Why did you not go in, too? You must be frozen."

He shook his head. "The dog is afraid of me; you saw that," he answered simply. "He was better alone. Besides, I had my hands full at the time."

"Are you hurt?" I would have felt his ragged clothes, but he flinched away from me.

"They were afraid, too!" He gave a short laugh. "And now I must go. Only be careful. For all you knew, there might have been wolves beside you as you came. And you had no gun."

I knew now why he looked neither cold nor like a man who has been waiting. He had made the window safe for the dog inside, and run through the woods to guard me. I was full of wonder at the strangeness of him, and the absurd gratitude; I forgot—or rather, I did not speak of—the stolen map. I begged him to come in for the night. But he cut me off in the middle.

"I am going a long way. No, I will not take a gun. I have no fear."

"These wolves are too much!" I cried angrily. "They told me in the village that a lame one had been harrying the settlements. I mean a wolf—" Not for worlds would I have said anything about lameness if I had remembered his.

"Do they say that?" he asked, his gaunt and furrowed face without expression. "Oh, you need not mind me. It is no secret that I—I too am lame. Are they sure?"

"Sure enough to mean to kill him." Somehow, my tongue faltered over it.

"So they ought." He spoke in his throat. "But—I doubt if they can!" He straightened himself, looked at the sun with a queer face. "I must be going. You need not thank me,—except, if there comes one at nightfall, do not, for my memory, let him in. Good-night, brother."

And, "Good-night, brother," said I.

He turned, and drifted lamely out of the clearing. He was out of my sight as quickly as if he had gone into the ground. It was true about the wolves; there were their three tracks, and the priest's tracks running to the place where they had my dog down. If, remembering the hare, I had had other thoughts, I was ashamed of them. I was sorry I had not asked in the village about this strange man who beat off wolves with a stick; but I had, unfortunately, not known it in the village.

I was to know. Oh, I was to know!

It might have been a month after—anyhow, it was near sunset of a bitter day—when I saw the lame priest again.

Lame indeed. Bent double as if with agony, limping horribly, the sweat on his white face, he stumbled to my door. His hand was at his side; there was a dry blood stain round his mouth; yet even while he had to lean against the doorpost he would not let me within arm's reach of him, but edged away.

"Come in, man." I was appalled. "Come in. You—are you hurt?" I thought I saw blood on his soutane, which was in flinders.

He shook his head. Like a man whose minutes are numbered, he looked at the sun; and, like a man whose minutes are numbered, could not hurry his speech.

"Not I," he said at last. "But there is a poor beast out there," nodding vaguely, "a—a dog, that has been wounded. I—I want some rags to tie up the wound, a blanket to put over him. I cannot leave him in his—his last hour."

"You can't go. I'll put him out of his misery: that will be better than blankets."

"It might," muttered he, "it might, if you could! But I must go."

I said I would go, too. But at that he seemed to lose all control of himself, and snarled out at me:

"Stay at home. I will not have you. Hurry. Get me the things."

His eyes—and, on my soul, I thought death was glazing them—were on the sinking sun when I came out again, and for the first time he did not edge away from me. I should have known without telling that he had been caring for some animal by the smell of his clothes.

"My brother that I have treated brotherly, as you me," he said, "whether I come back this night or not, keep your door shut. Do not come out—*if I had strength to kneel, I would kneel to you*—for any calling. And I—I that ask you have loved you well; I have tried to serve you, except" (he had no pause, no awkwardness) "in the matter of that map; but you had burnt the heathen charm, and I had to find a way to keep far off from you. I am—I am a driven man!"

"There will be no calling." I was puzzled and despairing. "There has been none of

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that loon-crying, or whatever it was, since the night I first met you. If you would treat me as a brother, come back to my house and sleep. I will not hurt your wounded dog," though even then I knew it was no dog.

"I treat you as I know best," he answered passionately. "But if in the morning I do not come—" He seized the blanket, the rags; bounded from me in the last rays of sunlight, dragging his burden in the snow. As he vanished with his swift, incredible lameness, his voice came back high and shrill: "If I do not come in the morning, come out and give—give my dog burial. For the love of"—he was screaming—"for the love I bore you—Christian burial!"

If I had not stayed to shut the door, I should not have lost him. Until dark I called, I beat every inch of cover. All the time I had a feeling that he was near and evading me, and at last I stopped looking for him. For all I knew he might have a camp somewhere; and camp or none, he had said pretty plainly he did not want me. I went home, angry and baffled.

It was a freezing night. The very moon looked fierce with cold. The shack snapped with frost as I sat down to the supper I could not eat for the thought of the poor soul outside; and as I sat I heard a sound, a soft, imploring call,—the same, only nearer and more insistent, as the cry on the wind the night after I first saw the priest. I was at the door, when something stopped me. I do not exaggerate when I say the mad priest's voice was in my ears: "If there comes one to your door after nightfall, do not let him in. Do not open for any crying. *If I had strength to kneel, I would kneel to you.*"

I do not think any pen on earth could put down the entreaty of that miserable voice, but even remembering it I would have disregarded it if, before I could so much as draw breath, that soft calling had not broken into a great ravening howl, bestial, full of malice. For a moment I thought the priest had come back raving mad; I thought silly thoughts of my cellar and my medicine chest; but as I turned for my knitted sash to tie him with, the horrid howl came again, and I knew it was no man, but a beast. Or I think that is a lie. I knew nothing, except that outside was something more horrible than I had ever dreamed of, and that I could not open my door.

I did go to the window; I put a light there for the priest to see, if he came; but I did no more. That very day I had said, "There will be no more calling," and here, in my sober senses, stood and sweated because my words were turned into a lie.

There seemed to be two voices, yet I knew it was but one. First would come the soft wailing, with the strange drawing in it. There was more terror for me in that than in the furious snarl to which it always changed; for while it was imploring it was all I could do not to let in the one who cried out there. Just as I could withstand no longer, the ravening malice of the second cry would stop me short. It was as if one called and one forbade me. But I knew there were no two things outside.

I may as well set down my shame and be done. I was afraid. I stood holding my frantic dog, and dared not look at the unshuttered window, black and shining like new ice in the lamplight, lest I should see I knew not what inhuman face looking at me through the frail pane. If I had had the heathen charm, I should have fallen to the cowardice of using it.

It may have been ten minutes that I stood with frozen blood. All I am sure of is that I came to my senses with a great start, remembering the defenseless priest outside. I shut up my dog, took my gun, opened my door in a fury, and—did not shoot.

Not ten yards from me a wolf crouched in the snow, a dark and lonely thing. My gun was at my shoulder, but as he came at me the sound that broke from his throat loosened my arm. It was human. There is no other word for it. As I stood, sick and stupid, the poor brute stopped his rush with a great slither in the snow that was black with his blood in the moonlight, and ran,—ran terribly, lamely, from my sight,—but not before I had seen a wide white bandage bound round his gray-black back and breast.

"The priest's dog!" I said. I thought a hundred things, and dared not meddle with what I did not understand.

I searched as best I might for what I knew I should not find,—searched till the dawn broke in a lurid sky; and under that crimson light I found the man I had called brother on the crimson snow. And as I hope to die in a house and in my bed, my rags I gave for the dying beast were round his breast, my blanket huddled at his hand. But his face, as I looked on him, I should not have known, for it was young. I put down my loaded gun, that I was glad was loaded still, and I carried the dead home. I saw no wounded wolf nor the trace of one,

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except the long track from my door to the priest's body, and *that* was marked by neither teeth nor claws, but, under my rags, with bullets.

Well, he had his Christian burial!—though Father Moore, good, smooth man, would not hear my tale.

The dead priest had been outcast by his own will, not the Church's; had roamed the country for a thousand miles, a thing afraid and a thing of fear. And now some one had killed him, perhaps by mistake.

"Who knows?" finished Father Moore softly. "Who knows? But I will have no hue and cry made about it. He was once, at least, a servant of God, and these,"—he glanced at the queer-looking bullets that had fallen from the dead man's side as I made him ready for burial,—"I will encourage no senseless superstition in my people by trying to trace these. Especially—" But he did not finish.

So we dug the priest's grave, taking turn by turn, for we are not young; and his brother in God buried him. What either of us thought about the whole matter we did not say.

But the very day after, while the frozen mound of consecrated earth was raw in the sunshine, Andrew walked in at my door.

"We come back," he announced. "All good here now! Lame wolf dead. Shoot him after dark, silver bullet. Wēgŭlădĭ-mōōch. Bochtŭsŭḿ." [1]

He said never a word about the new grave. And neither did I.

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[1] Evil spirit, wolf. *Weguladimooch* is a word no Indian cares to say.

Hearing the Early Oriole

(Written in exile)

By PO CHÜ-I

Translation by Arthur Waley

[*Mrs. Florence Ayscough, who also has made an English version of this poem, with Miss Amy Lowell, in their volume, "Fir Flower Tablets," says:*

"The poem alludes to the curious Chinese custom of holding Imperial audiences at dawn. This custom was persisted in until the fall of the Manchu Dynasty in 1912. One of the most noticeable peculiarities of Peking in Imperial days was the noise during the night, which never seemed to stop. Officials came to the palace in their carts, while it was still dark, in order to be ready for the audience at dawn. It is clear from Po Chü-i's poem that he is no longer in office, since, although the sun has risen, he himself is still in bed."]

WHEN the sun rose I was still lying in bed;
An early oriole sang on the roof of my house.
For a moment I thought of the Royal Park at Dawn
When the Birds of Spring greeted their Lord from his trees.
I remembered the days when I served before the Throne
Pencil in hand, on duty at the Che′ēng-ming (palace);
At the height of spring, when I paused an instant from work
Morning and evening, was *this* the voice I heard?
Now in my exile the oriole sings again
In the dreary stillness of Hsün-yang town. . . .
The bird's note cannot really have changed;
All the difference lies in the listener's heart.
If he could but forget that he lives at the World's end,
The bird would sing as it sang in the Palace of old.

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The Great Cipher

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

Melville D. Post

IT WAS a night of illusions. The whole world was unreal. The city could not be seen. There was a sort of fairy vista extending over the gardens across the bit of park into the haze, pierced by the narrow white shaft of the National Monument extending into the sky.

There was a heavy odour of jessamine and honeysuckle lying about the southern portico of the Executive Mansion. But there were no lights. The whole of the portico was in heavy shadow. A big, strong, masculine voice, cultivated and firm, was speaking.

"I am glad that business of your embassy brought you to America, Monsieur Jonquelle," it said, "because I wanted to ask you about that last expedition of Chauvannes'. I knew Chauvannes in South Africa. He was a first-class man. What was the mystery about his death? The current report at the time could not have been the truth. It was too fantastic."

One might have made out the figure of the Frenchman by looking closely in the dim light. He sat in a long chair, his legs extended, a cigarette, unlighted, moving in his fingers. His voice was low and clear when he spoke, like one engaged with a reflection.

"It was all the truth, Excellency," he said, "as we now know."

The big voice interrupted: "That fantastic story!"

The Frenchman's voice did not change.

"The truth about it," he said, "is even more fantastic than the current story of the time. Nobody believed it. Nobody could have believed it. When his journal finally came in, everybody thought Chauvannes had gone mad before the end. The things he wrote down simply could not have happened!"

He paused. "But it was every word the truth. . . . There are the emeralds in the Louvre."

The big man beyond Monsieur Jonquelle, obscured by the thick shadow, made an exclamation of astonishment.

"The emeralds," he said, "are of course proof of the fact that Chauvannes found some evidences of the thing he was after. But his journal could not have been the truth. The man who wrote the closing pages of that journal must have been mad."

The Frenchman replied with no change in his voice.

"Excellency," he said, "the man who wrote the closing pages of that journal was not only sane, but he was so clever that I have never ceased to admire him. He was in a desperate position, from which, he knew perfectly well, there was no escape, and he undertook to do a thing that not only required the soundest intelligence, but it also required a degree of cleverness that has not been equaled by anybody. I feel that I ought to stand and uncover whenever I think about Chauvannes."

There was a sound in the darkness as of one drawing one's body swiftly together in a chair. There was a sort of booming in the big voice.

"You amaze me!" it said. "Of course, I knew what Chauvannes was after. He used to talk about it when we were shooting on the Vaal. He had the clue, he thought, to a lost civilization of an immense age, in the great wilderness of Central Africa, a little north of the Congo. The old route of the ivory raiders had touched it. And there were the stories the slave traders had brought out, and so forth. I thought at the time that he was building on insufficient data, but one never knows what civilization may have flourished on any portion of the earth's surface. An immense wilderness laid down over it would mean nothing. The race is much older than we imagine."

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He continued to speak in his strong, firm voice:

"I was not surprised that Chauvannes found some evidence of the thing he was looking for. He was a first-class archeologist. He knew all about everything of the sort that had been uncovered. And he was a good, all-round explorer, none better. If there was any man in the world who could have gone from the Congo across the old trail of the ivory raiders, northeast to the Albert Nyanza, it was Chauvannes. I can believe that Chauvannes went in there, and that he found the evidences of the thing he was looking for; but the journal that the survivor of the expedition brought in could not be true. Chauvannes was insane when he wrote it—if the excerpts I saw of it were not coloured. One could easily go mad at the end of an adventure like that. It was an appalling thing to undertake. That forest lies on the equator. It is very nearly three thousand miles across it. There is every conceivable peril in it. One would look for a man to come out of the Nyanza mad, if he ever did come out."

Monsieur Jonquelle replied in the same even voice.

"Our government, Excellency," he said, "was precisely of your opinion, when the journal finally came in. They thought Chauvannes was mad at the end. But he was not mad! He was sane and clever—how sane and how clever you will realize when you get the whole thing clearly in your mind. It was a long time before we understood it, although how we could have been so stupid seems to me now a greater wonder than the fantastic incidents with which Chauvannes filled the closing pages of his journal.

"I think the first clue we got was the method Chauvannes had taken to be sure that the journal would get to Paris after his death. His direction, written on the back of it, was that the bearer who brought it in should be paid five thousand francs by the executors of his estate. You see, he was offering a reward for the thing to get in.

"Only one of the three men that Chauvannes constantly speaks of in his journal ever appeared. One can imagine what happened to the other two—the same thing, doubtless, that happened to all the persons who started with Chauvannes northeast to the Nyanza after he had abandoned his excavations."

The big man beyond Monsieur Jonquelle in the dark seemed to have composed himself to listen. He was silent, and Monsieur Jonquelle went on:

"These men, who were the only persons alive with Chauvannes when he finally reached the Ituri on the morning of the seventeenth of December, must have been three of the most desperate adventurers in the world. They were evidently broken men at the end of their tether, willing to stake everything on a last chance, or they would not have joined Chauvannes. They were not men he selected. He never would have selected men of this character. They seem to have followed him in and to have literally annexed themselves to his expedition when he left the Congo east of the Leopold. They must have been an exquisite devil's guard—those three; the little wolf-faced apache, Leturc, the Finn sailor, and the American beachcomber they called Captain Dix.

"The apache was the one who came in with the journal. He must have been, after all, what you would call the 'best man' of the three. Nevertheless it was these three hell-birds who came out alive with Chauvannes. And what he had to say about them is on every page of the journal. He must have changed his mind very shortly after they joined him, because the first impressions he wrote down, which were probably what our own would have been, were afterward scratched out. We might have believed that some one else had made these erasures but for the fact that the journal from this time on never fails to speak of these three men in the highest terms. Their tirelessness, their energy, their courage, their devotion to Chauvannes is the one note that continues through this journal to the end.

"Of course, one could say that as these three men had to depend on Chauvannes to bring them out, the presence of a common peril would have united them in his support, and that while they were apparently exerting themselves for him, they were, in fact, labouring to get out of that wilderness alive.

"They were evidently densely ignorant persons of a low order. The Finn and the American beachcomber had no education whatever; Leturc could read—he was a deserter, we think, from the Foreign Legion—and he had a sort of devil's shrewdness. But he was no match, when it came to wits, for Chauvannes. None of them was. They were ignorant and superstitious. But they were determined, desperate to the last degree, and afraid of nothing.

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"One of the features of the journal that first impressed me was the fact that Chauvannes had no illusions about these men. He understood each of them perfectly. He pinned the success of his great plan to an accurate conception of the apache Leturc. He thought this desperate human creature was what you would call the 'best man.' He expected him to come out the best man, and he laid the plan he had in mind to fit that eventuality. And he was right. I saw that when I got to thinking about the journal.

"And I saw something else. I saw that Chauvannes realized his own situation pretty early in the march of events. He knew what he was going into. And he knew where the thing would lead. He realized it a long way ahead. This fact, as I have said, was one of the conspicuous features of the journal. I suppose one, in an incipient madness, might realize all the accurate features of the situation that lay about Chauvannes, and before him, as he did; but I doubt it. I think only a man sound and sane could have seen it with the certainty that Chauvannes saw it, and at the distance beyond the event. Only the soundest intelligence, in the calm control of every faculty, could have realized that the thing before him was inevitable. A man in any other state of mind would have undertaken to delude himself. He would have resorted to futile devices, or to some tragic issue before the end, or to some vain hope. It took a mind like Chauvannes', profoundly sane, to see that the thing that awaited him was inevitable!

"I studied that journal as closely as a cipher dispatch. The evidences of Chauvannes' mental condition did not appear until the entries beginning about the seventeenth of December—the day on which they finally came out of the forest on the old elephant trail. Of course, strange things had happened before that—the decimation of the force, for one thing. But Chauvannes never seemed to attribute this to any but a natural cause, a sort of united plan of the dwarf camps to destroy the members of the expedition.

"He found that whole, awful wilderness veined through with these camps, precisely as Stanley found it when he was following the Ituri in his effort to relieve Emin Pasha. And Chauvannes seems to have had precisely the same experiences as Stanley, in that the poisoned arrows which the dwarf tribes used were always fatal to the natives, bnt not to the white men of the expedition. At least, the three white men with Chauvannes, and the explorer himself, always escaped, while the persistent destruction of the other members of the expedition continued until only Chauvannes and the other white men came out alive.

"Chauvannes, like other men who have been into the Congo, tried to find out what the poison was that these dwarfs used, but he had no more success at it than Stanley. He thought the fact that white men did not die of this poison, as Stanley's expedition demonstrated, may have, perhaps, convinced these hostile tribes that a white man could not be so destroyed, and was the reason why they directed their attacks against the natives of the expedition and not against the four white men who conducted it. The explanation seems possible. It seemed intelligent to Chauvannes, for he makes it very clear in his journal that this is his belief. He gives it as the reason why all the members of the expedition finally perished except the four members of it who were white.

"The expedition was not large. It was as small as Chauvannes could get along with. He never intended it to be more than a scouting party, to lay out the thing he was looking for. The discovery of the emeralds was a sort of accident while removing the portion of an ancient wall that an uprooted tree had dislodged."

There was a moment's silence. Then Monsieur Jonquelle went on:

"Of course, the average person, accustomed to adventure tales, has a fantastic notion about these hostile natives. But there is in fact nothing fantastic about them. The whole of this immense forest, lying above the equator, is inhabited by these tribes, and their furtive attacks with poisoned weapons, usually at night, are well known to everybody. Stanley's whole expedition was constantly menaced by them. You will see his map dotted all over with their camps. They are no fairy creatures of romance. They are a constantly menacing, actual peril in the Congo.

"Chauvannes saw nothing strange or mysterious about what happened to the native members of his expedition. His journal is clear on that.

"I said a while ago that the incredible things set out in the journal did not begin to appear until about the seventeenth of December, when they had finally come out. It is true that some indicatory things are noted in the journal before that date. Chauvannes could not sleep. He returns

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again and again to this fact. Bromides did no good. He continues to complain about the failure of the bromides. He wonders if the drugs have lost their virtue, or if they could not have been pure. He notes that he tested this with one of the other men to observe the effect. The bromides were all right. This fact gave him a good deal of concern. He could not sleep. And the drugs upon which the medical profession depends in such a case, failed.

"We find this feature in considerable detail and beginning some time before December 17, while the expedition was still in the forest of the Congo, in its awful march to the northeast.

"It could have been nothing short of awful in every conception of the word. The whole of that vast wilderness is a kingdom of Satan. We never can get any adequate realization of it—a horror of gloom and rain, the heavens shut out nearly all the time by the tree tops, the whole earth underneath a bog, every form of creeper, of vermin, of reptile, the stench of a rotten world, and this invisible enemy that never relented and never tired out. It was enough to break down the morale of anybody. No wonder Chauvannes couldn't sleep! But it never did break down his morale—that's precisely what I am going to make clear to you—not even when he saw, with an almost uncanny second sight, what was inevitably ahead of him.

"I don't know when it was that Chauvannes realized what was ahead of him, but as I have said, I think he saw it almost from the first day of the march north.

"I studied that journal word by word and sentence by sentence. I felt at the time that no one of us understood it, that the thing meant something which ought to appear if we were able to grasp a proper conception of it. I felt before it as I used to feel before those clever German dispatches, which appeared on their faces to be merely a narrative of a domestic incident, when they were in fact army orders containing a definite direction. I was right, as events proved, but the government authorities in Paris at the time considered my notion fantastic.

"Still, as I have said, the strange digressions in his journal did not begin to appear until about the seventeenth of December, when they came out on to the great grass-covered plateau outlined to the east by a low mountain range, beneath which lay Lake Albert Nyanza. As it happened, they had come out ten days ahead of the date which they had determined upon for the arrival of the lake boat. It was to receive the expedition at the same point on the Nyanza that Stanley met Emin Pasha.

"Now, here was another indicatory point. They did not go ahead to the Nyanza as Stanley had done. They camped on a grassy slope—it looked like an English lawn, Chauvannes said—within the first day's march out of the forest. Here they remained.

"Chauvannes had all the modern implements that an explorer carries with him, and he laid down the exact location of this camp with the most painstaking accuracy. It was charted in the journal in half a dozen different forms and checked in every variety of way. He seemed to have spent a lot of time at this. He was determined that the exact spot of his camp should be definitely located for all time and beyond any possibility of error. And he did not fail. The exact location of that camp is as certain as any boundary monument on our Belgian frontier. It can be located to-day within the error of half a meter. He had plenty of time for this, because he remained in this camp with Leturc while the other men went on to the Nyanza.

"The route to the lake could now be laid out to the eye. It was directly below a marked rocky promontory of the sky line. But the men with Chauvannes thought it better to be certain of the way out, and as they had to put in the time until the boat arrived, it seemed advisable to go over the route. The American beachcomber, Dix, and the Finn set out for the Albert, Leturc remaining in the camp with Chauvannes.

"Chauvannes seemed in the journal to take a certain care to justify this course. He was now alarmed about his condition. The camp was in a spot little less than heavenly after the awful forest of the Congo. It was a rolling country of bright green pasture land, veined with an outline of trees, its hilltops studded with thickets beyond which lay to the east the range of mountains rimming the Nyanza. It was simply a paradise after the horror of the vast wilderness to the southwest of it. Birds were everywhere. It was a glorious country, full of antelope, eland, buffalo and the like. It was no trouble for a hunter to supply a camp.

"It was here alone with Leturc that Chauvannes finished the journal, which I finally deciphered, as one might say, at the *Service de la Sureté* in Paris.

"I have said that the only thing indi-

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cating Chauvannes' condition before the seventeenth of December, when they came out on the old elephant track into this heavenly country below the Albert, was the fact that he could not sleep and that the bromides had failed him. But this was not precisely all. The journal began to indicate a state of mind in Chauvannes that he apparently hesitated a long time to record; the impression that they were approaching some sort of creature of which they had very little, if any, dependable information.

"That statement seems vague, but the impression upon which it is founded in the journal is in itself vague. It was, to put it plainly, a feeling that some strange creatures were ahead of him. Now, one could have understood this, if it had been the feeling that these creatures were *following* the expedition, for the hostile dwarfs had, in fact, followed it until they had destroyed, as I have said, every member of the expedition except the four white men. But it was not this peril that seemed to affect Chauvannes; this was a thing of which he was aware and which he could understand; but the vague fear of the creatures *on in front of him* was a new conception.

"Chauvannes said that he could not dismiss this impression, and that it increased as he advanced, attaining to a definite certainty of apprehension at about the time they came out into the grass land west of the Albert.

"At first Chauvannes put this down as an illusion arising from the depression of insomnia. But he began to speak of it later as a sort of definite premonition to be reckoned with.

"Of course, when the journal first came into our possession, we took this, and the incredible things that followed, to be merely the illusions of a man whose nervous system had broken down. This was a profound error. Every statement following in the journal was, as it proved, of the most definite importance. One got here at this point in the journal a pretty clear conception of the condition of Chauvannes at the time.

"The three with him, whose care, devotion and untiring solicitude are, as I have said, the persistent note of this latter part of Chauvannes' journal, were now very much concerned about him. They seemed to understand the danger, to himself, of one in such a mental state, for they secured and destroyed all the ammunition for the private weapons which Chauvannes carried; they even broke the blades of the knives. They appeared to realize that a homicidal seizure might develop from such a mental condition, and they seemed to fear that it might take the course of a suicidal mania. They were wholly without fear for themselves, as Chauvannes' journal repeats over and over again.

"It is here, now, at this point, that the whole journal of Chauvannes' begins to be taken up with the extraordinary things that he observed. The impression of some strange creatures close on the camp, in the neighbourhood, became an obsession. One can tell that from the speculations with which the pages of the journal are filled at this point, as though the man were endeavouring to lay down an argument in order to support an impression which he felt certain was sound, but which he was also certain would appear fantastic to all other persons. Were men justified in the belief that the exceedingly narrow limits of their crude senses could give them a knowledge of all the creatures that might inhabit the world? He continues to reflect upon the limitation of the senses; the eye was easily deceived; the ear was wholly undependable; the sense of scent in a human being was absurd beside that of the most inferior animal, and all feeling was confined to a sense of touch infinitely crude. Was it not then ridiculous to assume, depending on such limited agencies, that one could have any large conception of what even the limited area of the world close about him contained?

"There are a dozen pages of this speculation closely written in the journal, following the insomnia and what we at first took to be the hallucination which possessed Chauvannes at the time. They bring us up to the strange events which he began now to set down in detail.

"This was all mental. It was all what one would call 'a state of the mind.' The physical evidences began now to appear.

"It was on the first night in the new camp after they had emerged from the forest that Chauvannes had a sensation, as he puts it, of something delicately feeling over his face. It seemed to be a very slight, moving touch, as of the tip of a feather, but it was clearly distinguishable. The man put up his hand and made a swift gesture in the darkness about him, but there was absolutely nothing that he could touch. He says that this thing happened more than once in the night, and each time, although he put out his hand instantly, it came in contact with no physical evidences of any creature about him.

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"This was before Dix and the Finn had set out to go over the route to the Albert. Chauvannes says that he spoke to the men 'guardedly,' as he puts it, about this experience on the day that followed it, but they had observed nothing. There had certainly been no sound in the tent; nor was there any track or evidence of the fact that any creature had been in it.

"The thing occurred again the next night. On this occasion Chauvannes distinctly felt that swift, lingering touch pass over his face; and again, instantly, he clutched about him in the dark, beating the whole place with his arms in a desperate effort to come into some physical contact with the creature. But it was wholly to no purpose. He touched nothing. There was no sound anywhere, and the men sleeping about him in the tent were not disturbed. He says that on the following morning he mentioned this thing again, but the three men with him had no experience of it whatever.

"If these creatures, of which Chauvannes had the strange premonitory sense, had finally appeared, they seemed to be directing their attentions exclusively to him. At any rate, the men denied having been disturbed by anything. They had seen nothing, felt nothing. But they were disturbed about Chauvannes.

"And it was on this day, it seems, that they took the precaution about his weapons. They also decided that the Frenchman Leturc should remain with Chauvannes all the time to see that nothing happened to him. The journal makes it clear that this precaution was taken, with the idea that Chauvannes in his present mental condition might do some injury to himself, rather than in the notion that he was menaced by any mysterious creature.

"And they followed that plan. Dix and the Finn set out to go to Albert Nyanza, and Leturc remained with Chauvannes.

"It was on the third night, after the two men had departed and he was alone in the tent with the sleeping Leturc, that Chauvannes saw this creature. He says it was about three o'clock in the morning. He had been awake through the entire night, his eyes usually closed. He does not know how he happened to open them, but he did open them. It was precisely seventeen minutes to three, by the watch which he wore on his wrist. He knew this because it was a night of full moon, the brilliant rays of which entered the tent through the half-opened flap. There was absolutely no sound to have attracted Chauvannes' attention, and no other physical evidence of the presence of the creature that he was at the time aware of. But at any rate, he opened his eyes practically at the moment when the creature entered the tent—a thing it did without disturbing the flap and without making any sound whatever.

"Chauvannes says that he saw it distinctly. It paused for a moment after it had entered, remaining for some seconds quite motionless. He says that in proportion to the other parts of the creature's body, the head was enormous. It was cubical in contour. The outline was perfectly clear, but what we would call features were hardly distinguishable. The thing seemed to lack features. This was one of the distinguishing horrors of it—a head big in proportion to its body, cubical in outline and lacking features! The chest and the abdomen were also big, estimating the creature by its own proportions. The limbs were long, narrow and jointed. The whole creature was of a repulsive, reddish colour, and without any of the usual covering of animals with which the human race is familiar. The body seemed to be of some hard red substance, Chauvannes said—frozen and polished flesh, after the skin had been removed, was the idea he got.

"The creature remained only a moment visible to him; then it disappeared. It seemed to Chauvannes that it disappeared merely by turning about. He was unable to see it again, although the doorway where it entered was clear in the moonlight, and there was only the grass floor of the tent."

Monsieur Jonquelle stopped here in his narrative, like one who would wish a hearer to grasp the whole conception of the story before he went on. But he did not seek a comment. The man beyond him waited for him to go on, and he presently continued:

"I shall not follow the detail of all the experiences noted down by Chauvannes, and which, finally, brought him to the conclusions at which he at length arrived. He was able, after this night, to observe the creature and a number of its companions, although the man Leturc, who was always with him, seems never to have observed it. Chauvannes got a profound impression of the creatures. They constantly gave him the idea of intelligence separated from any human feeling. He got also the impression that they were blind—at least in the sense that we understand blindness. That they had some other sense which was equal, if

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not superior, to the sense we call sight, was, he thought, clearly evident.

"He was also able to discover, although he does not give all the details of that discovery in the journal, that these creatures lived underground, and that one of their underground cities was very close to the camp. He had, in fact, by some sinister hazard, put down his camp almost at the doorway of the underground habitat of these extraordinary beings—if one could call a creature of this character a being in our sense.

"I suppose it was these conceptions of the *Thing* that caused Chauvannes to note in his journal a parallel in our modern fiction—the story of the Englishman Wells, about an underground creature, a degenerate of the human race, living in the darkness of a subterranean world and supporting itself on the flesh of the surface remnant of that race grown lovely and effeminate!

"Chauvannes in his journal did not draw a parallel. But he noted the details of this story, which he had read, as of something that occurred to him after he had actually discovered the creatures, concerning which he had come out of the forest of the Congo with that dominating premonition.

"Now, these are among the distinguishing incidents of Chauvannes' journal that led your Excellency, and the Paris authorities, to believe that Chauvannes was mad. The culmination of events seemed to establish it.

"You know how the journal goes on, giving the minute details that Chauvannes observed during the week that he was alone with Leturc, while the American beachcomber, Dix, and the Finn made their journey to the Nyanza. And you know how Chauvannes finally came to the conclusion that the seven great emeralds, which he carried sewed up in the lining of his waistcoat, were the things that set these creatures on him.

"The emeralds are in the Louvre. They are seven of the most extraordinary jewels in the world. They are larger and purer than any other known emerald. They are cut in a manner of which we have no knowledge, and the backs of them are covered with a hieroglyphic writing that antedates any language that we know, and which, so far, has baffled every effort to translate.

"At any rate, although the Frenchman Leturc was with Chauvannes all the time—was, in fact, guarding him all the time—and although he was never at any time more than a dozen meters from the door of the tent, and although no sound was ever heard, no violence was ever offered to anything, no track was ever seen, no act was ever done of which Chauvannes had any knowledge, or the guard Leturc had any knowledge—in spite of all this, on the very day before the return of Dix and the Finn, the emeralds disappeared!

"Chauvannes wrote it down in detail in the journal.

"He was certain, accurate, without any trace of doubt; the emeralds—no longer in his possession—were in the underground habitat of these creatures! And the opening to this habitat was close beside the very place of the camp.

"It was hardly any wonder that the men with him considered him mad, especially when one reads the closing pages of the journal. He takes, in writing, an elaborate and tender farewell of the three men. He thanks them in detail for their courage, their unfailing kindness to him and their devotion to the expedition. No man could have written a higher testimonial of the fidelity of his companions. He points out that his death is impending and certain. He begs that the journal may be carried to France, and he urges the French government to send out an expedition to recover the emeralds, which, he says, are concealed in the first underground dwelling of the creatures, which he has described, as though he were aware of the fact that there were other dwellings of these creatures about. The emeralds are in the one closest to the camp, and they can be recovered! He is insistent on this point, as he is insistent on the fact that his death is near and inevitable, and as he is insistent on the fidelity of the three men with him.

"And when on the following day, as Leturc reported, he seized the Finn's rifle and shot himself, the men were, of course, convinced that he was mad."

There came a sudden vigour into Monsieur Jonquelle's voice.

"But he was not mad! Don't you see, Excellency, that the whole narrative of the journal was an immense cipher? Don't you see what the man was doing?"

The voice beyond Monsieur Jonquelle, in the darkness of the portico, boomed in a sudden big expletive. There was the sound of a doubled fist crashed into the palm of a hand.

"Wonderful!" he cried. "It's clever beyond words. Good God! Think of the man in that deadly position working out a clever thing like that. He knew what was

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going to happen to him. He knew it as soon as he picked up those jewels under the overturned stones on the Congo. He knew he would never come out alive, and he worked out the cipher in this journal to show where the emeralds were concealed, so the French authorities could recover them. And he worked out all the details to be sure that the journal would finally get into Paris. It's wonderful! It's amazing!"

He beat his leg with his big hand, thumping it as one might thump grist in a bag.

"I never dreamed that that was what the man was after. I thought he was mad!"

"Surely," replied Monsieur Jonquelle. "It was the first impression of everybody. But he was not mad. He was merely making a great cipher with all the details of this journal—a cipher that would deceive the three men who had already killed off all the natives in his expedition, and who had determined to murder him after they were certain that they could reach the Albert Nyanza! A cipher that would so completely deceive them, by bearing on its face the proof of their innocence and of his own madness, that they would be careful to get it to the French authorities as a justification of themselves!

"He knew that there was no chance that he would ever come out alive! But he wished to rob these assassins of the treasure which they coveted, and he wished the record of his expedition and these incomparable emeralds to reach France. He therefore prepared a journal in which were concealed, as in a code, all the actual facts connected with his expedition and his assassination, and at the same time would disclose the place in which the emeralds were concealed. It would also bring the assassins to that justice which they deserved. He foresaw that Dix and the Finn would assume that Leturc had stolen the emeralds. He knew that the apache Frenchman was shrewder than these two, that he would realize their suspicion and that he would forestall it by their murder—a thing we know immediately happened after the assassination of Chauvannes on the morning of their return. This was established by the fragmentary confession of the apache Leturc, shortly before he was executed."

Monsieur Jonquelle stopped.

"I maintain, Excellency, that this whole journal is the finest example of code writing that was ever undertaken in the world."

He paused. And his voice took on a note of profound courtesy.

"You know, Excellency, what the creature was that Chauvannes described, and where the emeralds were hidden?"

Again the big voice boomed.

"Surely," it cried. "Our conception of a thing depends on the manner in which it is described and the mental state which has been prepared to receive that description. It was the ant! The red ant! And the emeralds were concealed in the ant-heap nearest to the point where the camp was located!"

A Song

By THOMAS CAREW

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phœnix builds her spicy nest·
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

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An Epick of San Giorgio

By "FREDERICK, BARON CORVO"

THE next morning, at nine, we were at San Giorgio *ad Velum Aureum*.

Among the herbs on the floor, there was an unusual quantity of rosemary and thyme; and the scent was delicious. I brought an armful of pure primroses, to scatter round the altar of Sangiorgio. I showed to Toto the bulla, tied on the baldaquin of the basilican altar, without which no priest, save the Santo Padre, may officiate there. The eunuchs of the papal quire misbehaved, as usual, in a box on the epistle-side. What an annoying mass it was! Just a series of florid soli, during which the disengaged singers sat and chatted at the back of their tribune, took snuff, and apparently made up their betting books, while the conductor smacked time with a roll of music. At the beginning of *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, a priest came from the sacristy to say a low mass at the altar of Sangiorgio: and, in his wake, we promptly skipped. Here, we worshipped the relicks, —most admirable relicks,— the head of the lance of Sangiorgio, a large piece of red silk from the cross of his pennon, and his veritable skull; the last having a facial angle as undoubtedly as Greek as that of the Hermes of the Heraion. Toto had not seen these treasures before. His gorgeous eyes dilated, and he was ardently appreciative. The *Gloria* of the basilican altar ended at the moment when we finished hearing our low mass,—say twenty-two minutes. By waiting for the *Ite* of the high mass, we should be detained till noon-day: so we left the basilica before ten, considering ourselves in luck for a change; and in a few minutes we were driving fast along the Appian Way.

I asked Toto whether he had anything to say in honour of Sangiorgio.

"Oh, yes, sir; but many chapters! Why, my beloved Frat' Innocente-of-the-Nine-Quires would speak of nothing else, unless I made it necessary! And he told his history to me so many times that I can sing it to you in his proper words; only, he made me promise that, whenever I should so sing, I should first say that I will not swear that it is true. For one cannot say, for certain, of Sangiorgio more than this, that he was a brave young knight who slew a dæmon-dragon in the sea, and, afterward, was robbed of the breath of his breast, by the sword of a wicked king, who wished him to renye his Christian Faith.

"Also, the said Frat' Innocente-of-the-Nine-Quires told me that people of antick times had so much veneration for this megalomartyr,—that is to say, for the grandeur of this god, Sangiorgio,—that they went further than Holy Mother Church allows; for they invented splendid histories about him, and added these to his veritable Acts; until, at last, no one knew how much was really true, or how much false. Then the Santo Padre feared lest the soul of Sangiorgio should take a damage from insidious flattery; and so He ordered him to think of nothing but the eternal welfare of the illustrious English Race, which is as powerful on the sea as was Sangiorgio in those antick times. (Did you not let me see the mighty ships of England at Civita Vecchia? Have I not seen Sangiorgio's rose-red cross upon them? Yes, sir. Therefore I am not ignorant of those things.) Well, then, and the Santo Padre, called Gelasio, said, also, that every writing about Sangiorgio must be burned; and that no more was to be known of him, for sure, except what I have said;—brave—young—knight—invincible on the sea—slayer of the dragon—megalomartyr—protector of the English Race. But yet, though you may burn books, you cannot burn the memories and mouths of men; and, therefore, many histories of Sangiorgio remain; and perhaps they are true, perhaps false: but, as to that, said Frat' Innocente-of-the-Nine-Quires, there is no knowing.

"Now that is clear to la sua eccellenza; and this is the history of Sangiorgio which Frat' Innocente-of-the-Nine-Quires sang to me:—

"✠ Scuto Bonæ Voluntatis Tuæ: alleluia:
Coronasti eum Domine: alleluia:

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"I cannot tell you to what race Ser Giorgio belonged; but, if you journey southward to the Three-Tonguod Island, at length you shall attain a maritime port upon the seashore, called Catania. And, there, you take a ship; and, alway facing the right side of the rising sun, you sail across the sea, until you reach a foreign kingdom where many islands are; and, there, the Isle of the Seraphim, is where Ser Giorgio lived and died.

"No one knew whence he came; for, when he was a little tiny babe, a sailor of those islands found him, with his girl-mother, in a drifting boat, and brought him to the king as treasure trove. And the king gave him to a priest who served the chapel of Madonnina, called Sedes Sapientiæ, that he might be well bred in holy works and ways.

"His hair was like an orange in the light of noon; he had a skin of cream; and eyes—but, Eyes! When you saw them first, they were cool, and half-shut; but they looked you through and through. When you saw them longer, you found yourself to be as foolish as a jay. But, when you knew them well, they opened, large, and wide, and clear; and, in their shining depth you saw the spark which no man dare to strike. And their colour resembled a brown almond bright with morning dew.

"Ser Giorgio spent his boyhood by the sea, where pure salt air gave grace, and hardihood, and courage. Nor was the genius of his generous soul untrained in the hidden wisdom which the high gods have, and give to few. For, often at night, Ser Giorgio would lie alone, upon the summit of the giant headland riding on the sea, and listen to great angels, whispering, each to other in the winds, those mysteries which no man can learn from written books. At day-dawn, plunging from the height, he saw the waving weeds, and shells of the sea-floor, and all the marvel of the deep. Returning to the shore, he wrang the salt sea from his hair, and went to say his Ave Maria at Madonnina's shrine; which same sweet Mother often left her Son, and stepped down from her picture painted on the chapel-wall, and called the Sedes Sapientiæ, who deigned to teach the young Ser Giorgio holy things.

"So the stripling lived, until he came to seventeen years of age: and, then, the king grew jealous; for, already, people looked upon Ser Giorgio as a god, seeing his strength, his fearlessness, his youth, his goodness, and his majestick gait. And there was something more. The king had cast his eye on that girl-mother, whose white arms had borne the little tiny baby in the drifting boat: but never had he dared to harm her, for he feared, as all men feared, the blinding splendour of Ser Giorgio's eyes.

. . . . . .

"Not many years before, a witch had sold her soul to Sathanus for gold: also, she had bargained with that arch-dæmon that he should arm her with the evil eye, so that all who looked on her should turn to stone. Thus she was safe from robbers who might try to steal her gold. She was the eldest of five sisters, witches all. Two lived in the desert. The other two lived with her, in a secret cave, far away across the sea; from whence she cast spells, and sent hot fevers floating through the world, blighted the vines, blasted growing corn, and poisoned wells and water-springs.

. . . . . .

"So the wicked king armed this hardy, valorous youth, Ser Giorgio, with antient arms,—a battered helmet, a broken sword, a rusty shield, and nothing more,—and sent him on a quest, to find, and slay, the horrid witch; for he thought to rid himself, by this means, and without shame, of the only champion who stood between the mother of Ser Giorgio and his desire.

"But, before the young knight started on his quest, he went and called on heaven to be his aid, laying his antient arms before the altar, in the chapel of the Madonnina by the sea. All night he kept vigil, and prayed; and, when day dawned, the Madonnina, called Sedes Sapientiæ, stepped down from her picture painted on the wall. Mighty angels and archangels came in her train; and she said, 'O knight of mine, you go to battle against Sathanas. Have you no fear?'

"Ser Giorgio answered, 'No Madonnina; supposing that you wish me well.'

"The Madonnina said, most certainly she wished him well; and, as a proof of her good-will, she bade the archangel-prince, who stood at her right hand, to doff his golden helmet. This, she placed upon Ser Giorgio's head; and gave him news that, all the time he lived unstained by mortal sin, and wore the helm of San Michele Arcangiolo, all mortal eyes and dæmons' eyes were blind to him. Then, at his queen's command, the archangel-prince standing at her left hand, whose name was San Gabriele Arcangiolo, stooped down, and bound upon the stripling's eager feet gold shoes with

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wings, that, bird-like, he might walk the high air over land and sea. Then, her hand moved above the antient rusty shield; and, underneath her hand, there sprang a rose-red cross, while the shield shone silver white as crystal over snow, for joy because the Madonnina blessed it. San Michele Arcangiolo gave Ser Giorgio a sword, also a lance which had a pennon white as the soul of a boy who wears his chrismal robe; and, on the pennon, the rose-red cross was signed, the same as on the shield. And, last of all, the Madonnina took off her own white mantle, broidered blue; and, with her holy hands, she clasped it on the breast of her young knight.

"But Ser Giorgio cried, 'O Madonnina, will not your favour grant me one thing more? It is true, Maesta, and my lords these princes, that you have given me a lance, a sword, a golden helmet with curved crest, winged shoes, the rose-red cross upon my shining shield, and your own mantle, which, surely, angel-hands have woven on the looms of heaven, in spring-time, from petals of forget-me-nots and lilies;—all these, O Madonnina, and my lords these princes, you have given freely: yet I lack mail to shield my breast, and I crave of you a knightly belt and spurs of gold.' Ser Giorgio spoke so, boldly, to the queen. He knew that he had but to ask,—and have.

"The Madonnina answered, 'O knight of mine, in all my armoury, there is no breast-plate better than that which shields your brave heart now.'

"'But, Madonnina, now, my breast is bare!' Ser Giorgio cried.

"The Madonnina answered him again. She said, 'O knight of mine, Innocence is the breast-plate that you wear; and, not the fieriest dart forged by the arch-dæmon, can pierce the fence of youthful and inviolate innocence. Yet,—mark me well,—it must be worn unceasingly; for, once put off, it cannot be put on again on this side of the grave. And the belt and spurs of gold will be the guerdon which I give to my true knight—when he has won them.'

"With these words, the Madonnina blessed Ser Giorgio again, smiling upon him, and giving him a white rose of paradise; and, at her smile, the bordures of the silver-shining shield blossomed with roses carved in gold.

"The vision faded; and the Madonnina, called the Sedes Sapientiæ, went back into her picture painted on the wall: angels and archangels returned to their own place, where San Michele Arcangiolo set Santeligio, armourer and goldsmith of the gods, to work on a helmet, lance, and sword, in place of those lent to Ser Giorgio. The chariot of the sun rode high above the pure salt sea, upon whose shore Ser Giorgio stood, with hair most beautiful to see, and shining with the purple light of youth, equipped with arms, and ready for his knightly quest.

. . . . .

"Angels clustered along the golden ramparts of the Città di Dio, to watch this stalwart champion considering his plans. Ser Giorgio was wise, as well as young and brave. He always marked the seven, to cut off one. And presently, he mounted up the giant headland riding on the sea; and, striding to its summit, he raised his head, and cried, 'Hola! San Rafaele Arcangiolo! Hola! Hola!'

"The archangel comrade heard Ser Giorgio's voice, and spread his wings, and floated down, as feathers flit upon the breeze. He said, 'You do me honour, O Ser Giorgio; for you have gained the good will of my queen; and, when the favoured of the queen of angels needs my aid, in all things I am bound to serve him, saving the Will of Domeniddio.'

"The stripling answered, 'My knightly quest lies on a dangerous road; and my enemy is hidden from me. Show me the horrid witch whom I am sworn to slay. Be my companion in my journey; that, in peace, and health, and joy, I may return again. Kurie eleeson. Christe eleeson.'

"San Rafaele Arcangiolo said, 'O fearless knight, I will go with you all the way along your dangerous road, most willingly, and bring you home at length, in peace, and health, and joy: but I may not tell you where the witch lies hidden, for all the glory of the quest is yours.' And, saying this, the huge archangel put off the radiance of his princely state, and took the shape of a slender squire, having rose-red hose and a tabard, white as snow, whose blazon was a rose-red cross, that he might serve Ser Giorgio, as, formerly, he served the young Tobia.

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"A hundred miles away there stood a solitary tree, seared and riven by thunderbolts, a hollow, withered tree, upon a desert waste, all scorching sand and flinty rock. Within this tree, there lived a pair of sisters of the horrid witch, wrinkled, and grey, and horrible. One of these hags had a single

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eye, shriveled and watery; the other none. But this one had a tusk, a single tusk; the first was toothless. One hag depended on the other; for the first, with her one eye would sight a prey, and make the second tear it with her tusk. To these the noble knight Ser Giorgio came, having no fear; and from one hag, he snatched the horrid tusk; and from the other hag, he snatched the evil eye: and so he had them at his mercy.

"Then, while they shrieked and champed their gums with rage, he spoke, and offered restoration of the eye and tusk; but on condition that they should first reveal to him the secret cave wherein the hell-cat of a deathly witch, their sister, could be found.

"Base curs will always sell their friends, turning traitor to avoid affliction. They wish to be on the safe side,—the side which pays the best, and gives no pain. Therefore these hags hastened to betray their sister's hiding-place, saying that Sathanas, the arch-dæmon, kept her far away, in Africa, where he had given her a secret cave, with many black dæmons and hobgoblins for her servitors, who burrowed long tunnels in the ground, and, by those roads, conveyed her poisons through the world.

"When he heard this, Ser Giorgio stooped down, giving back the eye and the tusk; then he mounted in the air, borne upward on the wings of gold which San Gabriele Arcangiolo had bound upon his eager feet; and, ere the hags had time to see him with the eye, or grip or tear him with the venomous tusk, the knight was speeding swiftly over land and sea, upon his quest. San Rafaele Arcangiolo, shaped like a slender squire, went with him for a guard, leading him on. He wore the mantle which the Madonnina gave,—the Madonnina whom he used to worship in her picture painted on the chapel wall, and called the Sedes Sapientiæ,—and so he sped his swift unerring way through the high air, all that long journey into Africa. There, he found the dark and slimy cave wherein the horrid witch who sold her soul to Sathanas was hiding with her other sister-witches.

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"Ser Giorgio raised his silver-shining shield; the Madonnina's smile had made it shine for joy because she blessed it. The outside bore the rose-red cross; the inside showed a picture, mirrored bright and clear as in a glass. And, upward—alway upward, to the inside of his lifted shield Ser Giorgio looked, that, so, the evil eye of that dread witch should cast no spell on him.

"He saw the sisters sleeping on a couch made of the multitudinous bodies of fat toads. Black cacodæmons and hobgoblins fanned hot fevers in the air, with weary beatings of blistered wings of bats. Each witch was clothed with scaly skin; and at their finger-ends were claws of brass. He watched them in the brilliance of his shield.

"The horrid witch, the slave of Sathanas, slept with a sister on this side, and on that; and, in the mirror of his silver-shining shield, Ser Giorgio saw the image of that awful face which turns all men to stone. It had no skin.

"The festered flesh was bleeding raw, and green.
The shapeless features twitched unceasingly.
Grey vipers writhed and tangled in the hair.
A huge white toad sat dribbling on the brow.
And, fearful, wide, wild, horror lay behind
The stony glaring of those lidless eyes.

"Then, like a falling star, the young knight's sword—the sword of San Michele Arcangiolo—struck off the head of the bloated witch; while in the act, Ser Giorgio seized it as it fell, and gave it to his slender squire, mounting in air, borne upward on the wings of gold which San Gabriele Arcangiolo had bound upon his eager feet. Neither the cacodæmons, nor hobgoblins nor the sisters of the horrid witch could see him, for he wore the curving-crested helmet of San Michele Arcangiolo; and he flew so mightily upon the wings of gold, that he escaped their rage, and rending of the air with brazen claws.

"So he left the dark and slimy cave; and, rising to the clouds, he flew—he flew—he flew—and scoured away across the sea.

. . . . . .

"Sathanas, thwarted here, breaks out there. So it will be till the consummation of the world, when San Michele Arcangiolo will chain him fast forever in the lowest pit of hell. And, while Ser Giorgio was gone to slay the horrid witch and take her head, Sathanas made an onslaught on that isle where the Madonnina's shrine stood by the shore, sending there the dæmon called Apollyon, to make the people sin.

"Out of the sea, he rose, all fierce and grim;
a monstrous lizard, having iron jaws,
and snorting fearful gusts of smoke and flame;
whose snaky length was armed with iron scales,
and writhed along the waves for full a mile.
And he demanded of the king that worship and
that service which is paid to the Signor
Iddio on His Throne.

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"The king refused; for, though a proud and wicked man, also full of lust, he called himself a Christian.

"At this, the dragon breathed a pestilence across the land; and all the horses perished where they stood; then he sank the slow length of his iron coils beneath the boiling waters of the sea.

"Next day, the hideous lizard climbed the giant headland riding on the sea; and once more he called upon the people to save themselves by means of mortal sin. Met by refusal, the monster roared with rage, and blew a pestilence across the land which slew half of all the cattle; then he sank beneath the boiling waters of the angry sea.

"The third day, Apollyon came again, and crouched before the king. Crowds stood near, all pale and sick, because the dragon said no word, but sighed continually; and, at each sigh, the earth shook, and a gust of hot wind with a noisome stench blasted them, striking fear of death into their hearts. And they said to the king, 'Surely the gods amuse themselves in paradise, forgetting us, their clients, leaving us a prey to Sathanas. If we resist this dæmon, we and our cattle die, and our land is desolated. Therefore, O king, speak courteously to him. Ask him to take a gift, and go away, leaving us in peace. To-day, we are in his power. To-morrow, the gods may remember us, and look upon us, and help us; but, to-day, we must help ourselves.'

"The king spoke courteously to the dragon, asking what gift must be given to buy his favour.

"The loathsome monster claimed a gift of all the little girls of fourteen years, that he might suck their hearts to quench his thirst.

"But the people wept, crying for mercy, offering any gift but that; and, the more they wept and cried, the more the dragon raged, sickening them with the hot stench of his breath, making them mad with fear, till they consented to this frightful sacrifice in order to appease his anger.

"Their eyes went blind with tears they could not shed;
their bursting throats ached with a powerless rage:
and there they stripped their children by the shore,
all tender little maids of fourteen years,
and bound them, helpless, on the rocks, around the giant headland riding on the sea.

"The dragon spumed along the heaving foam, to drink their blood.

"Despairing fathers saw those gentle bodies tremble, turn by turn, crushed in the hot clutch of Apollyon, whose burning lips sank, sucking out the heart, between the dainty upward-pointing breasts. They saw the struggle, and writhing quiver of soft white limbs, of little rounded arms, which yesterday, were nestling in some loved embrace. And, now, they saw their darlings still, and cold, and pale, as winter's snow.

"From rock to rock, from maid to maid, the dragon darted all that day; till nightfall showed a fringe of pallid broken flowers along the shore; and then he sank the slow length of his iron coils beneath the boiling waters of the outraged sea.

"Mothers went wild that night; and lovers raved
against the Signor Iddio on His Throne,
against the Madonnina and her Son,
against th' unhearing gods in paradise,
against th' angelick hierarchy of heaven,
because these things were done. Oh! they forgot
that christian men need never fear the fiend;
for Sathanas, when boldly faced, will fly:
therefore he must be spat upon, defied
if need be, even unto death, and worse;
for th' amaranthine crown, which heroes wear
in paradise, outweighs the bitter pain
that wins it, here. And, further, they forgot
that, yielding to the menaces of Sathanas,
to-day, makes him free to come again with
fresh demands, to-morrow.

"So, when the sun rose, all the sky blushed red to see the spoils which the dragon had won from Christian men; and Apollyon came once more, rearing grinning jaws above the sea.

"Now that king had a daughter, a lovely little maid of fourteen years; and when his people gave their children to appease the dragon, he kept her hidden in the palace, thinking that Apollyon, who may be quailed and quelled, but not cheated—as Sathanas, his lord, may be defeated, but not deceived, being himself the master of deceit—would have slaked his thirst upon the hecatomb of yesterday.

"But the dragon came, demanding that the king's young daughter should be brought and bound, that he might suck her heart as he had sucked the hearts of all the other maids, or, in default, he said, the island should be overwhelmed, engulphed, washed out by the sea.

"And, even with these words, he heaved his horrid length above the water, high into the air, and, falling forward with a thunderous crash, striking the surface with a belly scaled with iron, he made huge waves rush up the beach right to the terror-bound feet of those who stood, transfixed with fear and shame, to parley with him.

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"San Rafaele Arcangiolo urged Ser Giorgio on, and gave him swifter speed across the sea. He flew—he flew—he flew on the wings of gold which San Gabriele Arcangiolo had bound upon his eager feet.

. . . . . .

"Then that king brought his daughter to the shore, and stretched her on a rock. She flushed as rosy-white as any pearl. He strained her arms to right and left, and bound them in the shadows of her hair. He laid her little feet among loose strands of weed above the surface of the sea. The slim young maid lay still. Her jacinth eyes were wet with tears, and the sweet upward-pointing breasts quivered with little sighs.

"Apollyon grinned to see this delicate morsel; and, to inflame his lust of blood, he coiled his monstrous lizard body, with iron jaws, and armed along its length with giant fish-scales all of iron, around the rock on which his victim lay; feasted and fed his burning eyes and brain, gloating over this delicious maid, till he flashed into flame and lashed the boiling sea, eyeing her from a distance, that he might rush in, at last, to clutch her, cleaving the waters with sinuous tail; and, plunging lips deep in her soft flesh, suck out her heart's blood.

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"But, behold! behold! Between the infernal dragon and the wild-rose maid, the great Ser Giorgio came!

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"He flew on the wings of gold which San Gabriele Arcangiolo had bound upon his eager feet. The mantle of Madonnina streamed in the wind, kissing the rose-red cross of the pennon of the lance that swung from the socket at the heel. He wore the golden curving-crested helmet of San Michele Arcangiolo. On his left arm, he bore the silver shining shield, whose bordures bloomed with golden roses, and which shone for joy when the Madonnina smiled and blessed it with the rose-red cross. And in his strong right hand he brandished his resistless golden-hilted sword. He came between the infernal dragon and the maid.

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"And as Apollyon foamed along the surface of the sea, his eyes fell on the rose-red cross Ser Giorgio bore, signed on the silver of his shining shield.

"And terror took the dæmon.

"Ser Giorgio swung his sword,—the sword of San Michele Arcangiolo,—raining slashing blows upon that iron-scaled neck, and slew the infernal dragon of the sea.

. . . . . .

"Then he unbound the gentle maid, the daughter of the king, yet, in his reverence for womanhood, he gave her not the pain of seeing him, but flew with her to her father on the shore,—father dazed with shame, and fear, and utter joy. And while the maiden swooned, Ser Giorgio revealed himself, raising the golden curving-crested helmet of San Michele Arcangiolo for an instant, while the thankful people found a voice, and gave a loud ovation shouting, 'Io! Io!' to the victor.

"But Ser Giorgio, again invisible, passed swiftly through the throng, and went to bend low his high knee before the altar of Madonnina, called the Sedes Sapientiæ, in her chapel by the sea.

"First, to San Rafaele Arcangiolo, who served him as a slender squire, he offered thanks for companionship and service on a dangerous quest; and for bringing him home in peace and health and joy.

"Next to San Gabriele Arcangiolo and San Michele Arcangiolo, he gave the helmet and the lance, the sword and the shoes with wings of gold, which those fair princes lent; and he offered thanks to them for their strong aid.

"Then, last, but best of all, he rendered grateful praise to her who gave him wisdom and a valiant heart,—the Madonnina in her picture painted on the wall, and called the Sedes Sapientiæ: also, he returned that admirable mantle, which hands of angels wove on looms of heaven in spring from petals of forget-me-nots and lilies. And he said 'Madonnina Mary, tell me; have I won that belt and spurs of gold?' She answered, 'O strenuous youth, O vehement knight of mine, have patience. Once more, I claim your service. Once more you must bear arms for me against Sathanas. And, when you see me sitting on my throne in the kingdom of my Son, then you may ask me for the belt and spurs of gold; for, then, you will have won them.'

"So having paid his duteous respects to her whom Il Santissimo, dying on His Cross, gave to Man for Mother, next, Ser Giorgio embraced his earthly mother, smiling at him through the tears which loving women shed for joy, and held his strong arms round her, while she babbled of her

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pride in her boy's bravery, murmuring praises to the gods who guarded him in his dangerous quest, and brought him back to her in peace and health and joy.

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"Next day, the king would have Ser Giorgio show himself, and say what honour, or what reward would pay him for his arduous toil. And, by the throne, there stood the king's fair daughter, radiant in silver sown with pearls, and sweet and fresh and pure as a wild-rose.

"Ser Giorgio looked upon her loveliness; and he offered her the white rose of paradise, which the Madonnina gave him when she smiled and blessed his silver-shining shield in her chapel by the sea.

"The princess took the rose of paradise, worshipping it with her lips; and, then, Ser Giorgio asked the king to give him, as his meed, that gracious maid, his daughter, for a bride.

"And the king agreed; but, being a wicked man whose plans the youth had spoiled, he cursed Ser Giorgio, deep down in his heart.

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"That night the king could not sleep; and, to him, raging with disappointment, came Sathanas, who said, 'O king, have you resolved to leave your pleasures, and to serve the silly gods who never let you follow your own will, but keep you strictly lest you should enjoy the good things of my store? This knight of yours, this Giorgio, has slain my witch whom I had bought with gold; also, my slave Apollyon: and you will reward him with that delicious maid, your daughter, who was meat of mine. What do you gain by this? Nothing! Your bed is bare! The woman for whom your heart is sick, is safe, and rests secure, protected by her son, this Giorgio. There is no warm embrace to clasp you; and, yet, you give your daughter to this boy, who keeps you from your heart's desire. And all because he slew my slaves, forsooth! Know, silly king, that I have many million more, each more powerful than Apollyon, or than that witch. These, I will send, to blight your vines, to blast your growing corn, poison your wells and water-springs, kill all your cattle, rob you of your crown, and make you gnaw your wasted flesh for food, and beg for any death to free you from your pain: unless you swear allegiance to my will, and serve me as your god.'

"Before the threats of Sathanas, the wicked king cowered down upon his bed. He forgot that the sign of our salvation, waved in the air, will drive the arch-dæmon down to endless fire; for he was drunk with lust, and the sin of jealousy was like a chain about his mind. He whimpered, that he knew not what to do!—He lusted after the mother, and he loathed her son!—Also—he was a miserable man.—But, what could he do?——

"Sathanas answered him, 'Adore me, and obey my will.' And, sinking low his voice,—so low, indeed, that it was not a voice, nor a whisper, nor even a thought suggested, but a picture, and a scroll, which only the eye of one man's mind, and that the king's, could read or see,—Sathanas and his royal slave pondered over many cunning stratagems, till the day dawned; and they conspired,

> "against the Signor Iddio on His Throne,
> to rob the Madonnina of her knight,
> to slay Ser Giorgio by a shameful death,
> to get his mother for the lustful king,
> his bride to go, a maid, to Sathanas.

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"That day was chaunted the epithalamium of the very noble knight, Ser Giorgio, and the wild-rose daughter of the king. All day long, the populace rejoiced and feasted; and they crowned the intrepid youth and his young bride with roses, till the sun went down.

"Ser Giorgio sat by the seashore, between his mother and his maid. He spoke of the Madonnina's promise of a belt and spurs of gold. The stars grew bright in a violet sky. In silence, revel died.

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"Then, Sathanas appeared before the wicked lustful king, and said, 'The hour is near. Arise: fulfil your oath to me!'

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"The youthful knight was mounting on his bridal-bed, to taste the loveliness of that white wild-rose maid which the might of his strong arm had won. But, even as he felt her heart quiver with love so near his own, and kissed the freshness of her nestling in his ardent breast, San Rafaele Arcangiolo came flying down the moon-beams' silver shining in the room, who said, 'Arise, Ser Giorgio, and go to win your belt and spurs of gold. I take your mother and your bride to be my care; and, you may know that, under my protection, they are

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safe from every evil thing. Therefore, go in peace, knight of my queen, and have no fear.'

"Ser Giorgio veiled the ivory of his skin beneath the tunic which he wore in peaceful days. It was as white as snow; and, on the breast, his mother's hands had sewn his badge, the rose-red cross. He buckled the white straps of the sandals on his insteps, and half-way between his ankles and his high uncringing knees. Striding to the threshold, he encountered sudden-sent messengers, who said, 'The king commands your illustrious presence at his council hall; for news has reached him that an antient foe, having heard of the damage done by the infernal dragon, has deemed the time a fitting one for invasion of the kingdom.'

"Ser Giorgio followed the heralds. At the court, the wicked king was waiting on his throne, surrounded by his councillors, all wise old men, the wisest in the realm; though none had wisdom, or valour, or insight, deep as that which tingled in the young Ser Giorgio from heel to crown. This, they knew well: and, in their stress, they asked advice of him, as of a god.

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"San Rafaele Arcangiolo brought to the shore a little swift-sailed boat. In it, he placed the mother and the bride beloved of Ser Giorgio. He set the sail. He took the rudder; and a legion of gentle sweet-eyed angels softly fanned with large white rustling wings, driving the boat, with a heron's speed, across the sea.

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"The council, summoned on pretence, sat many hours; and when the wise old men had freed their minds of many words, Ser Giorgio spoke too, showing how any enemy might be met, and crushed.

"Suddenly, the king started, and he cried, 'Behold, the angel-guardian of the kingdom, who deigns to cheer us by a vision of his glory, that he may help us in distress! Oh, come, let us adore and worship, giving thanks!' And he pointed to a form resembling a mighty angel, which stood before them in the council-chamber.

"The king and his ignorant wise old councillors kneeled down; but Ser Giorgio vehemently cried, 'Here is no angel, but a fiend, O king! For I have often heard that Sathanas has cunning by which he can transform his horrid shape into the resemblance of an angel, deceiving many! Therefore, arise, O king, and you wise councillors, and spit upon this cacodæmon!'

"But the wicked king and his deceived councillors bade the bold knight to favour his tongue, and let his elders know their duty, seeing that he was but a boy of seventeen years. Also, they asked, by what signs such a youth as he could surely tell whether this vision were an angel or a cacodæmon?

"Ser Giorgio answered, 'That I am but a lad, is true; yet, there have been old men glad when some little child would lead them home; and to mere babes wisdom is revealed, but hidden from the wise and prudent. And, for the signs by which I know this fiend—my heart is pure, my eyes are keen, and clear, and innocent of sin; therefore, humbly, I would dare to look, boldly, upon the Vision of the Face of God in all the Immortal Splendour of His Majesty, Whose high archangels are my friends, and my companions, every day; but, when I pierce into the eyes of this infernal dæmon, he winces at my glance, and shifts his own. Can a lad, as I am, cause the eyes of angels to flicker with fear? Also he stinks of sin. If you would see a proof——'

"The candid boy lifted his hand, and waved the mystic sign of our salvation right in the dæmon's face.

"There was a flash of fire, a roar as of thunder, and darkness for a moment. When the self-shut and blind eyes of the king and of his grave courtiers looked again, Sathanas was gone; bare was the porphyry pavement where he lately stood.

"Yet Sathanas is a foe who comes continually; and continually the christian warrior fights to drive him back. And to those eyes which gazed on emptiness, Sathanas, by magick art, appeared in angel form once more.

"For guards, the king cried; and, at his signal, a band of armed soldiers occupied the council-chamber, menacing Ser Giorgio, who, unmoved by any fear, unflinchingly defied the dæmon, and his tool and slave, the king.

"But that king, mindful of his oath to Sathanas, said, 'O Ser Giorgio, you speak blasphemy against the angel-guardian of our kingdom, meriting death. Yet, seeing that you are a youth, and rash, also the slayer of the dragon, you shall not die, if you consent to kneel, now, and worship this angel.'

"Ser Giorgio looked upon the armed guards with scorn. To the king, he said no

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word in his disdain. He raised his brave hand high, and waved the mystick sign of our salvation in the dæmon's face.

"Once more flashed fire: darkness followed an angry war of thunder: and Sathanas was gone. But, in a moment, he showed himself again on that same porphyry pavement where he stood before.

"Then the king cried against Ser Giorgio, in his wrath, 'It may be that you have no fear of death, O youth; but think of your beloved mother—of your beloved bride. And hear me swear that unless you will obey, and on your knees adore this angel, I will have your blood, first; and, then, the blood of those whom your dead arms cannot protect. More; for, before they die, outrage the foulest shall defile them—your mother shall be mine; and your young bride—this night, I'll fling her as a plaything to my slaves!'

"Ser Giorgio neither blenched, nor faltered. The brave true-hearted boy shot arrows of scathing scorn out from the blinding splendour of his eyes. He said, 'O wretched king, vain is your rage. My mother and my bride are in the hands of God, where torment cannot touch them; and this I know; for San Rafaele Arcangiolo holds them safe, who, with his angel legion, is their sure defence against all evils with which Sathanas, your master, makes you menace them. To me, your threats will bring eternal glory: my sons and my sons' sons will bear my blazon through the ages when your very name's forgotten. And, therefore, I undauntedly rejoice to die for my Lord and Leader, Jhesus Christ, and for His rose-red cross.'

"Here was a white-robed hero, always vigilant, faithful unto death, dauntless, superb, indomitable, victorious. He lifted stainless hands and fearless eyes to heaven, and he whispered, 'Madonnina Mary, pray for me, that I may win my belt and spurs of gold.'

"Stung to fury by defeat so dire, the wicked king commanded, and the sword of the carnefex struck off the head of the very noble knight, Sangiorgio, that mighty champion invincible by land or sea, who slew the dæmon-dragon with his strong right arm, who bears his blazon of the rose-red cross forevermore signed on the silver of his shining shield, beside the sea of crystal near God's throne, where Madonnina gave her paladin, the mantle woven on the looms of heaven by angel-hands in spring from petals of forget-me-nots and lilies, the martyr's sceptre all of golden palm, the hero's crown of amaranthine laurel, and the belt and spurs of gold.

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"The wicked king became a prey for dæmons. Worms fed on his living flesh, while Sathanas ruled his kingdom.

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"The Madonnina, painted on the chapel wall, and called the Sedes Sapientiæ, would stay no longer in that dæmon-dominated land. She flew on angels' wings across the sea; and, beyond those hills at Genazzano, is her shrine, where angels hold her picture till this day, safe, and inviolate, in middle air.

. . . . .

"Safely, with a heron's speed, across the sea, to this same shore, San Rafaele Arcangiolo and his gentle sweet-eyed angel-legion brought the little swift-sailed boat. And, where the antient city of Ardea stands to-day,—city which gave Sangiorgio's blazon and his illustrious progeny to Rome,—the mother and the bride of the very noble knight, Sangiorgio, lived not many years, in exile, by the sea; and then they both went home unto our Lord.

"✠ Scuto Bonæ Voluntatis Tuæ: alleluia:
Coronasti eum, Domine: alleluia:",

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"That, o chare puer," I exclaimed, "is an Epic which deserved declamation to stringed instruments."

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As I descended from the cart, I asked, "By the bye, Toto, what became of the witch's head?"

"Well, sir; briefly, this. San Rafaele Arcangiolo cut it up into little bits like dice, covered them with fig-leaves, and gave them to Santignazio of Loyola in a fig-basket. But I will tell you that history some other time."

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Harlequin and Columbine

By DON MARQUIS

WHEN the soul of the year through its body of earth
Burst forth in a bloom as of fire,
And the butterflies rose in a rainbow riot of mirth
To flutter and burn and take wing and aspire,
To her garden our Columbine came . . .
She was light as her laughter, and bright as blown flame—
Flower, woman and music, and all these the same.

Harlequin
Was a wind of the Spring that came out of the dawn;
He was air, he was whim, he was fancy and mirth,
And his feet on the earth
Were as fleet as the feet of a faun.
He was fickle as glimmers of starlight that shine
On the waves of the rivers of dream; he was tricky as wine;
He was pagan as Pan;
A dancer, a lover, a liar, a wit,
A poet, a satyr, an imp with the face of a man;
And his heart was unstable as wings are that lift
Where the dragonflies drift,
His heart was as wings, that turn, dartle and flit,
And his loves were as swift.

And into her garden he came like a spiral of wind that beats down in a shower
Red flower and white flower . . .
And their hearts were as swift as the doves in their flight,
Their love was the love of the youth of the world . . .
They mingled, they danced, they were shod with delight,
They were sandalled with joy . . .
She was lifted and whirled,
She was flung, she was swirled, she was driven along
By this carnival wind that had torn her away
From the coronal bloom on the brow of the May
In a whorl as of rapture . . . their dancing was visible Song!

His moods were as light as the airs of the dawn;
He loved for an hour, and was gone . . .
What matter if flower and red flower
Were flung down in a shower,
And blossom, and blossoms, were trodden and dead?
It was only a wind that had danced with a flower,
When all's done and said!

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So They Say

SIR HARRY LAUDER:
Scotch comedian

'There are just three peoples in the wurrld who have a perfect sense of humour: the Scotch, the Jews and the Americans."

REV. GEORGE S. CONNELL:
superintendent of the Binghamton district of the Wyoming Methodist Episcopal Conference, urges

"A bathtub for every minister and a clean Methodist Ministry."

SEÑOR MADARIAGA:
ex-official of the League of Nations

"Hypocrisy is one of the first stations on the road between vice and virtue."

COUNT CARLO SFORZA:
former Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs

"We had made the Oriental believe during a century that our civilization was higher. Now they have judged us through our deeds, not caring who may have been right or wrong in the last war. All our Western prestige has sunk there."

CLARENCE DARROW:
criminal lawyer

"The truth is that the whole human race takes itself too seriously."

A SCULPTOR:
when asked why there is so little sculpture of distinction

"Sculpture is the easiest of all the arts. That is why you see so much bad sculpture about."

PRINTER'S BOY:
codifying his experience of life for the benefit of his companions in the office washroom

"When a guy is drunk and says 'I'm drunk,' it's not a drunk, you know."

FLYING INSTRUCTOR:
at Kelly Field, giving a definition of "inherent flying ability" to candidates who failed

"The innate faculty of selective and instinctive discrimination of the stimuli of the sensori-motor apparatus to harmoniously adjust metabolic changes in physiological and psychological equilibrium in such manner as to comprehend and assimilate instruction in the attributes necessary to perform the intricate and complex operations which comprise the piloting of air craft."

REV. HORACE A. TOMLINSON:
pastor of the Pentecostal Church of God, in Queens Village, N. Y.

"It may seem strange to some people, but it is a practice of our faith to talk with God."

DROWNING MAN:
who jumped off an East River dock, New York City, and refused to catch a rope thrown him by a patrolman

"Thanks, old man, but I want to die. Thanks." (*They were his last words.*)

AMADEO P. GIANNINI:
California-born son of an Italian immigrant, and meteoric banker

"I could have piled up about fifteen or twenty millions—but what's the use?"

HARRY S. NEW:
former editor, contractor, political manager, and U. S. Senator; Postmaster General

"Cities without airports in the future will be out of the picture."

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Miss Dorothy Frooks:
New York clubwoman and lawyer, addressing the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs

"Wearing the terrible neckties their wives buy them is one of the points by which men prove themselves to be the weaker sex."

Ernest M. Hopkins:
President of Dartmouth College

"Youth cannot make a greater mess of the world than their elders did."

Dr. Ruth Robertson:
youthful interne at Charity Hospital, New Orleans

"I think it's my mission in life to prove that a girl can dance and wear high heels and chiffon stockings and use lipstick, and still be successful in internal medicine."

Maurice Rostand:
French poet and critic, son of Edmond Rostand, refuses to fight a duel when challenged by an author whose play he had criticized

"Criticism of a critic by recourse to arms is inadmissible."

The "Eyebrow Expert":
of the Ladies' Hairdressing Association

"The four most popular coiffures nowadays are the extreme swirl, the modern cut, the Victorian dress and the modern evening dress. All of these are bobbed haircuts, but the last two employ the use of false curls and switches to give the impression of long hair."

Miss Doris Stevens:
chairman of the committee on international action of the Women's Party of the United States

"Since the beginning of time men, with the best intentions, no doubt, have been writing laws for our good; since the beginning of time brave and valiant women have been abolishing these same laws written for our good."

Ikuta Choko:
a founder of the Oriental League of Tokio

"Western civilization, sunk in materialism, is about to go under. Our League will have no *raison d'être* unless it undertakes to renew the life of humanity. Our task is once more to Orientalize the world."

Dr. Richard Strauss:
Austro-German composer

"The musical material has become exhausted in the course of centuries. I fear music has passed its zenith."

Albert C. Muller:
youthful Waldorf-Astoria bellboy who is studying for the ministry

"It is possible that my experience in a hotel has opened my eyes to the great need."

Percival Chubb:
leader of the St. Louis Ethical Society

"There is certainly a connection between this great intellectual uncertainty and the moral tepidity of to-day. . . . We seem utterly incapable of moral indignation, even in the face of some of the greatest governmental scandals of history."

Nelson T. Johnson:
Assistant Secretary of State in charge of foreign affairs

"It is essential that a consul should have a sense of humour or he will perish. And who ever heard of a consul dying?"

Maurice Bedel:
author of the novel that won the last Goncourt prize

"I would have a chair in the Sorbonne for 'the French of foreigners'."

Captain Malcolm Campbell:
English winner of the speed record for automobiles: 206.956 miles an hour, at Daytona Beach, Florida

"If I had skidded off the course I would have struck people a quarter of a mile away in four seconds."

Titta Ruffo:
Metropolitan Opera baritone, to Fortune Gallo, opera producer

"You are a fifth-rate piccolo impresario."

Fortune Gallo:
suing Mr. Ruffo, testifies he drew $4,000 a performance, but no audience.

"He was very fine. But the seats were empty."

Simeon D. Fess:
U. S. Senator from Ohio, author of works on history, politics, civics and physiology

"Then I added what was not true, but I wanted to get it across."

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Dr. Melvin Grove Kyle:
archeologist, and president of Xenia Theological Seminary

"There never yet has been found anything that discredits statements of facts in the Bible."

Francis H. Sisson:
former reporter, editor and advertising manager; vice-president of a great trust company

"There's a good reason why Uncle Sam is called Shylock among nations, for Shylock didn't get his back, either."

M. Liborel:
French, "slandered" by M. Docquois, author, after fighting a duel with eight-ounce gloves instead of pistols or swords—and with blood streaming over his face

"My honour is washed."

Emil Ludwig:
German biographer

"A woman remains in the last analysis an erotic being."

One of Four Gunmen:
holding up cashier in all-night restaurant, to the customers

"Everybody keep your seats, and keep on eating even if you choke."

Ben Locke:
seventy, retiring after many years as a star engineman

"If I had my life to live over again, I would spend it just as I have, at the throttle of my engine."

José Capablanca:
former chess champion

"In chess to-day everything is known to great players. There are no new moves, no new tactics to consider. If the game is to live and grow popular it will have to be modified."

Elsie Janis:
actress

"Personally, I'm going to keep on falling in love just as long as I can find someone to rehearse with me."

Dr. Alexis Carrel:
biological pioneer of the Rockefeller Institute

"Death is the price we pay for brains."

John E. Andrus:
Yonkers chemical manufacturer, credited with a fortune of many millions

"I think there is one thing wrong with the country to-day: there is too much money around."

Rev. A. Clayton Powell:
pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church

"American negroes have wasted enough money in show-off funerals in the last thirty years to build and stock a huge department store in every city in the United States where there are 50,000 members of the race."

Mlle. Manka Rubinstein:
beauty expert

"America is rapidly approaching the 100 per cent. of perfection in beauty. American women are already 65 per cent. beautiful."

Herbert Hoover:
Secretary of Commerce

"This civilization is not going to depend so much upon what we do when we work as what we do in our time off."

Dr. Joseph J. Interland:
president of the Podiatrists' Research Association

"Bow legs are an undeniable indication of robust health and alert mentality."

Matthew Scott Sloan:
president of an electrical company, says the U. S. has 29,000,000 horsepower of electrical energy established in her factories, equivalent to the power of 290,000,000 human workers

"The explanation of American prosperity can be put into two words, cheap power."

Budget Director Lord:
of Washington, starts a crusade to save paper clips

"If we can limit the use of these clips by government clerks to the purposes intended, and use less for bobbed-hair holders, pipe-cleaners, watch chains, ear reamers, shirt-sleeve adjusters, Ford repair parts, toothpicks, bachelor buttons, cuff links, and toys to use while telephoning, we can add something to the Administration's economy drive."

Lord Dewar:
English wit

"Love is an ocean of emotion, entirely surrounded by expenses."

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SWISS MANUFACTURERS:
of Gruyère cheese, discuss their rivals in Michigan

"Anyone can put holes in cheese, but not all the dollar bills ever printed can produce the aromatic Alpine fodder on which Swiss cattle are fed."

A NORTH LONDON WIFE:
to magistrate

"My husband has never left me permanently before; he only stayed out all night occasionally, as husbands do."

AMANULLAH:
modernizing King of Afghanistan, when told by his spiritual advisers, "The commerce of money is forbidden by the Koran"

"Very well—reform the Koran."

GABRIEL BOISSY:
a leader in the French art and literary world, deprecates the flood of war monuments Americans propose to erect in France

"After all, the French are the ones who will have to look at them."

A BERLIN OFFICIAL:
hearing that the Egyptian Government claims the bust of Queen Nefertiti, which "exerts a weird power"

"I never can marry, because I am a slave to the beauty of Queen Nefertiti."

PARISIAN GIRL GRADUATE:
who shot and killed her lover, when asked by the judge, "Did you shoot the man out of spite and malice?"

"When one's heart is shattered, there is no place in it for malice or spite."
(*She was acquitted by a Parisian jury.*)

NURI SHAALAN:
aged 75, great Emir of the Ruwalla, in Southeastern Arabia, who brought 4,000 of his tribesmen to the aid of Lawrence. He has had 40 wives and some 70 children

"Before I die, inshalla! I hope to marry another forty wives."

LOUDA VADORINA:
Parisian dancer, when asked what she thinks about the Montyon "Prizes for Virtue" given to young girls

"I think virtue must be a stupid thing. I suppose it's all right for some people. But I have a reputation to maintain."

RIGHT REV. JAMES H. DARLINGTON:
Bishop of Harrisburg, Pa.

"We have many saints in our higher offices to-day, and there are many flapper saints in short skirts. Don't judge by outer appearances."

CHAMBERLAIN BROWN:
a casting director

"They aren't making actors handsome enough these days. They're paying too much attention to technique."

MRS. ALEXANDER KIRK:
an active Chicago Junior Leaguer

"Those hard-boiled little things with shaved necks and no underwear have gone completely out of style. This year the style in young girls is to be quiet, conservative and terribly in earnest about careers."

BAXTOR:
a convict, fatally shot while trying to escape from jail, when asked, "Don't you think you used poor judgment?"

"It's always poor judgment when you lose."

CAPT. JOHN W. GOLDEN:
Chief of Detectives in Camden, N. J., about Jean Cameron, arrested nearly a dozen times, and who can "vamp any guy, anywhere, even in jail"

"Jean's a habitual crook, but she's not a bad girl."

ANDRÉ MAUROIS:
French writer, thinks American equality one of the greatest points of superiority America has over Europe to-day

"Nothing so closely resembles the American bricklayer arriving in his automobile in front of a building under construction as the American professor leaving his car in front of a university lecture hall."

DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI:
Indian writer

"Reading and writing are such dangerous things that no one should learn them until his character is formed. In India, the minority read and write; the majority sing, recite poetry and pass down legends from generation to generation."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:
English playwright

"To me God does not yet exist, but there is a creative force constantly struggling to evolve an executive organ of God-like knowledge and power—that is, to achieve omnipotence and omniscience—and every man and woman born is a fresh attempt to achieve this object."

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By HARRIS MERTON LYON

IN FOURTEEN decillion B. C., according to nobody in particular, this stubborn planet upon which to-day we so carelessly shuffle our feet began a series of Experiments toward an End. Billions of bits of magnetic dust were driven from the planet's bowels, churned around, fermented, and worked over. At first she tried for trees, and got trees. Then snails, clams, jellyfish. Then, brooding over her intent, she made the jellyfish climb up out of the sea and prostrate itself upon the sand. Then she watched yearningly through morose years the light and the air beat down upon the jellyfish and irritate it; and she saw the irritation grow into sores, and the sores grow into lungs to breathe with and eyes to see with. After three hundred million jellyfish had died in the process, she slumbered and considered the process complete. After fourteen decillion, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six years had passed, she rested, a pregnant planet, from her constant, vast, and multitudinous stew and turmoil; for the End of her Experiments had come. The numberless millions of jellyfishes and the superb march of countless years had produced Leander Percy Johnson.

Leander enters here, bowing pathetically among men, acting the idiot among girls. You have Leander in his name, as if it had been wrapped around him like a label—Leander Percy Johnson. He was book-fed to the point of mental numbness, flat-chested, and common clay. Leander, eighteen, hadn't a thought in the long, bony box of his skull. He had been stuffed with schooling, but had come out unscathed. He was pasty and superficial and hopeless and he was going to a big Eastern university. The reason he was going to a university was because Hiram Jesse Johnson was a man who had been starved all his life of all the finer things—or rather, of what he considered the finer things. For instance, he had never had more than a common-school education. He had never been able to travel. He had never had a chance to do big work among big men at the big tasks of existence.

He was now fifty-five years old, prematurely bent and gray, a broken man, working on a stubborn, poor little farm outside the small town of Happydale. To the man who really saw into Happydale, its name sounded like harsh laughter. To the man who really saw into Happydale, its people seemed all to be, somehow, sick people. To the man who really saw into these people, it seemed as if they took sixteenths of an inch to be miles.

Hiram Jesse Johnson, on the other hand, thought miles were sixteenths of an inch, or even millionths of an inch. So you see at once he had no business being in Happydale. He was too vague, too mystical. When he should have been bargaining in a flat, metallic voice with Henry Binns, the grocer, over the price of the lettuce and radishes he had brought in to market, he was instead plucking his old gray beard and roaring childishly about the deep damnation of sending corrupt George H. Price back to the State senate.

He loved to trace mysticism in the flight of bees; he had grand, shapeless ideas about the influence of stars upon our earthly births and doings; he believed in spiritualism, signs, witchcraft. He contemplated the hordes of men as so many blades of grass, perishing or flourishing under the sun and the rain. He believed in honour, in all men being honest and kind. Like some babbling child he spoke of the liquid wash of Time, the inconsequential pangs of Evolution, the unimportance of the Minute, the Insignificant Mile. A sort of an old Walt Whitman, dreaming of the cosmos, was Hiram Jesse Johnson.

His day was filled with sweet thoughts, and his night with shadowy visions. His neighbours called him impractical. He saw no sense in a bank account, because it was almost a psychological impossibility for him to admit the presence of a bank. In fact, he doubted the reality of the world itself, to say nothing of the banks in that world. He could not save a dollar, because he thought in terms of millions of dollars. He was intellectual, not brainy. He was loose and magnanimous, with a dread of business. He was the only failure in Happydale, a town full of people called successful. He lived alone on his wretched farm with his only son Leander.

"I mean for my boy to have what I

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couldn't get, gentle*men*," said Hiram to the town circle in Barker's drug store. "He's going to go through Columbia—yes, sir, Columbia!—if it takes every last cent his pa can dig up."

"Doc" Sniffen looked at Jim Burckhardt, the real-estate man, significantly. "Goin' into the mining business, Johnson?" he asked.

"Education!" went on the old man hastily. "Education is what we all need. It broadens our minds, gives us culture, makes us appreciate more about the world we live in. Instead of just having five senses, then we've got five hundred senses, five thousand senses, five million senses!"

"He, he! Most too many for Leander to carry around without stumblin', ain't it?" asked Sniffen. "Seems weakly to me, Leander does."

"You could carry some of it around with you, Doc Sniffen, without any inconvenience," snapped Johnson. Then he softened: "And so could I. I wish I'd had it. I wouldn't be here now, grubbing away at a dinky, miserable farm in a little hidebound county like Maxwell. I'd be out helping do the big things, the new thinking o' the world. Maybe I'd be making new inventions to increase human comfort; or be an honest judge, giving the poor folks a square deal; or something like that. But I didn't get the chance, gentle*men*. I didn't get the chance. And so I'm doing the next best thing. I'm sending my boy out into the ranks of the world's fighters, equipped the very best I can afford to. I don't want him to hang around Happydale and be the source o' misery to his father that some are." Here several faces in the circle set vindictively; but the old man, gazing into his dream, saw nothing. "I don't want Leander to stay a town boy all his life, jumping counters and living out a narrow-minded, hard-hearted existence here, grabbing every penny in sight and missing the magnificent spectacle of this great human fight set in between our two eternities. I want him to live in the fire and hot heat o' things. I want him to be a man among men."

"Yeh, I suppose you do," said Hicks Lawson, knocking the ashes from his pipe and stalking out of the door. Lawson's boy, Johnny, had been arrested twice in Happydale for drunkenness. The rest of the circle said nothing for a while.

"It'll take him four years to go through C'lumbia, won't it, Hi?" Doc Sniffen finally asked.

"Yep. Four years of ideal training. Four years. H'm." He combed his hand through his gray beard. "Four years." For the first time his brain had turned to the actual cost of the enterprise and he was computing details.

Sixteenths of an inch are miles in Happydale. Hi Johnson had, in his unthinking way, called the town boys narrow-minded counter-jumpers. He had cursed them as penny-grabbers. He had said they were sources of misery to their fathers. Hicks Lawson, shiftless, lazy, and unhappy, told his wife that night:

"That old fool Johnson was around today bragging about that milksop boy o' his and castin' slurs on Johnny. I got up and left the place."

"What'd Hi Johnson say?" snapped his wife, angrily.

"Well—somehow—he sneered at Johnny's—Johnny's bein' bad, mother. I give him a piece o' my mind, and come away. I can't stand such things. Just simply can't stand it."

"Stuck up about that Leander, is he? He's got lots to be stuck up about—a footless, no-count dummy like that."

Barker, the druggist, had a son who worked in the shoe store. Barker vengefully included his boy in the Johnson epithet "counter-jumpers." Mrs. Barker cut Leander's name off the list of a party she was giving that week. Mrs. "Doc" Sniffen circulated reports that, according to medical authority, Leander Johnson was "a little light-headed" already, and that a college education would "literally cause his brain to bust with egotism." A nephew of hers, owing to the proud intermarriage of Happydale's "oldest families," suffered from incipient lunacy.

"I don't think you'd better let Leander call here any more," said Mrs. Beemis to her daughter Lucy. "I hear his father is going around town telling how Leander is too good for us. Lord knows! That spindle-shanked numskull! If it comes to being proud, I've a right to be as proud as forty Johnsons."

In less than a week the already lonely Leander found himself cut off from even a speaking acquaintance with the people among whom he had lived all his life. He had neither the ingenuity nor the bravery to find out why. However, as he was leaving the first of the month for New York City, he paid no attention to what was taking place in Happydale. As soon as his father could give him the hundred dollars, he would leave.

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They had made up their mind on this sum; it was to be so much cash above railroad expenses, entrance fee, and other incidentals. Where they were to get it from was a problem for his father. Leander knew his father would take care of him. His father always had taken care of him.

In the quiet of his own room, the old man met for days a hideous reality; he had to have one hundred dollars by the first of the month. He went through the tortures of helplessness. It was the first time since he had mortgaged his meagre farm that he had had occasion to think of big sums of money, and it made him sick now to have to sit devising plans, going over petty schemes, haggling with himself about impossible bargains, hour by hour, only to come back to the shame of acknowledging he had no way of getting the money. He had bragged a dozen times to all the town that Leander would leave for the East on the first! He hadn't exactly meant to brag. But he had talked too much. In Happydale, sixteenths of an inch!

The last evening before Leander was to leave, Johnson went around to old Jim Burckhardt. Burckhardt was "in real estate"; judging from his ears, he was in it up to his ears. He was eighty years old; for sixty years he had been in Happydale. In fact, rumour said he had grabbed the town when it was first laid out, had jockeyed claims, stolen lots, sold new streets to the town at exorbitant prices, and finally managed to screw and gouge a mint of money out of Happydale. He was bleareyed, almost stone deaf, and dragged himself along the streets like a wounded rat. He was a gray man; his head was gray, his skin gray, his eyes gray. He wore unfashionable gray clothes, a gray necktie, an old gray hat. His face was scratched with deep lines of greed, miserliness, and cruelty; and when he spoke, his croaking voice made children shudder. He was the richest man in Happydale. He stood for Happydale; he was interested cannily in its growth; he was president of its Commercial Club; he was president of the National Bank.

Old man Johnson trembled a bit and cleared his throat, as Burckhardt waved him to a chair on the porch. "I—I came to see you, Jim, about—about—about a little matter of money."

Burckhardt made a quick, rat-like motion of his head. He could hear excellently whenever money was mentioned. "Don't think I can do it," he said. "Money's scarce."

"Scarce with me, too," answered Johnson with an attempted smile. "You know that, o' course, from the way I haven't met my interest on the mortgage. But this I want now is to send Leander away to college on. He can get work to do there to work his way through, waitin' on table——"

"What?" yelled Burckhardt, with his hand behind his ear.

Johnson's humiliation was sharp. They were sitting on the front porch, where all the street might hear. "He is going to wait on table to pay his way through," he shouted.

"Glad he ain't so stuck up but what he can work for a living," grunted Burckhardt.

"I want to give the boy a little money just to ease things down for him while he's breaking in, Jim. I've set my heart on this, as you know. I ain't going to tell you how much I've worried the last few days trying to find some way to get this money for him. Jim, there *ain't* any way. I haven't got a thing——"

"What!"

"I've got absolutely nothing to offer you as security!" shouted Johnson.

"No security! And want money!" shrieked the other.

"It's like begging it, I know, Jim. But be friends with me this time, and let me have it. Be kind to me, Jim, and I'll make it up to you. I'll pay you any interest you want. I hate to have to talk this way, and ask you favours. I hate to humble myself, and I wouldn't do it for myself. I wouldn't do it, Jim, but I want my boy to have his chance in life. You've been—well, in a way, you've been kind to me and a—sort of generous in the past, and I——"

"How much?" barked the old real estate agent.

"One hundred dollars, Jim."

The other man sat and looked grimly at him through the dusk, with blankness in his gray eyes. "One hundred dollars," he coughed, and fell to thinking. Johnson sat twisting his moist hands between his knees in an agony of shame—and of hope. Then Burckhardt said: "You are an old fool, Hi. You'll never amount to anything, and neither will that blamed boy of yours. You've got your head full of stars, and he's got his head full of fog. You're sending him off to college to get more fog. Now, I'll lend you a hundred dollars more on that hog lot you call a farm; but if I could prevent it, Leander wouldn't get a cent of it."

Johnson, with a rush of happiness, signed a note and said: "If it wasn't for Leander I wouldn't want it, Jim."

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When he was a block away from the house, his shame overtook him again, and he burst out crying to himself, as a lonely old man will cry, unhappy, emotional, vague. He was all feeling. In the depth of his woe, his heart was his whole world. His brain worked numbly, and heeded not the practical affairs of life. He had no sagacious curiosity as to why Burckhardt voluntarily lent him the money. He did not know that Burckhardt was dickering with an electric line to come into Happydale, and that the plan was to have it come in along the line of this useless Johnson farm.

And so Leander went away to Columbia and worked out his year, sending home dutiful reports to his father. And so the old man lived through all that education as if he himself were getting the things he had been deprived of in his youth. In his innocent way he went around the town telling every one he met about Leander's feats in Greek, and chemistry, and trigonometry, and French. At the drug store he boasted to the town circle about these things, and "Doc" Sniffen asked: "What's he going to do with French in Happydale?"

"He ain't coming back to Happydale," boasted the old man. "He's going to work in New York when he's through college. He'll need a broad field, gentle*men*. There's opportunity in New York. That city's full o' big men."

"What?" yelled old Burckhardt, malevolently.

Johnson, suddenly silent, did not answer. All Happydale knew that Leander had gone to college on Burckhardt's money. They did not know how much it was. They speculated that it must have been five hundred dollars. Lucy Beemis had overheard the two men yelling at each other that night on the porch. Tattle, crackle, tattle, crackle, went in scorn the tongues of Happydale whenever old man Johnson, mildly exulting, spread fresh news of Leander's distant prowess. And all through the four years Leander was gone, the fires were building under him with the fuel of his father's boasts.

Through his freshman summer Leander stayed in the East and drudged somewhere. Then in the fall, came a pitiful demand for more money. "It's very hard for me to keep this up," wrote Leander. "Any money you can get, any money at all, please send me."

So the old man, who had been so proud of his son, humbled himself once more to the nearly deaf ears of Burckhardt; and the miser, with the electric line coming closer, squeezed him out another hundred dollars, adding a wise saw and a sarcasm or two to the gift. Some months later, when Leander wrote a mawkish poem which was printed in the college paper, and when Johnson was showing it gleefully in the drug store, old Burckhardt, in a sudden burst of nasty temper, croaked:

"So he's a poet, hey? A *poet!* That's what I'm paying out my good money for!"

And the gossips silently nodded the message to each other, and it went winking over the town, chilling the glory of Leander's verses. Old Burckhardt was putting up for Leander's education! It had already cost him two thousand dollars!

A third year came. A third humiliation. A third loan of a hundred dollars from the little gray man with his gray eyes fixed on the trolley line. Leander had changed his course and had gone in for languages. This was an immense feat to be heralded through Happydale. Leander was studying Latin, Greek, French, and German. In an enthusiastic letter the boy had written: "I can already talk better German than Haubeil, the butcher." And uproariously his father had told Haubeil what Leander said. The butcher glowered and added his mite of hate. Item by item the town was building its verdict. In New York, the spiritless, spineless Leander was nothing; in Happydale he was despised.

In New York, Leander had unconsciously drudged himself to doom. He had waited on table until he had become, in his soul, a waiter. The outward display of servility had crept under his skin. He was a mild, characterless, vapid, and sometimes silly piece of human machinery. In appearance he was soapy, sloppy, and stale, with now and then a gaudy burst of hosiery and neckwear to damn him all the more, and make his Sunday best his very worst. He went to his classes with a sense of oafish duty; and with the same sense he wrote his faithful letters home.

At the beginning of his senior year, came again the same furtive, startled cry for money. It made him sick to think how close he came to actual poverty. It made his father sick to think of the fight his son was making for an education. It made his father sick, too, to have to go to Burckhardt for the money. But he went, and put himself into debt so deep there was no chance of his ever paying out. He owed Burckhardt four hundred dollars, up to the time of his boy's graduation. Then, by

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figuring down to the last cent, Leander wrote that he "believed he could make it on forty-eight dollars." So Burckhardt advanced forty-eight dollars more, with the electric line only ten miles away, and Leander was graduated.

Old Johnson framed that diploma and announced that Leander had stayed in New York City to begin his career. The town, at last abashed by the facts, sat back in vindictive silence and waited.

It did not have to wait long. In September, heartbroken, spirit-broken, and penniless, Leander came home. His father met him with tears of joy and pangs of dismay at the depot, and all alone, of a shiftless, quizzical crowd, welcomed him back to Happydale.

"I've come back, dad," was all Leander said. "I couldn't make a go of it in New York. I tried and tried. I walked the streets hunting for something to do; but there wasn't a job."

"What did you want to go to work at, Leander?" asked the old man.

"Well, I thought if I could get a job—waiting at table just to tide me over, you know—but I couldn't."

"Couldn't you—couldn't you do anything with all that French and German? Teaching, or translating, or something, I mean?"

"No. I didn't really know enough to do any good. I just simply wasn't thorough enough at anything I studied, dad."

The old man patted the boy's shoulder half-heartedly and said, with a catch in his throat: "Well, well, Leander. Cheer up. We'll find plenty of chances for you here. The town's proud of you, if I do say it myself. I've been telling 'em all right along just what you were doing; and they've all been real interested."

"Dad, about all that money—four hundred and forty-eight dollars—" began Leander with something of a whisper.

"Now, don't worry. I arranged all that easy enough. Jim Burckhardt let me have it on the old farm. He's been right kind, and I'm going to see him about giving you a job in the bank to-morrow."

Leander, in a daze, accepted the decision silently.

"What? A job in my bank?" barked Burckhardt the next day. "Ain't any places open. No, sir. That whole Leander deal is closed, Mr. Johnson, and good riddance. You wouldn't take my advice. You wouldn't let him stay here and 'jump counters.' Hey? Remember that? I told you the boy's head was full of fog. Now it's even worse. It's full of professor fog. No, sir! I'm a business man, pure and simple. I want no Leanders around my bank."

Johnson's hands trembled as he took his hat. "I'm awfully sorry, Jim," he said, with difficulty, "to hear you speak this way. My boy is as good as anybody's boy. It's me that's unpractical and careless and slipshod; not him. I admit I don't know anything about business. But Leander, I want you to remember, worked his way through four long years at Columbia——"

"Yes, with my four hundred and forty-eight dollars," sneered the little man in gray.

"Good day, Jim Burckhardt," said Johnson.

No. The town was not proud of Leander.

Everywhere the town's little enmities prickled and stung, as only a little town's can when it has gotten its hate up against you. Girls tittered as they passed Leander in the streets; the boys were too busy to talk to him; the elders quoted at his unconscious head the foolish boastings of his father in the years gone by. For a long time he could get nothing to do, and the heart of his father sank day by day before the incomprehensible fact. Winter came on, and in the long desultory months, Leander spent his time shame-facedly around the house. Among other things, he took to writing—vague incoherent pieces of description, meaningless verses in different metres and stanza-forms, imaginary editorials, riddles, puzzles, limericks.

This gave his father an idea. He would get Leander a job on the little daily newspaper, the Happydale *Palladium-Independent*. He consulted with the editor and proprietor, Mr. William Wallack Henderson, a fat, gracious, lazy man with a kind heart and an abysmal ignorance of how to run a newspaper. Therefore, in the spring—the spring of 1898, be it remembered—Leander went to work on the daily. His duties were to gather local news—police, court house, real estate, and train arrivals—collect and solicit advertising in the afternoon, see the paper off the press in the evening, repair the donkey engine which ran the press, give the papers out to the newsboys to be delivered, and at night to read and clip from the exchanges and write the editorials for the succeeding day. For this work Leander received five dollars a week.

He went to work in April. But he could not get any local news and that duty had to be taken away from him. The reason he

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could not get any local news was because the town jeered at his pretensions as a reporter and went out of its way to conceal things from his knowledge. His father, however, was happy, and so Leander worked on, stupidly, in a bewildered, faithful fashion.

In his first flush of earned money he bought some lavender socks, bright tan shoes, and a purple beribboned straw hat. These became the laughing stock of the town, a steady joke among the young bloods. But Leander, with his yellow mop of hair jutting out from beneath the straw confection, perspired on, chasing his thin legs and flat lungs out on innumerable errands, his shabby coat buttoned tight about him even in the warmest weather. He despised a reporter's work; he was even afraid of it. Away down in his sensitiveness, there was a distinct dread of asking people questions. If he pried into affairs it was timidly, with his heart in his mouth.

"It's none of my business, dad, and they all hate me so," he argued with his father.

But he kept at it. His years as a waiter had taught him a sort of unthinking obedience, and, in truth, his work was not really difficult. If only the ample Mr. William Wallack Henderson had known it, his paper was a joke. It had no news; it had no advertising; it had no influence. But Mr. Henderson took his paper very seriously . . . at least, he took it seriously once a month, when he had to pay its bills. And so——

Old man Johnson was hoeing in his tiny garden, when the boy came home. He looked up, and saw the comical straw hat and the pathetic face of his son beneath it. Leander leaned over the fence and stared for a long, long time at his father. In his throat, a lump kept rising and falling, keeping time with the rise and fall of his shoulders. The boy was sobbing, in long, dry sobs. Then the tears streamed from his staring eyes, streamed blindly for a long aching minute, without him seeing his father, without him seeing anything, and he bowed and hid his face in his arm along the fence.

The old man's imagination went trembling out over vast and hideous possibilities. He dropped his hoe, stared, wiped his hands aimlessly against his legs, and licked his dry lips. What had happened to his boy? He tried twice to ask, but could not get the words into his mouth.

"Dad—oh, dad!" the boy wailed. "Oh, daddy, daddy, my own old daddy!"

Old man Johnson came over to the fence, lifted off the foolish straw hat, and stroked his boy's head with stiff, uncertain hands. "There, there now, Leander! What is it, son? Don't cry. What is it? Tell your daddy what's happened, won't you? Just tell your daddy what they've done to you. It's all right, Leander. Tell me."

The boy broke out into fresh sobs and blurted through his trembling lips: "Mr. Henderson—he—he told me he wouldn't need me any more. He—he said I was a luxury around his office! He don't want me, and—I—don't know—what—to—do. Nobody wants me. I want to work and do—do—my—best, but nobody wants me. Nobody'll give me a chance. Everybody in this—this dirty old town hates me and laughs at me. I tried to pay no attention to it, daddy, and be brave. B—b—but I ain't brave. I—I've known for ever so long what you tried to do for me, the sacrifices you've made for me; and I tried to make it up to you. But it seems like I can't. It seems like there's no way in the world for me to get a start. It seems like everybody and everything is bound to make me fail. I hated to come back here, but I thought we'd be so happy together, you and I, even if I was a failure. Then when everybody began picking on me, I didn't say anything; I just stuck to it, because I saw I was pleasing you. But I knew it wouldn't last. I know I'm not a newspaper man—or—any—other—kind—of—a—man. B—but I love you, daddy; and I wanted to be near you, and I wanted to make you proud of me." He crumpled against the fence and sobbed painfully for a while, then blurted furiously: "Now the whole world's a blank, and you've spent four hundred and forty-eight dollars on me that you'll have to work yourself to death paying back. And I can't help you. Oh, daddy, I—can't—help—you! That's what hurts me." He lifted his sodden, tear-stained face to his father.

Hiram Johnson licked his dry lips and tried to keep the dismay out of his voice. In his breast his heart sank heavily. "Leander," he said, and his voice broke. He waited a moment, staring beyond the boy's yellow head at the old house. His eyes saw the back porch with the pails and the broom above it, the trash underneath. But he paid no attention; his mind was dumbly working at this new catastrophe. Finally, he gave it up.

"Leander, boy, I'm sorry. I reckon that's all I can say, Leander; I'm sorry.

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This ain't what either of us had a right to expect. Is it, Leander? Somehow I feel as if we don't jibe with the town, or even with the world. There, now, don't cry, Leander. You're a good boy, as good a boy as anybody's ever had. Don't worry about the money, if that's what's worrying you. I'll take care o' that."

"But what are we going to do, dad? What are we going to do?"

The old man looked off again, silently, at the porch. "I don't know," he said at last. "I really and truly don't know. O' course, I can go on this way, just as I am. I can take care o' myself without any trouble, until I die. I don't matter, you see. It's *you*, Leander. What about you?"

The boy hung his head.

"I've tried my best, Leander. Now, don't go and be hurt at what I'm saying. I wouldn't hurt you, son, for all the world. But I've tried, every way I know how, to help you—it's been my failure as well as yours. I don't know anything more to do." A sob came into the old man's throat. "Can't you do anything for yourself, Leander? Ain't there *anything* you can do? You're a grown man now. I know this town's been hard on you. But there's other towns; maybe they're not all like Happydale. If you could just get out and do something for yourself now! If you only could! That would change their opinion of us. I ask you honestly, Leander, ain't there *anything* you could do, by yourself?"

Leander looked at him grimly for a moment. "Just one thing, dad. I can't tell you to-night. But I've been thinking it over all day—all day I've been thinking it over." He wiped his eyes, straightened up, and took his hat from his father's hand. "I want you to remember this—sometime—when you're thinking of me. I want you to remember that, somehow—it ain't my fault or yours, dad—but—I ain't brave. I simply can't help it. *I ain't brave.* Every man ought to be that, if he's going to get on in the world."

And so, at midnight, without telling his father, Leander stole away and caught a train up to a junction point of the main line. There lay a car of volunteers who were whisked away in the morning toward Tennessee, volunteers in the war of the United States of America against the Kingdom of Spain. Leander was with them, trembling at what he had done.

There was a camp at Chickamauga while the war was on. Many, many men never came out of that camp; for the rains fell and the sun crawled and fumed with ghastly sickness through their bodies. A little, bewildered man sat as Secretary of that War; and beneath him other little, bewildered men scuttled in helter-skelter panic, gritting their teeth, sulking, or boasting, but always doing wrong. All the volunteers who went into that camp went full of a spiritual fire, a divinity, an exaltation. Strong, fiery lads; determined men. The hearts of the sturdy states had beaten happily at their going. Each star in the flag was a tear at their going. And they kissed good-by to their fathers and mothers and sang their valiant songs as they went into that civilian's camp.

Many, many men never came out of that damnable place; for Ignorance, fetid and swollen, had marked the tent sites where the young lads lay. What had the United States known of war? In thirty years the brains of war had moulded and decayed. Nobody knew how to pitch a camp. The tents sat one above the other on a hillside. The rains came; the filth washed down upon the tents below; the sun blazed; the fever crept up from the ground and into the veins of the soldiers waiting there. This is all there is to the silent story of Chickamauga.

Leander was in that camp. Leander was stricken with the fever, and it ate greedily through his flat chest and his skinny legs. Then he was put in a big tent, where there were other sick men. And one night a storm, hurrying up, pelted at this tent with sheets of rain and blew it down with shrieks of wind. In the morning, some energetic medical men lifted the canvas off the sick. Eight of them were dead. Leander was one of the eight.

That next autumn a traveling man said to a group of townsmen in the Commercial Hotel at Happydale: "I'm a Columbia man, class of '97. Seems to me I remember a classmate of mine—quiet chap—named Johnson—who was from this town. Wasn't he?"

"Yeh. Didn't amount to much. You mean Leander Johnson," said Doc Sniffen.

"What about Johnson?" yelled old Burckhardt.

"This gentleman's talking about Leander!" shouted Sniffen in reply. "I said he didn't amount to much!"

Old Burckhardt coughed. "No. He didn't. I always said he wouldn't. He was a costly experiment, Leander was. I reckon that's about the last experiment in Columbia education this town'll have."

The traveling man laughed contentedly at the thought.

Doc Sniffen misunderstood him, leaned

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over, and spoke in a whisper: "You can laugh, but"—jerking his thumb at the blinking, gray figure of Burckhardt—"it ain't no laughing matter for *him*. That experiment cost him a pretty penny. Nobody else cares. Course, nobody else put up anything. Even Leander's old man didn't put up anything. For four long years it was always Burckhardt, Burckhardt, Burckhardt. He was the one that was hard hit."

And the old earth groaned and began it all over again. For Leander had returned to the jellyfish whence he came. He had gone back to fourteen decillion, B. C

Advice to Householders

By a Detective Agency

DON'T rely on what servants tell you about their references; nor upon written recommendations. Some of the cleverest thieves have excellent recommendations which they have stolen from trustworthy persons. Investigate servants thoroughly before employing them.

Don't employ a watchman until you have investigated and found him to have been trustworthy.

Don't rely on an outside watchman alone to protect your home. Unless your house is wired with an efficient burglar alarm system, keep him inside, where he cannot be so easily attacked. Night watchmen very often find a dog of great assistance. Check up watchman's clock daily whether he is working inside or outside house.

Don't depend on an outside watchdog. A small dog in the house is far more valuable than a big one outside.

Don't let servants know much about your money or valuables.

Don't permit servants to become too well acquainted with tradespeople who come to your home, or whom you patronize.

Don't permit keys to lie around so that they can be taken out to be duplicated.

Don't fail to have property which is temporarily vacated, regularly inspected.

Don't fail to have locks, chains or bolts on all doors and windows. Always have a chain on doors to outside. Keep chain on at all times. If in doubt, only open door with chain on.

Don't fail to have an outside door light that can be lit before door is opened.

Don't be afraid to be cautious.

Don't allow the electric, gas, or telephone employees to enter your house without the proper badge or credentials of identification being shown to you.

Don't fail to relieve servants of all pass keys in their possession immediately upon their leaving your employ.

Don't allow mail, daily papers or other matter to accumulate at your door while away from home for any number of days, as this is an indication that your home is not protected; have some friend or neighbour attend to same.

Don't fail to take the necessary precautions to foil the "porch climber" or "dinner burglar." He usually gains access to the home during the dinner hour by ascending to the second floor by means of porch pillars, vines, wires, etc., or through the servants' quarters while the servants are otherwise engaged.

Don't neglect to have a watchman or a servant in upper hall to have view of rooms, to prevent intruders entering through windows during parties, receptions or occasions where all persons are assembled on first floor. Any trustworthy servant, a trusted chauffeur, stableman, gardener, etc., can act as upstairs watchman. Keep rooms illuminated and doors to halls open to assist the inside temporary watchman. On such occasions a watchman or employee may be used to great advantage patrolling outside of the house.

Don't leave shades drawn when house is unoccupied.

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The Poetry of Michelangelo

By WALTER PATER

Walter Pater.

CRITICS of Michelangelo have sometimes spoken as if the only characteristic of his genius were a wonderful strength, verging, as in the things of the imagination great strength always does, on what is singular or strange. A certain strangeness, something of the blossoming of the aloe, is indeed an element in all true works of art; that they shall excite or surprise us is indispensable. But that they shall give pleasure and exert a charm over us is indispensable, too; and this strangeness must be sweet also—a lovely strangeness. And to the true admirers of Michelangelo this is the true type of the Michelangelesque—sweetness and strength, pleasure with surprise, and energy of conception which seems at every moment about to break through all the conditions of comely form, recovering, touch by touch, a loveliness found usually only in the simplest natural things—*ex forti dulcedo*.

In this way he sums up for them the whole character of medieval art itself in that which distinguishes it most clearly from classical work, the presence of a convulsive energy in it, becoming in lower hands merely monstrous or forbidding, but felt, even in its most graceful products, as a subdued quaintness or grotesque. Yet those who feel this grace or sweetness in Michelangelo might at the first moment be puzzled if they were asked wherein precisely the quality resided. Men of inventive temperament—Victor Hugo, for instance, in whom, as in Michelangelo, people have for the most part been attracted or repelled by the strength, while few have understood his sweetness—have sometimes relieved conceptions of merely moral or spiritual greatness, but with little æsthetic charm of their own, by lovely accidents or accessories, like the butterfly which alights on the blood-stained barricade in *Les Misérables*, or those sea-birds for which the monstrous Gilliatt comes to be as some wild natural thing, so that they are no longer afraid of him, in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. But the austere genius of Michelangelo will not depend for its sweetness on any mere accessories like these. The world of natural things has almost no existence for him; "When one speaks of him," says Grimm, "woods, clouds, seas, and mountains disappear, and only what is formed by the spirit of man remains behind," and he quotes a few slight words from a letter of his to Vasari as the single expression in all he has left of a feeling for nature. He has traced no flowers, like those with which Leonardo stars over his gloomiest rocks; nothing like the fretwork of wings and flames in which Blake frames his most startling conceptions; no forest-scenery like Titian's fills his backgrounds, but only blank ranges of rock, and dim vegetable forms as blank as they, as in a world before the creation of the first five days.

Of the whole story of the creation he has painted only the creation of the first man and woman, and, for him at least, feebly, the creation of light. It belongs to the quality of his genius thus to concern itself almost exclusively with the creation of man. For him it is not, as in the story itself, the last and crowning act of a series of developments, but the first and unique act, the creation of life itself in its supreme form, off-hand and immediately, in the cold and lifeless stone. With him the beginning of life has all the characteristics of resurrection; it is like the recovery of suspended health or animation, with its gratitude, its effusion, and eloquence. Fair as the young men of the Elgin marbles, the Adam of the Sistine Chapel is unlike them in a total absence of that balance and completeness which express so well the sentiment of a self-contained, independent life. In that

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languid figure there is something rude and satyr-like, something akin to the rugged hillside on which it lies. His whole form is gathered into an expression of mere expectation and reception; he has hardly strength enough to lift his finger to touch the finger of the creator; yet a touch of the finger-tips will suffice.

This creation of life—life coming always as relief or recovery, and always in strong contrast with the rough-hewn mass in which it is kindled—is in various ways the motive of all his work, whether its immediate subject be Pagan or Christian, legend or allegory; and this although at least one-half of his work was designed for the adornment of tombs—the tomb of Julius, the tombs of the Medici. Not the Judgment, but the Resurrection, is the real subject of his last work in the Sistine Chapel; and his favourite Pagan subject is the legend of Leda, the delight of the world breaking from the egg of a bird. As I have already pointed out, he secures that ideality of expression which in Greek sculpture depends on a delicate system of abstraction, and in early Italian sculpture on lowness of relief, by an incompleteness, which is surely not always undesigned, and which I suppose no one regrets, and trusts to the spectator to complete the half-emergent form. And as his persons have something of the unwrought stone about them, so, as if to realize the expression by which the old Florentine records describe a sculptor—*master of live stone*—with him the very rocks seem to have life; they have but to cast away the dust and scurf that they may rise and stand on their feet. He loved the very quarries of Carrara, those strange gray peaks which even at mid-day convey into any scene from which they are visible something of the solemnity and stillness of evening, sometimes wandering among them month after month, till at last their pale ashen colours seem to have passed into his painting; and on the crown of the head of the *David* there still remains a morsel of uncut stone, as if by one touch to maintain its connection with the place from which it was hewn.

And it is in this penetrative suggestion of life that the secret of that sweetness of his is to be found. He gives us indeed no lovely natural objects like Leonardo or Titian, but only the coldest, most elementary shadowing of rock or tree; no lovely draperies and comely gestures of life, but only the austere truths of human nature: "simple persons"—as he replied in his rough way to the querulous criticism of Julius the Second, that there was no gold on the figures of the Sistine Chapel—"simple persons, who wore no gold on their garments"; but he penetrates us with a sense of that power which we associate with all the warmth and fulness of the world, and the sense of which brings into one's thoughts a swarm of birds and flowers and insects. The brooding spirit of life itself is there; and the summer may burst out in a moment.

He was born in an interval of a rapid midnight journey in March, at a place in the neighbourhood of Arezzo, the thin, clear air of which, as was then thought, being favourable to the birth of children of great parts. He came of a race of grave and dignified men, who, claiming kinship with the family of Canossa, and some colour of imperial blood in their veins, had, generation after generation, received honourable employment under the government of Florence. His mother, a girl of nineteen years, put him out to nurse at a country house among the hills of Settignano, where every other inhabitant is a worker in the marble quarries, and the child early became familiar with that strange first stage in the sculptor's art. To this succeeded the influence of the sweetest and most placid master Florence had yet seen, Domenico Ghirlandajo. At fifteen he was at work among the curiosities of the garden of the Medici, copying and restoring antiques, winning the condescending notice of the great Lorenzo. He knew too how to excite strong hatreds; and it was at this time that in a quarrel with a fellow-student he received a blow on the face which deprived him forever of the comeliness of outward form. It was through an accident that he came to study those works of the early Italian sculptors which suggested much of his own grandest work, and impressed it with so deep a sweetness. He believed in dreams and omens. One of his friends dreamed twice that Lorenzo, then lately dead, appeared to him in grey and dusty apparel. To Michelangelo this dream seemed to portend the troubles which afterwards really came, and with the suddenness which was characteristic of all his movements, he left Florence. Having occasion to pass through Bologna, he neglected to procure the little seal of red wax which the stranger entering Bologna must carry on the thumb of his right hand. He had no money to pay the fine, and would have been thrown into prison had not one of the magistrates

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interposed. He remained in this man's house a whole year, rewarding his hospitality by readings from the Italian poets whom he loved. Bologna, with its endless colonnades and fantastic leaning towers, can never have been one of the lovelier cities of Italy. But about the portals of its vast unfinished churches and its dark shrines half-hidden by votive flowers and candles, lie some of the sweetest works of the early Tuscan sculptors, Giovanni da Pisa and Jacopo della Quercia, things as winsome as flowers; and the year which Michelangelo spent in copying these works was not a lost year. It was now, on returning to Florence, that he put forth that unique presentment of Bacchus, which expresses, not the mirthfulness of the god of wine, but his sleepy seriousness, his enthusiasm, his capacity for profound dreaming. No one ever expressed more truly than Michelangelo the notion of inspired sleep, of faces charged with dreams. A vast fragment of marble had long lain below the *Loggia* of Orcagna, and many a sculptor had had his thoughts of a design which should just fill this famous block of stone, cutting the diamond, as it were, without loss. Under Michelangelo's hand it became the *David* which stood till lately on the steps of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, when it was replaced below the *Loggia*. Michelangelo was now thirty years old, and his reputation was established. Three great works fill the remainder of his life—three works often interrupted, carried on through a thousand hesitations, a thousand disappointments, quarrels with his patrons, quarrels with his family, quarrels perhaps most of all with himself—the Sistine Chapel, the Mausoleum of Julius the Second, and the Sacristy of *San Lorenzo*.

In the story of Michelangelo's life the strength, often turning to bitterness, is not far to seek; a discordant note sounds throughout it which almost spoils the music. He "treats the Pope as the King of France himself would not dare to treat him"; he goes along the streets of Rome "like an executioner," Raffaelle says of him. Once he seems to have shut himself up with the intention of starving himself to death. As we come in reading his life on its harsh, untempered incidents, the thought again and again arises that he is one of those who incur the judgment of Dante, as having "wilfully lived in sadness." Even his tenderness and pity are embittered by their strength. What passionate weeping in that mysterious figure which, in the *Creation of Adam*, crouches below the image of the Almighty, as he comes with the forms of things to be, woman and her progeny, in the fold of his garment! What a sense of wrong in those two captive youths, who feel the chains like scalding water on their proud and delicate flesh! The idealist who became a reformer with Savonarola, and a republican superintending the fortification of Florence—the nest where he was born, *il nido ove naqqu'io*, as he calls it once, in a sudden throb of affection—in its last struggle for liberty, yet believed always that he had imperial blood in his veins and was of the kindred of the great Matilda, had within the depths of his nature some secret spring of indignation or sorrow. We know little of his youth, but all tends to make one believe in the vehemence of its passions. Beneath the Platonic calm of the sonnets there is latent a deep delight in carnal form and colour. There, and still more in the madrigals, he often falls into the language of less tranquil affections; while some of them have the colour of penitence, as from a wanderer returning home. He who spoke so decisively of the supremacy in the imaginative world of the unveiled human form had not been always, we may think, a mere Platonic lover. Vague and wayward his loves may have been; but they partook of the strength of his nature, and sometimes, it may be, would by no means become music, so that the comely order of his days was quite put out: *par che amaro ogni mio dolce io senta.*

But his genius is in harmony with itself; and just as in the products of his art we find resources of sweetness within their exceeding strength, so in his own story also, bitter as the ordinary sense of it may be, there are select pages shut in among the rest—pages one might easily turn over too lightly, but which yet sweeten the whole volume. The interest of Michelangelo's poems is that they make us spectators of this struggle; the struggle of a strong nature to adorn and attune itself; the struggle of a desolating passion, which yearns to be resigned and sweet and pensive, as Dante's was. It is a consequence of the occasional and informal character of this poetry, that it brings us nearer to himself, his own mind and temper, than any work done only to support a literary reputation could possibly do. His letters tell us little that is worth knowing about him—a few poor quarrels about money and commissions. But it is quite otherwise with these songs and sonnets, written down at odd moments, sometimes

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on the margins of his sketches, themselves often unfinished sketches, arresting some salient feeling or unpremeditated idea as it passed. And it happens that a true study of these has become within the last few years for the first time possible. A few of the sonnets circulated widely in manuscript, and became almost within Michelangelo's own lifetime a subject of academical discourses. But they were first collected in a volume in 1623 by the great-nephew of Michelangelo, Michelangelo Buonarroti the younger. He omitted much, re-wrote the sonnets in part, and sometimes compressed two or more compositions into one, always losing something of the force and incisiveness of the original. So the book remained, neglected even by Italians themselves in the last century, through the influence of that French taste which despised all compositions of the kind, as it despised and neglected Dante. "His reputation will ever be on the increase, because he is so little read," says Voltaire of Dante. But in 1858 the last of the Buonarroti bequeathed to the municipality of Florence the curiosities of his family. Among them was a precious volume containing the autograph of the sonnets. A learned Italian, Signor Cesare Guasti, undertook to collate this autograph with other manuscripts at the Vatican and elsewhere, and in 1863 published a true version of Michelangelo's poems, with dissertations and a paraphrase.

People have often spoken of these poems as if they were a mere cry of distress, a lover's complaint over the obduracy of Vittoria Colonna. But those who speak thus forget that though it is quite possible that Michelangelo had seen Vittoria, that somewhat shadowy figure, as early as 1537, yet their closer intimacy did not begin till about the year 1542, when Michelangelo was nearly seventy years old. Vittoria herself, an ardent neo-catholic, vowed to perpetual widowhood since the news had reached her, seventeen years before, that her husband, the youthful and princely Marquess of Pescara, lay dead of the wounds he had received in the battle of Pavia, was then no longer an object of great passion. In a dialogue written by the painter, Francesco d'Ollanda, we catch a glimpse of them together in an empty church at Rome, one Sunday afternoon, discussing indeed the characteristics of various schools of art, but still more the writings of Saint Paul, already following the ways and tasting the sunless pleasures of weary people, whose hold on outward things is slackening. In a letter still extant he regrets that when he visited her after death he had kissed her hands only. He made, or set to work to make, a crucifix for her use, and two drawings, perhaps in preparation for it, are now in Oxford. From allusions in the sonnets, we may divine that when they first approached each other he had debated much with himself whether this last passion would be the most unsoftening, the most desolating of all—*un dolce amaro, un sì e no mi muovi;* is it carnal affection, or, *del suo prestino stato* (Plato's anti-natal state) *il raggio ardente?* The older, conventional criticism, dealing with the text of 1623, had lightly assumed that all or nearly all the sonnets were actually addressed to Vittoria herself; but Signor Guasti finds only four, or at most five, which can be so attributed on genuine authority. Still, there are reasons which make him assign the majority of them to the period between 1542 and 1547, and we may regard the volume as a record of this resting-place in Michelangelo's story. We know how Goethe escaped from the stress of sentiments too strong for him by making a book about them; and for Michelangelo, to write down his passionate thoughts at all, to make sonnets about them, was already in some measure to command, and have his way with them—

> La vita del mia amor non è il cor mio
> Ch'amor, di quel ch'io t'amo, è senza core.

It was just because Vittoria raised no great passion that the space in his life where she reigns has such peculiar suavity; and the spirit of the sonnets is lost if we once take them out of that dreamy atmosphere in which men have things as they will, because the hold of all outward things upon them is faint and thin. Their prevailing tone is a calm and meditative sweetness. The cry of distress is indeed there, but as a mere residue, a trace of bracing chalybeate salt, just discernible in the song which rises as a clear, sweet spring from a charmed space in his life.

This charmed and temperate space in Michelangelo's life, without which its excessive strength would have been so imperfect, which saves him from the judgment of Dante on those who "wilfully lived in sadness," is then a well-defined period there, reaching from the year 1542 to the year 1547, the year of Vittoria's death. In it the lifelong effort to tranquilize his vehement emotions by withdrawing them into the region of ideal sentiment, becomes

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successful; and the significance of Vittoria there is, that she realizes for him a type of affection which even in disappointment may charm and sweeten his spirit. In this effort to tranquilize and sweeten life by idealizing its vehement sentiments, there were two great traditional types, either of which an Italian of the sixteenth century might have followed. There was Dante, whose little book of the *Vita Nuova* had early become a pattern of imaginative love, maintained somewhat feebly by the later followers of Petrarch; and, since Plato had become something more than a name in Italy by the publication of the Latin translation of his works by Marsilio Ficino, there was the Platonic tradition also. Dante's belief in the resurrection of the body, through which, even in heaven, Beatrice loses for him no tinge of flesh-colour, or fold of raiment even—and the Platonic dream of the passage of the soul through one form of life after another, with its passionate haste to escape from the burden of bodily form altogether—are, for all effects of art or poetry, principles diametrically opposite; and it is the Platonic tradition rather than Dante's that has moulded Michelangelo's verse. In many ways no sentiment could have been less like Dante's love for Beatrice than Michelangelo's for Vittoria Colonna. Dante's comes in early youth: Beatrice is a child, with the wistful, ambiguous vision of a child, with a character still unaccentuated by the influence of outward circumstances, almost expressionless. Vittoria is a woman already weary, in advanced age, of grave intellectual qualities. Dante's story is a piece of figured work, inlaid with lovely incidents. In Michelangelo's poems, frost and fire are almost the only images—the refining fire of the goldsmith; once or twice the phoenix; ice melting at the fire; fire struck from the rock which it afterwards consumes. Except one doubtful allusion to a journey, there are almost no incidents. But there is much of the bright, sharp, unerring skill with which in boyhood he gave the look of age to the head of a faun by chipping a tooth from its jaw with a single stroke of the hammer. For Dante, the amiable and devout materialism of the middle age sanctifies all that is presented by hand and eye. Michelangelo is always pressing forward from the outward beauty—*il bel del fuor che agli occhi piace*—to apprehend the unseen beauty; *trascenda nella forma universale*—that abstract form of beauty, about which the Platonists reason. And this gives the impression in him of something flitting and unfixed, of the houseless and complaining spirit, almost clairvoyant through the frail and yielding flesh. He accounts for love at first sight by previous state of existence—*la dove io t'amai prima*.

And yet there are many points in which he is really like Dante, and comes very near to the original image, beyond those later and feebler followers of Petrarch. He learns from Dante rather than from Plato, that for lovers, the surfeiting of desire—*ove gran desir gran copia affrena*, is a state less happy than misery full of hope—*una miseria di speranza piena*. He recalls him in the repetition of the words *gentile* and *cortesia*, in the personification of Amor, in the tendency to dwell minutely on the physical effects of the presence of a beloved object on the pulses and the heart. Above all, he resembles Dante in the warmth and intensity of his political utterances, for the lady of one of his noblest sonnets was from the first understood to be the city of Florence; and he avers that all must be asleep in heaven, if she, who was created "of angelic form," for a thousand lovers is appropriated by one alone, some piero, or Alessandro de' Medici. Once and again he introduces Love and Death, who dispute concerning him; for, like Dante and all the nobler souls of Italy, he is much occupied with thoughts of the grave, and his true mistress is death, death at first as the worst of all sorrows and disgraces, with a clod of the field for its brain; afterwards, death in its high distinction, its detachment from vulgar needs, the angry stains of life and action escaping fast.

Some of those whom the gods love die young. This man, because the gods loved him, lingered on to be of immense, patriarchal age, till the sweetness it had taken so long to secrete in him was found at last. Out of the strong came forth sweetness, *ex forti dulcedo*. The world had changed around him. The *New-catholicism* had taken the place of the Renaissance. The spirit of the Roman Church had changed: in the vast world's cathedral which his skill had helped to raise for it, it looked stronger than ever. Some of the first members of the *Oratory* were among his intimate associates. They were of a spirit as unlike as possible from that of Lorenzo, or Savonarola even. The opposition of the Reformation to art has been often enlarged upon; far greater was that of the Catholic revival. But in thus fixing itself in a frozen orthodoxy, the Roman Catholic Church has

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passed beyond him, and he was a stranger to it. In earlier days, when its belief had been in a fluid state, he too might have been drawn into the controversy; he might have been for spiritualizing the papal sovereignty, like Savonarola; or for adjusting the dreams of Plato and Homer with the words of Christ, like Pico of Mirandola. But things had moved onward, and such adjustments were no longer possible. For himself, he had long since fallen back on that divine ideal, which above the wear and tear of creeds has been forming itself for ages as the possession of nobler souls. And now he began to feel the soothing influence which since that time the Roman Church has often exerted over spirits too independent to be its subjects, yet brought within the neighbourhood of its action; consoled and tranquilized, as a traveller might be, resting for one evening in a strange city, by its stately aspect, and the sentiment of its many fortunes, just because with those fortunes he has nothing to do. So he lingers on; a *revenant*, as the French say, a ghost out of another age, in a world too coarse to touch his faint sensibilities too closely; dreaming, in a worn-out society, theatrical in its life, theatrical in its arts, theatrical even in its devotion, on the morning of the world's history, on the primitive form of man, on the images under which that primitive world had conceived of spiritual forces.

I have dwelt on the thought of Michelangelo as thus lingering beyond his time in a world not his own, because, if one is to distinguish the peculiar savour of his work, he must be approached, not through his followers, but through his predecessors; not through the marbles of *Saint Peter's*, but through the work of the sculptors of the fifteenth century over the tombs and altars of Tuscany. He is the last of the Florentines, of those on whom the peculiar sentiment of the Florence of Dante and Giotto descended; he is the consummate representative of the form that sentiment took in the fifteenth century with men like Luca Signorelli and Mino da Fiesole. Up to him the tradition of sentiment is unbroken, the progress towards surer and more mature methods of expressing that sentiment continuous. But his professed disciples did not share this temper; they are in love with his strength only, and seem not to feel his grave and temperate sweetness. Theatricality is their chief characteristic; and that is a quality as little attributable to Michelangelo as to Mino or Luca Signorelli. With him, as with them, all is serious, passionate, impulsive.

This discipleship of Micnelangelo, this dependence of his on the tradition of the Florentine schools, is nowhere seen more clearly than in his treatment of the *Creation*. The *Creation of Man* had haunted the mind of the middle age like a dream; and weaving it into a hundred carved ornaments of capital or doorway, the Italian sculptors had early impressed upon it that pregnancy of expression which seems to give it many veiled meanings. As with other artistic conceptions of the middle age, its treatment became almost conventional, handed on from artist to artist, with slight changes, till it came to have almost an independent, abstract existence of its own. It was characteristic of the medieval mind thus to give an independent, traditional existence to a special pictorial conception, or to a legend, like that of *Tristram* or *Tannhäuser*, or even to the very thoughts and substance of a book, like the *Imitation*, so that no single workman could claim it as his own, and the book, the image, the legend, had itself a legend, and its fortunes, and a personal history; and it is a sign of the medievalism of Michelangelo, that he thus receives from tradition his central conception, and does but add the last touches, in transferring it to the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel.

But there was another tradition of those earlier, more serious Florentines, of which Michelangelo is the inheritor, to which he gives the final expression, and which centers in the sacristy of *San Lorenzo*, as the tradition of the *Creation* centers in the Sistine Chapel. It has been said that all the great Florentines were preoccupied with death. *Outre-tombe! Outre-tombe!*—is the burden of their thoughts, from Dante to Savonarola. Even the gay and licentious Boccaccio gives a keener edge to his stories by putting them in the mouths of a party of people who had taken refuge from the danger of death by plague, in a country-house. It was to this inherited sentiment, this practical decision that to be preoccupied with the thought of death was in itself dignifying, and a note of high quality, that the seriousness of the great Florentines of the fifteenth century was partly due; and it was reinforced in them by the actual sorrows of their times. How often, and in what various ways, had they seen life stricken down, in their streets and houses! *La bella Simonetta* dies in early youth, and is borne to the grave with uncovered face.

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The young Cardinal Jacopo di Portogallo dies on a visit to Florence—*insignis formâ fui et mirabili modestiâ*—his epitaph dares to say. Antonio Rossellino carves his tomb in the church of San Miniato, with care for the shapely hands and feet, and sacred attire; Luca della Robbia puts his skyeyest works there; and the tomb of the youthful and princely prelate became the strangest and most beautiful thing in that strange and beautiful place. After the execution of the Pazzi conspirators, Botticelli is employed to paint their portraits. This preoccupation with serious thoughts and sad images might easily have resulted, as it did, for instance, in the gloomy villages of the Rhine, or in the overcrowded parts of medieval Paris, as it still does in many a village of the Alps, in something merely morbid or grotesque, in the *Danse Macabre* of many French and German painters or the grim inventions of Dürer. From such a result the Florentine masters of the fifteenth century were saved by their high Italian dignity and culture, and still more by their tender pity for the thing itself. They must often have leaned over the lifeless body, when all was at length quiet and smoothed out. After death, it is said, the traces of slighter and more superficial dispositions disappear; the lines become more simple and dignified; only the abstract lines remain, in a great indifference. They came thus to see death in its distinction; and following it perhaps one stage further, dwelling for a moment on the point where all that transitory dignity must break up, and discerning with no clearness a new body, they paused just in time, and abstained, with a sentiment of profound pity.

Of all this sentiment Michelangelo is the achievement; and first of all, of pity. *Pietà*—pity—the pity of the Virgin Mother over the dead body of Christ, expanded into the pity of all mothers over all dead sons, the entombment, with its cruel "hard stones"—that is the subject of his predilection. He has left it in many forms, sketches, half-finished designs, finished and unfinished groups of sculpture; but always as a hopeless, rayless, almost heathen sorrow—no divine sorrow, but mere pity and awe at the stiff limbs and colourless lips. There is a drawing of his at Oxford, in which the dead body has sunk to the earth between the mother's feet, with the arms extended over her knees. The tombs in the sacristy of San Lorenzo are memorials, not of any of the nobler and greater Medici, but of Giuliano, and Lorenzo the younger, noticeable chiefly for their somewhat early death. It is mere human nature, therefore, which has prompted the sentiment here. The titles assigned traditionally to the four symbolical figures, *Night* and *Day*, *The Twilight* and *The Dawn*, are far too definite for them; for these figures come much nearer to the mind and spirit of their author, and are a more direct expression of his thoughts, than any merely symbolical conceptions could possibly have been. They concentrate and express, less by way of definite conceptions than by the touches, the promptings of a piece of music, all those vague fancies, misgivings, presentiments, which shift and mix and define themselves and fade again, whenever the thoughts try to fix themselves with sincerity on the conditions and surroundings of the disembodied spirit. I suppose no one would come to the sacristy of San Lorenzo for consolation; for seriousness, for solemnity, for dignity of impression, perhaps, but not for consolation. It is a place neither of terrible nor consoling thoughts, but of vague and wistful speculation. Here, again, Michelangelo is the disciple not so much of Dante as of the Platonists. Dante's belief in immortality is formal, precise, and firm, as much so almost as that of a child, who thinks the dead will hear if you cry loud enough. But in Michelangelo you have maturity, the mind of the grown man, dealing cautiously and dispassionately with serious things; and what hope he has is based on the consciousness of ignorance—ignorance of man, ignorance of the nature of the mind, its origin and capacities. Michelangelo is so ignorant of the spiritual world, of the new body and its laws, that he does not surely know whether the consecrated Host may not be the body of Christ. And of all that range of sentiment he is the poet, a poet still alive, and in possession of our inmost thoughts—dumb inquiry over the relapse after death into the formlessness which preceded life, the change, the revolt from that change, then the correcting, hallowing, consoling rush of pity, at last, far off, thin and vague, yet not more vague than the most definite thoughts men have had through three centuries on a matter that has been so near their hearts, the new body—a passing light, a mere intangible, external effect, over those too rigid, or too formless faces; a dream that lingers a moment, retreating in the dawn, incomplete, aimless, helpless; a thing with faint hearing, faint memory, faint power of touch; a breath, a flame

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in the doorway, a feather in the wind.

The qualities of the great masters in art or literature, the combination of those qualities, the laws by which they moderate, support, relieve each other, are not peculiar to them; but most often typical standards, or revealing instances, of the laws by which certain æsthetic effects are produced. The old masters indeed are simpler; their characteristics are written larger, and are easier to read, than their analogues in all the mixed, confused productions of the modern mind. But when once we have succeeded in defining for ourselves those characteristics, and the law of their combination, we have acquired a standard or measure which helps us to put in its right place many a vagrant genius, many an unclassified talent, many precious though imperfect products of art. It is so with the components of the true character of Michelangelo. That strange interfusion of sweetness and strength is not to be found in those who claimed to be his followers: but it is found in many of those who worked before him, and in many others down to our own time: in William Blake, for instance, and Victor Hugo, who, though not of his school, and unaware, are his true sons, and help us to understand him, as he in turn interprets and justifies them. Perhaps this is the chief use in studying old masters.

Three Sonnets

By Michelagnolo di Ludovico di Buonarroti-Simoni

LOVE, THE LIFE-GIVER

To Tommaso de' Cavalieri

WITH your fair eyes a charming light I see,
For which my own blind eyes would peer in vain;
Stayed by your feet, the burden I sustain
Which my lame feet find all too strong for me;
Wingless, upon your pinions forth I fly;
Heavenward your spirit stirreth me to strain,
E'en as you will, I blush and blanch again,
Freeze in the sun, burn 'neath a frosty sky.
Your will includes and is the lord of mine;
Life to my thoughts within your heart is given;
My words begin to breathe upon your breath:
Like to the moon am I, that cannot shine
Alone; for lo! our eyes see naught in heaven
Save what the living sun illumineth.

IRREPARABLE LOSS

After the Death of Vittoria Colonna

WHEN my rude hammer to the stubborn stone
Gives human shape, now that, now this, at will,
Following his hand who wields and guides it still,
It moves upon another's feet alone:
But that which dwells in heaven, the world doth fill
With beauty by pure motions of its own;
And since tools fashion tools which else were none,
Its life makes all that lives with living skill.
Now, for that every stroke excels the more
The higher at the forge it doth ascend;
Her soul that fashioned mine hath sought the skies:
Wherefore unfinished I must meet my end,
If God, the great Artificer, denies
That aid which was unique on earth before.

IF IT BE TRUE THAT ANY BEAUTEOUS THING

IF IT be true that any beauteous thing
Raises the pure and just desire of man
From earth to God, the eternal fount of all,
Such I believe my love; for as in her
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
I view the gentle work of her Creator,
I have no care for any other thing,
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvelous,
Since the effect is not of my own power,
If the soul doth, by nature tempted forth,
Enamoured through the eyes,
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,
And through them riseth to the Primal Love,
As to its end, and honours in admiring;
For who adores the Maker needs must love his work.

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Sea

By A. KARKAVITSAS

Translated by Demetra Vaka and Aristides Phoutrides

MY FATHER—may the wave that buried him be holy oil for him—never meant to make a sailor of me.

"Keep away, my boy," he said, "keep away from the lying monster! She has no faith nor mercy. Worship her as you will—honour her—she never moves from her own aim. Don't look at her deceiving smile, promising her countless wealth. Sooner or later she will dig a grave for you, or she will cast you on the world a useless ruin, with nothing to own but your skin and bones. Sea or woman—it's all the same!"

These were the words of a man who had spent a whole life on a ship's deck, a man whose father and grandfather and great-grandfather had died by the mast. And he was not alone in this opinion. The other old men of the island, veterans of the ships, and the younger people whose hands were still callous, whenever they took their seats in the coffee-house to smoke their water pipes, would waggle their heads sadly and say with a sigh:

"There's no more bread to be gained from the sea. Let me have just a root of vine on the solid earth and I would throw a black stone behind me."

The truth was that many of them had money enough to own not only a vine but a whole island. Yet they would spend it all on the sea. They competed against each other to see who could build the biggest vessel or who would be a captain first. I, who often heard their words and saw their acts, contrary to and inconsistent with their words, could not understand the mystery.

Some God's breath, I said to myself, some power sent from infinity was coming down to drag with it all those souls and hurl them captives against their wills into the open sea, just as the raging north wind beating on the bare cliffs bites off the weathered pieces and hurls them down in a mass of fragments.

But the same impulse was pushing me, too, that way. Ever since my childhood days, I loved the sea. You might say I took my first steps in the water. My first toy was a box of beans with a little stick set up in the center for a mast, with two pieces of thread for hawsers and a sheet of paper for a sail, and my imagination made of this little box a triple-decked bark. I put it to sea with emotion, and imagined myself in it. Of course, as soon as I took my hand off, my bark sank to the bottom, but I was not slow in building another of timber. My dockyard was at the little harbour of St. Nicholas. I put my boat to sea and I followed it, swimming to the entrance of the harbour, where the current swept it far away from me. Later I became first in rowing and first in swimming. All I lacked was a fish's scales.

"Bravo!" said the old sailors to me with their good-natured smiles as they saw me ripping the water like a dolphin. "You will put us all to shame!"

I was proud because of these words and I hoped that some day I would fulfill their prophecy. I remember it was my seventh year at school when I closed my books forever. I found nothing in them that would respond to my longings, while everything else about me, living or not, whispered to me a thousand tales: The sailors with their faces bronzed by the sun; the old men with their reminiscences; the piled timber with its story told at sight; the lasses with their songs:

"How handsome is my little mate when wet with the sea-spray,
He puts on his change of snow-white clothes and takes the helm in hand."

This song I heard ever since my cradle days and it seemed to me like a hymn sung by my island to lure its inhabitants to the life of the sea. My dream, too, was some day to be a mate and, wet with the sea-spray, to hold the helm in hand. Surely I would be

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handsome then and strong—a real man. I would be the pride of my island and I would be loved by every lass.

Yes, I did love the sea! At times I saw her spreading from the headland far away and mingling with the blue firmament, like a sapphire floor, smooth, calm and silent with a secret that I longed to know. At times I saw her in a fury, spattering the shore angrily with white foam, toppling over the reefs, scaling the caves of the great rocks with a restless thundering roar, as if she sought to penetrate the earth's fiery womb and to extinguish the flames that burned there. This intoxicated me, and I ran to play with her, to make her angry and provoke her, so that she might rush against me and chase me, and lash my body with her spray—tease her as we like to tease wild beasts bound with chains. Then, when I saw a ship lifting anchor and sailing out of the harbour into the open sea, and heard the cheering chanties of the sailors labouring at the capstan sheets and the farewells of the women, my soul would fly like a lonely bird after it. The sails of dark gray, swelling with the wind, the stays stretching like delicate lines against the horizon, the golden trucks leaving behind them a trail of light in the blue sky, called out to me to go with them, promising new lands, new men, riches, joys, strange kisses that, though I knew it not, were stored in my heart as the inherited pleasures of my fathers. So, day and night, my soul longed for nothing else but the day of sailing away. Even when the news of a shipwreck reached the island, and the death of the drowned men lay heavy on everybody's heart, and silent grief spread from the frowning faces to the inanimate pebbles of the beach; even when I met the orphans of the dead in the streets, like gilded pieces of wood among the ruins of a once prosperous home, and saw the women clothed in black, and the bereaved sweethearts left disconsolate, and heard the survivors of the shipwreck tell of their misfortune—even then I was sorry and jealous that I had not been with them to see my own sweetheart in her wild majesty and to wrestle with her, wrestle unto death.

At last I could no longer control myself. My father had sailed away with his schooner. My uncle, Kaligeres, was just about to set sail for the Black Sea. I fell on his neck; and my mother, too, fearing I might get sick, intervened in my behalf. He consented to take me along.

"I will take you," he said, "but you'll have to work. A sailing ship needs care; it's no fishing boat for food and sleep."

I was always afraid of my uncle. He was as rude and mean to me as he was to his sailors. Men avoided working under him.

"Better slaving in Algiers
Than with Captain Kaligeres,"

they would say to show his heartlessness. He would "bake a fish on their lips" not only in the work he exacted but even in the food and the pay he gave them. Whatever there was of old salt junk, mouldy dry cod, bitter flour, weevilly biscuit and chalky cheese could be found in Kaligeres' stores to be used for his sailors. He would never speak, except to command, to swear, or to abuse somebody. Only men who despaired of any other chance would offer themselves to him. So I knew well I was not going to indulge in caresses and good times. But the lure of the sea made me disregard everything.

"Only take me aboard," I said, "and I'll work as much as you want."

To make my word good, I plunged into work. I made the futtock-shrouds my play. The higher I had to go the more eager I was to climb up first. Perhaps my uncle wished to make it especially hard for me from the beginning, and to acquaint me with the endless trials of a sailor's life in order to make me change my mind. He surely kept me going, from deck-washing to deck-scrubbing, from sail-mending to rope-twisting, from letting go and clewing up the sails to stowing them; from the quay to the capstan, from loading to unloading, from caulking to painting. I had to be first in everything. First be it! What did I care? I was satisfied to climb high to the topyard and with my big toes grasping the backstay to look down into space and watch the sea open a way and retreat before me as my humble subject. Drunk with joy, I compared myself to a proud bird winging its way triumphantly across the skies. I was in a magic trance. I looked with pity on the rest of the world, on the men who lived on dry land. They seemed to me like ants, creeping snakes, or slow-moving tortoises condemned to wear their shells forever as a useless burden.

"Bah!" I would say with contempt. "They think they live!" On such a surge of enthusiasm I heard one day the Captain's voice roar like a peal of thunder beside me:

"Let go the sails! Clew up and let go all!"

I was frightened, and ran to follow the

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other sailors without understanding exactly what the trouble was. Everyone to his post, and I to mine. They flew to the jibs; I followed them. They climbed up to the yards. I was among them, making fast and stowing every sail. Within five minutes the bark was a skeleton of spars. In front of his cabin the captain stood shouting and abusing and cursing. I looked at him, but damned if I knew what he was talking about.

"What in hell is the matter?" I asked the man next to me as we were making the sky-sail fast.

"The squall—don't you see? The water-spout!"

The waterspout! A shiver ran down my back. I had often heard of its awful wonders; how it sweeps everything away in its path, how it makes tatters of sails, breaks down masts, and downs all things that sail the sea. There was not only one, but three or four. Two of them rose towards Batum. The others were on our port bow, sweeping over the waters from gray distance where sky and sea met. Ahead, Caucasus, a frowning monstrous mass, showing his darkened coast walled with great cliffs like bare teeth ready to tear a world. Above us, the sky draped with thick heavy curtains of clouds; below, the sea, blackish-gray, trembling from end to end like a living thing shuddering with fear. For the first time I saw my sweetheart frightened.

The one water-spout was high and arched like an elephant's proboscis, and hung over the waters, a black, motionless monster. The other, at first like an immense thick pillar rising straight up, was suddenly broken in two like a column of smoke; its lower half was shattered into a thousand fragments, while the upper half hung from the clouds like a many-forked serpent's tongue. I saw the serpent moving on, stretching his neck, now this way and now that, brandishing his tongues as if seeking something on the face of the waters, and then suddenly flinging his body backward and gathering it in coils to nestle among the clouds. But a third one, black and gray and as thick as the trunk of a plane-tree a thousand years old, stood motionless for some time sucking up the water and swelling in size; and then, tottering like a menacing beast, it started sweeping against us, a monstrous mass of terror.

"Down, there! Get down!" I heard a voice from the deck calling to me.

Turning around, I saw that all the others had climbed down while I had been clinging fast to the topmast, watching the strange miracle. I slid down to the captain. With bulging eyes he was glaring at the apparition. In his right hand he held a black-handled knife, and stood behind the mainmast as if it were a bulwark. Nearby the mate was hurriedly filling up the rusty "trompone"[1], and around him stood the stunned sailors, staring now at the sea, now at the sky.

The waterspout was approaching on winged feet, sucking up the water and then spitting it out skyward in a black roaring fog. It seemed as if it would sweep everything off the boat, or as if it would lift it up bodily. It came within two fathoms of us—cylindrical, luminous, golden and green like smoked crystal, its piston working inside its heart, as if it were endeavouring to extinguish some huge conflagration up in heaven.

"Now!" commanded the captain.

The mate sent the contents of the "trompone" into it. Old nails, lead, oakum all were absorbed in it. It seemed to totter. That stopped: it tried to move. Twice it swooped about, and again stood, uniting sea and sky.

"We failed," the captain said bitterly to the mate.

"Yes, we did. And now draw the pentagram, captain, and let the sin be upon my head."

"God forgive me!" murmured the captain, making the sign of the cross.

With the black-handled knife he traced the pentagram upon the mast, saying thrice: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God, and God was the Word."

He stuck the knife in the middle of the pentagram as if he were nailing it to the very entrails of the monster.

A blast was heard as if a cannon had been discharged, and a gigantic wave broke over our deck. At the same instant the Caucasus was illuminated by a lightning flash, and reverberated thunderously as the monster broke. And the frightened sea foamed and raged over its whole immense surface.

"Aloft the sails!" commanded the captain quickly. "Top-sails! Jibs! Top-gallants! Royals!"

We spread our sails, and soon the bark was on its course again.

[1] An ancient Turkish term for a bell-mouthed gun or small canon was a "tromboni."

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II

Three weeks later we anchored at Constantinople, with a cargo on board. There I received the first letter from my mother, a first letter that came like a first stab at my inexperienced heart.

"Yanne, my boy," said the old woman, "when you come back to the island with St. Nicholas' help and my blessing, you will not be any longer a captain's son as you were on the day you sailed away—your father is gone with his schooner and all our fortune! The Black Sea has swallowed them all. Now you have nothing left but this one-story house, me, a helpless woman, and God. May your arms be strong. Work, my boy, and respect your uncle. If you have anything left over from your earnings, send it to me to buy oil and burn a candle before the Saint for your father's soul."

I crossed my hands and looked with tearful eyes at the sea. The words of the letter seemed to me like an echo of my father's words. He had been a captain, owner of his own vessel for many years, and now his widow had to depend on my savings to make a wheat offering[1] for the dead man's soul! His wheat offering, not to speak of the poor widow's own needs! Meanwhile, who knows against what reefs his iron-strong arms are dashing, what gulls are tearing his flesh, or what waves are bleaching his fleshless bones!

How significant were his last words! We had met for the last time just as we were sailing into the port of Theodosia, when he saw me high on the top-yard stowing the skysail. He crossed himself and stood dumb with emotion. He had not expected such a thing.

"Why do you look at him, Captain Angele?" Kaligeres shouted to him as we sailed by. "I wouldn't exchange him for your best hand."

At the same moment I was praying earnestly that the sea might open and swallow me. I could not rest so long as I felt his stern eyes fixed on me. I ran hurriedly from one end to another, as if I were too busy to stop. Down into the forecastle I would go, and up the futtock-shrouds; or I would pass from the capstan to the poop and do anything to avoid him. He understood my confusion, and did not rise from his seat; but from the place where he sat he followed me with a sad, complaining eye as if he was looking on a deathbed.

Next day he met me as I was going to town with the other men. As soon as I caught sight of him, I tried to hide, but he nodded, and even from the distance his nod was so commanding that my legs refused to obey my will.

"My boy, whatever was the matter with you? Have you thought over what you are trying to do?"

For the first time I knew there was gentleness in my father's voice; but I did not hesitate.

"Father," I said with courage, "I did think it over. Maybe my act is foolish and bad; but I can't help it. I can't live otherwise. The sea calls me; don't try to stop me. Else I might go where you will never see me again."

He made the sign of the cross, puzzled by my determination. He looked straight into my eyes for some time, then he shook his head and said:

"Very well, my boy; do whatever God prompts you to. I have done my part. Remember, I have spared neither words nor money. You will have no reason to curse me in the future. Go with my blessing."

His last blessing was my first regret. The sea did not reward my love on my first trip.

I was now truly a hired man for Captain Kaligeres, to earn my own bread and my mother's, who had been a captain's wife. Yet in spite of her advice, I could neither respect him nor work for my uncle any longer. If I must be a hired sailor, I thought, thank God there are other vessels. I would much rather get a shower of abuse from a stranger than from my own kin. A stranger would be more likely to respect my name. And so I made up my mind, if all was well, to disembark at the first port.

"Out for a better job? You will see!" said Kaligeres, who guessed my thoughts.

One day I went to ask a little olive oil for my food.

"No," he said, "that's for the man who stands by the wheel."

I went a second time and a third. The same answer. It wasn't enough for him to feed us with every decaying thing; he had to strike even olive oil off our rations. His avarice and his heartlessness were his most detestable traits. I decided to get back

[1] Boiled wheat seasoned with sugar, cinnamon, burned flour, nuts, etc., and placed on a tray before the altar. The priest prays for the forgiveness of the dead person's sins and the wheat is distributed among all present, who take it saying, "God forgive him," and eat it.

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at him once, and one day when I was at the wheel and he was out of sight, I took the picture of St. Nicholas from the chart-house, where a lamp filled with olive oil burned before it, tied it to the wheel and left the deck. The bark, like a crazy person, wandered all over the sea.

"Yanne!" shouted the captain, "who is at the wheel?"

"He who eats the oil!" I answered.

All the crew split themselves laughing and that angered him.

"Get out!" he said. "Pack your things and go!"

"All right. Give me my pay."

He took me into the chart-house and opened his account book. He reckoned up my dues in his usual manner.

"I hired you on such a day. The next day you came aboard; the day after, you brought your clothes, and one day later you started work. Not so?"

He cheated me, altogether, out of five days' pay. Still, it might have been worse.

"Just as you say," I said.

And so, with two pounds in my pocket, I landed in Messene.

III

FROM now on I lived like a real sailor. A life of toil and turmoil. Ant-like as far as being always busy, but never ant-like in saving. How could you ever save with such living from hand to mouth? One pair of shoes took one month's wages. A water-proof, another month's pay. One good time on shore, a third month. One month out of a job, six months in debt. How could you save and support a home? My home did not last long. Merciful death sealed its door. Within a year my mother died and her care was taken off my shoulders.

Wandering from ship to ship, from captain to captain, and from trip to trip, I wasted ten years on the sea. It was a troubled life; one pleasure, three misadventures. Before you could say "praise God," you had to yell "God help us!" Day and night my father's words resounded in my ears. What was the use? You might knock your fist against a knife or your head against a mast; the mast can't break. If I had a root of grapevine on land I might throw a black stone behind me and leave the sea forever. But where was the vine? I had one of two fates coming to me: either some wave would bury me, or I might fare forth into the world a beggar. Very well, then. I might stick to the job and have a good time. I wasn't alone, was I? Every sailor in the world has the same bad luck. I was a hired hand on many vessels, and worked with many foreigners, too, but never did I envy anyone. A sailor's life is the same everywhere; abuse from the captain, contempt from the super-cargo, threats from the sea, kicks from the land. Wherever he turns, he faces an enemy.

Once, when I had come to Piræus, on an English brig, I thought of going to my island, which I had never seen since the day I had sailed away with Captain Kali-geres. Fate had taken me on her wings and made me spin about the earth like a top. On my return I found my home a ruin, my mother's grave overgrown with weeds and my young sweetheart a grown-up girl. I had the priest read prayers for my mother, I burned a taper for my father's soul, and cast two glances on my sweet-heart. I shivered all over.

"Who knows?" I thought bitterly. "If I had listened to my father's words might I not now be Mary's husband?"

Her father, Captain Parares, was an ancient ship-owner, of the same age as my father. He was lucky with the sea. He struck it at the proper time, and so he reaped a rich harvest from it. Then he sold his bark, *St. Stephanos*, bought some dry fields, turned them into a garden, and ceased his travels forever.

I did not leave on the next day, as I had planned. Nor the day after. A week went by and I was still there. Something held me back, though I had nothing more to do. But the same thought came again and again to my mind, putting out, like an extinguisher, all other thoughts.

"If I had listened to my father's words, might I not now be Mary's husband?"

At the same time I kept passing and repassing her home, and toward evening I would take the road to the village—well, just to catch a glimpse of her. In other words, I was in love with Mary. Whenever she passed with lowered eyes and light step before me and I saw her full breast and her hair hanging in black waves down her back, I felt a desire to run to her and lock her in my arms with unfailing passion. Her black, almond-shaped eyes seemed to promise to me a calm, happy and restful nest, and her bosom looked like a harbour of tranquil waters and smooth sands where a mariner might, without any fear, moor his boat.

It was like the vision that always haunts

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me. Waves, sky, earth and its crops, men, life itself always transitory and changing, tire our souls. As a balance of necessity, nature must seek stability; and our mind looks for a place where it can rest by day and by night while the body goes on with its endless trials and struggles. So a woman is found and a marriage is sought. Do you think it of small importance while you wander over the world to know that there is a little corner for you somewhere, where love burns for you and awaits your return anxiously? The same magnet that once had lured me, an inexperienced lad, to the sea, was now drawing me, a full-grown man, toward the woman—only with much greater force. With the same blind passion, I followed the footprints of my fair one. I first sent Captain Kaligeres as messenger of my love. Then Kalomoira, "the Good Fortune," an old woman famous throughout the island as a matchmaker.

"I will not go," I thought, "until I have an answer."

But Kalomoira brought everything to a happy end. There was honey in her words, and she won both the girl and her father.

"I want to speak to you," said Captain Parares to me one evening, after taking me aside. "Your purpose is good and your way is honest. There is nobody I would like to have in my house better than the son of a friend who was like a brother to me. Mary will be yours. But on one condition; you will have to give up the sea. I stand by your father's words. The sea has no faith nor mercy. You must give it up."

"But what am I to do?" I asked. "How can I live? You know I have learned no other trade."

"I know it. But Mary has a fortune of her own."

It came like a slap to me and I turned all red.

"Then am I to take a wife to support me?"

"No, she will not support you. Don't be angry. I did not mean to offend you. You will work together. There is the orchard, the vineyard, the field. They need workers."

The truth was, I needed nothing better. I was ready to give up the sea forever. I felt like St. Elias, who shouldered his oar and took to the mountains, looking for a place to live where men had never heard of his name. He didn't care either to look on the sea or to hear of it any longer. I felt exactly the same. Her name, her colour, her charms had no more secrets for me. The spell had been broken.

"Agreed!" I said, "you have my word for it."

IV

THREE years went by, spent with Mary up in Trapi, my father-in-law's village. Three years of real life. I learned how to handle a pick, and worked with my wife in the orchard, the vineyard and the field. With work and love, I never felt the passing of time. When we did not dig together we chased each other under the citron trees like birds just learning how to fly. Her word followed on my word; her kiss on mine. I learned how to dig around the citron trees, how to prune the vines, and how to plough the field. Then I knew how to pick the citrons in the fall, how to gather the grapes when vintage time came in August, and how to reap the wheat-field in the month of harvest. I earned fifty talera from my citrons yearly, twenty from my vine, and forty from my wheat, besides the seed I kept for next year's crop and the provisions for my own home use. It was the first time that I really knew what earning was, and realized that my labour was received gratefully and rewarded with plenty. The speechless earth tried in a thousand manners, colours, shapes, fragrances, fruits and flowers to speak and thank me for taking care of it.

If I ploughed, the furrow remained faithfully where I opened it. It would receive the seed and hide it diligently from the flying things; then it would keep it warm and damp until the day when it would show it before my eyes fresh with dew, green with living sap, and finally mature with gold. The earth seemed to say: "See how I have brought it up!" If I lightened the burden of a vine by pruning it, the vine would seem to burst into tears with emotion, and shaking with delight would open its eyes like bright butterflies and suddenly bring forth its heavy burden of new clusters. If I trimmed the citron tree, it would rise lithe with grace and dazzling with beauty, and with its tufted branches would build wonderful shady arches to cool our bodies from the noon-day heat and to shower fragrances on our sleep at night, while its light golden fruit would refresh our very being.

Yes, it is the earth God has blessed with feeling, and not that senseless monster which effaces your track as soon as the keel has opened it, jealous of the least sign that

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anyone might try to leave on eternity. Praise the sea all you may; flatter it, sing of it; its answer is a thrust for you to get away, a murmur of discontent at your presence, or an untamed tiger's roar when it tries to open a grave for you. Cain, after his crime, should have been condemned to a seaman's life.

At sunset we would walk back to the village. Mary would go ahead in the midst of her playful goats, who shook their bells as they frisked about merrily. I would follow with the pick on my shoulder, leading behind me the mule loaded with logs for fuel. Then, at home, while Mary lighted the fire to make supper, I would light my pipe and sit down comfortably at the threshold in the midst of a gay honeysuckle that spread lustily over the walls in the midst of scented royal mints and spearmints and sweet marjorams, generous little plants that asked for nothing but a handful of proper earth and a drop of water to bathe us with fragrance and grace.

From this place I would exchange greetings with passing neighbours, greetings that trickled from the very heart.

"Good evening!"

"Good evening to you!"

"Good night!"

"Good luck to you!"

I did not have to look anxiously at the sky any longer. I did not have to consider the position of the moon, the trembling light of the stars, the course of the wind, the rise of the Pleiades. And late at night, when I cast anchor in my love's arms, what bay or what luring port could ever give me such happiness!

So two years passed, and now we were in the third. One Sunday in February I went with my wife to my old town of St. Nicholas by the sea. Her cousin, Captain Malamos, was christening his brig, and had invited us to the joyful occasion. It was a beautiful day, which was the first awakening of my old longing. The dock was covered with timber, masts, beams, splinters, and wood-shavings. The air was filled with the smell of the sea brine, the scent of freshly cut timber, the heavy odour of tar, pitch and ropes. There were hills of hemp and piles of steel pieces. From one end of the beach to the other there was an array of little rowboats beautifully painted, brigs careened, luggers stripped of all rigging and old hulls covered with barnacles and seaweed. There were skeletons of cutters, schooners, and brigantines, some with just the keel and the sea-steps, others ribbed and planked up to the gunwale, others only half way up. Any tool a seaman might wish for was there; and any seaman's dreams, ambitions, simple longings, and great hopes could be found on that gold-sanded beach, expressed vividly in some wooden structure by some shipbuilder's hands. The guests—the whole island, it seemed—old men and young boys, old women and young girls, moved in their Sunday clothes from one ship's frame to another. The boys hopped from place to place. The men handled their parts with knowing pride, and often they spoke to them as if they were living things. The veterans of the sea sized up each ship's worth, estimated its speed, measured its tonnage, recounted the profits it might bring, and gave their advice to the master builder on everything. At last, they concluded by wishing the owner of each ship that its nails might turn to gold for him.

Captain Malamos' brig was in its dock; its fine and lovely hull, with its many props on both sides, looked like a huge centipede sleeping on the sandy beach. Its prow curved like a delicately wrought saber; its stern was girded with garlands of flowers. A glistening meadow of pure azure, the sea, spread before it, shimmering playfully and reaching for the ship's feet with little tongues of rippling water. She sprinkled it with her lukewarm spray, made it fragrant with her salt breath, and sang to it a secret confiding song: "Come," she sang, "come and lie on my bosom. I will give you life with my kiss; I will breathe a soul into you and will make you fly on strong wings. Why do you lie there, a mass of soulless timber, like something heavy with sleep? Are you not weary of the torpor of the forest and its life of no will? Shame on you! Come out into the sun, and the air, and the light! Come to wrestle with the wave and ride victor over it! With raised breast meet the strong wind and tear him into tatters. You will be the whale's envy, the dolphin's mate, the sea-gull's comfort, the sailor's song, your captain's pride. Come, my golden one, come!" and the ship seemed to feel the spell of the sea and began to creak, eager to leave its bed where it lay in idleness.

All about, the guests were crowding. Captain Malamos stood by with a smooth-shaved, smiling face, dressed in his best, with a broad scarf about his waist. Near him, his wife, in a dress of silk, looked like a bride. They seemed to live their wedding-

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day once more, while a violin, a mandolin, and a drum played their gay melodies, with a spirit that seemed determined to carry the glad tidings to the ends of the earth.

Would you believe it? I was not happy in the least. As I sat toward the end nearest the sea, I would see the water's little ripples reaching at my feet, and a certain sadness wrung my heart. My first sweetheart, whom I had not seen for years, was now facing me again, young and beautiful, clothed in her raiment of sapphire blue. Her face smiled with perfect gladness; and I thought that she had her eyes fixed on me and that she spoke words of regretful complaint:

"Faithless one! Deceiver! Coward!"

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" I said to myself, and made the sign of the cross.

I wanted to get away but my feet refused. My body seemed like a mass of lead that was stuck to the rock; and my eyes, my ears, my soul were a helpless prey to the wave which continued to sing its sad complaint:

"Faithless one! Deceiver! Coward!"

Tears almost came to my eyes. My hatred for the sea, her tyranny, her crimes, the sleepless nights and my fruitless labour, all, vanished from my mind like bad dreams. I remembered only my first joys, the glad intoxication of the sea, the charm of wandering over her, the magic shiver of her dangers, the sheer enjoyment of escaping them, the recklessness of a sailor's life. All these joys I had abandoned for the sake of a woman.

"Well, what makes you so thoughtful, life of mine?" I heard a voice beside me. I turned and saw Mary, beautiful and smiling, with her lithe body, her fresh lips, her full breast, her shining eyes, and her coal-black hair. I felt confused and guilty as if I had been caught in the act of deceiving her.

"Nothing," I murmured; "nothing! Lend me a hand to get up. I feel dizzy."

I took her hand and grasped her with intense eagerness as if I were in danger of falling into the cold darkness of an abyss. The priest, in his vestments, was reading his prayers over the new ship. The shipbuilder began giving his commands:

"Let go the stern prop! Let go the prow! Loosen the sides, now!"

One after another the props fell from the hull and the brig began to shake as if still stiff from sleep and hesitating to plunge forward into its new life. The boys who had climbed on deck were running from stern to prow and from starboard to port, making a noise like a flock of sheep.

The hands had taken their places beside the hull in order to push it into the sea. The master-builder commanded again:

"Let go!"

At the united effort of so many breasts, the ship groaned, shook once more, and finally glided, like a duck, into the water with its youthful crew on deck.

"Good luck to it, Captain Malamos! Good luck to it. May her nails turn to gold for you!" the crowd of seamen shouted, and sprinkled the captain and his wife with handfuls of spray.

But at that moment one of the boys on deck stumbled as he ran and fell senseless overboard. On the same instant, I plunged into the sea with my clothes on. With the second dive I pulled the boy to the surface. I saved the boy, but the meshes of the sea were tight about me, and none could save me. From that time on I could neither sleep nor rest. Joy had left me forever. That plunge into the sea, her warm water that had embraced me, was now dragging my soul a slave behind it. I remembered its touch was like warm kisses that sent an electric current down my back. With my open eyes I saw before me a bride clothed in blue; young, glad, and tender, nodding to me from the distance to follow her. I could hear her call: "Come! Come!"

I could not work any longer. I tried to go back to my orchard, field and vineyard, but all seemed to me walled-in and narrow. The shade of the citron tree was heavy and cold. The vine-twigs with their knots seemed disgustingly ugly, like a lobster's legs. The furrows of the field, cheap. So I spent day after day on the beach plunging into the water. I felt its touch with shivers of delight. I caught hungrily its salt breath, and I wallowed in bliss among the seaweeds as on a bed of soft feathers and silk. I would spend hours picking sea-urchins and crabs. Often I would go down to the harbour, and with some hesitation draw near the groups of sailors to hear them talk about their rigs, and travels, and storms, and shipwrecks. They would hardly look at me. You see, I was only a peasant, an old farmer, while they were sailors, dolphins of the sea. What could a poplar have to do with rhubarb? How could it stoop from its height to see the little weed at its feet? They could not even count me as present in their company. The younger sailors would look at me with wonder, as if to say: "Where does this ghost come from?" The

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older men who once had been my friends and my mates would occasionally deign to address me with a jest:

"Now, Yanne, you have your hawsers pretty tight. You don't have to worry about wind or sea. You've cast anchor for good!"

Their eyes had such an expression of pity that I could read in them what they did not speak in words: "You are a dead man! You don't belong to the living world any longer!" So I turned to the beach to tell my troubles to the waves. In the end, I turned back to my early years and consoled myself with little ships which I built with my hands. My skill was mature now, and I could make them with oak masts and actual stays and sails, while my imagination was again aflame and made triple-decked barks out of them. I was a child again.

Mary watched me and wondered about my change. Often she thought I was turning insane and prayed to Virgin Mary to help me. She made more than one vow to the Holy Virgin of Tenos, and went with bare feet on many pilgrimages to the neighbouring country shrines. She had prayers read over my clothes, and often, beating her breast with anxiety, she called on the saints and tried to secure their help in bringing me back to my senses again.

"Mary," I said to her once, "there's nothing that will help. Neither saints nor vows can cure my trouble. I am a child of the sea. It calls and I must go. Sooner or later I must return to my old trade. Else I cannot live."

As soon as she heard it she put on mourning. At last she knew the serpent that had been biting her so long in secret.

"Your trade!" she cried; "to be a sailor—and poor again!"

"Yes, a sailor! I can't help it. The sea is calling me!"

But she could not understand. She would not hear of it. She cried and prayed. She threw her arms about me, pressed me to her bosom, and covered me with kisses, clinging to me with despair, anxious in her jealousy to make me see the toil of the sea, its dangers, and shipwrecks. She would abuse the sea, find a thousand faults with it, and curse it as if it were her rival. But all was in vain. Neither her arms nor her kisses could bind me any longer. Everything seemed cold and wearisome, even my bed.

One evening, about sunset, as I was sitting on the rocks by the sea, plunged in my usual thought, I saw before me a brig sailing by, with all her sails drawing. It looked like a cliff of light rising suddenly from the midst of the sea. All her spars and stays were painted with wonderful distinctness against the blue sky. I saw the jibs, the courses, the top-sails, the top-gallants, the trucks. I believed I could even see the billet-head. My eyes seemed to get a supernatural power, so that they could turn timber to crystal and reach the very depths of the ship. I could see the captain's cabin adorned with the picture of St. Nicholas and his never-failing candle. I could see the sailors' bunks, hear their simple talk, and sense their sour smell. I could see the galley, the water-barrels, the pump, the capstan. My soul, like a homesick bird, had perched on the full-rigged ship. I heard the wind whistling through the stays and shrouds, singing with a harmony more than divine of a seaman's life; and before my eyes passed on winged feet virgins with fair hair and black hair, virgins with blue eyes and dark eyes, and virgins with flowers, showing their bare breasts and sending me distant kisses. Then I saw noisy ports, taverns filled with smoke and wine-cups and resounding with sweet-voiced guitars and tambourines. Suddenly I saw a sailor pointing at me and heard him say to his companion:

"There goes one who renounced the sea for fear of it!"

I sprang up like a madman. Never for fear! Never, I thought, and ran back to the house. Mary had gone out to the brook. So much the better. I took a purse from under my pillow, cast a last glance on the bed, and with a pack of clothes on my shoulder, I disappeared like a thief. It was dark when I reached St. Nicholas, but without losing any time I jumped into a boat and rowed to the brig.

Life has been a phantom for me ever since. If you ask me if I regret it, I would not know what to answer. But even should I go back to my island now, I could never rest.

The sea claims me.

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The Praise of Gardens

By "E. V. B."

(The Hon. Elizabeth V. Boyle)

A GARDEN!—The word is in itself a picture, and what pictures it reveals! All through the days of childhood the garden is our fairy-ground of sweet enchantment and innocent wonder. From the first dawn of thought, when we learned our simple lessons of Eden and its loss, and seemed to see the thornless garden, watered with clear streams, beautiful with spreading trees, and the train of unnamed beasts and birds meekly passing before their spotless lord; and then beyond, far onward to that other garden beloved by the Man of Sorrows, Gethsemane, where we could never picture the blossoming of roses or murmurous hum of summer bees, but only the sombre garden walks, and One kneeling among the olives, and dark, heavy drops upon the grass. And near to this, the garden of the Sepulchre—in a dewy dawn light, angel-haunted. These were. our Gardens of the Soul. In later years the mists of those older, holier spots wear away as snow-wreaths in the vivid brilliance of the Gardens of Poetry. Then, dreamlike, from sapphire seas arose the Gardens of the Hesperides, and we behold the white-vestured maidens as they danced around the golden-fruited, dragon-guarded tree. Then bloomed for us the gardens of mediæval Italy. The Poets' garden of cypress and lemon, of marble stairs and sparkling fountains, with all their moonlight mirth and sorrow; ilex-groves of song and silver-threaded laughter; visions of Rimini, or gay Boccaccio's tales. Then did we linger where high-piping nightingales sang to the Persian Rose in the Gulistan of Saädi; felt the pure sunlight shine in a little wilderness of roses, or the green shade that lay round the apple-trees of Andrew Marvell; or in the garden of the Sensitive Plant, we followed the shadowy steps of the Lady, our souls entranced with the love of every flower she loved. They are all beautiful, these Gardens of Poetry! and through the midst of them flows the broad stream of Memory, isled with fair lilied lawns, fringed with willowy forests and whispering reeds. And not less beautiful than these ideal shades are the gardens which live unchanged and unchanging in many a painted picture within the heart. Real, and not less ideal, is the remembrance of gardens we have seen: seen once, it may be, and never since forgotten.

> "Un souvenir heureux est peut-être sur terre
> Plus vrai que le bonheur."

So, lovely as truth, crystal-clear as a poet's thought, are the earthly Edens our eyes beheld in the years that are past. How can we forget the gardens of queenly Genoa, in the days ere yet she was discrowned? Of Florence, of Rome and Albano and Tivoli? The palm-gardens of Bordighera, where periwinkles—*fiori da morte*—rain down their blue from the overflowing laps of ancient palms, or wander in smiles about the rugged roots; the trellised pergolas and anemoned lawns of Mortola; or those strange island-gardens Isola Madre of Maggiore, and terraced Isola Bella? Long indeed is the lovely list. Think back into the days that were, and remember them. . . . How they live green and fresh and sweet in the bloom and the glow of their eternal summer! For you, their skies are ever blue, their roses never fade. Winter has never silenced the plash and flow of their fountains, nor chilled the green from one leaf in their deep groves. The lemon, ripening in pale gold, still hangs ungathered against the southern terrace, where scarlet passion-flowers burn in drifted fire-spots. The peacock, sunning himself upon the stone balustrade, shakes out his emerald glories, while you loiter along the flowery borders of his kingdom; and you know that violets hide somewhere in the grass, for the very sunshine is impregnated with their perfume. Or, perchance in fancy, you may tread again the narrow pathway that winds around the rocky sea-wall at old Monaco. There, for

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you, the globes of red geranium reflect still, warm shadows about the names of lovers long since forgot or dead, wrought upon the tablet leaves of aloes or of cactus. There mesembryanthemums shine still, sunned over as of old with rayed discs of red and yellow, while basking lizards at your approach rustle away under the leaves. Lean over the low parapet wall and watch the waves dash in white foam against the jagged rocks below. The old cliff blooms out into cistus and spikes of purple stocks; midway the sea-birds scream and play above the little fishing-boats, tossing like fairy nutshells on the crisp blue summer sea. From the sunny Mediterranean and that narrow strip of hanging garden, dream on into the black cypress shades of Tuscany.

In all Italy—the land of flowers, the garden of the world—there are no gardens more stately nor any nobler cypress-trees, than at Villa d'Este of Tivoli. In the spring, by the straight smooth ways under the ilexes and cypresses, all day the golden gloom is made rosy where ever and anon red Judas-trees shower down their bloom. Marble stairs lead up through terraced heights to paved walks under the Palazzo walls. There the air is faint with rich fragrance of the orange-trees. The lofty spires of ancient cypresses reach up above the topmost terrace; far below in the garden, between their dark ranks, sparkle the upspringing fountains. Beyond, above the tall cypresses, rise brown crumbling walls of the old town, piled up with open loggie and arched gates and over-shadowing roofs; and high over these, great barren hills crowned with ruined fortresses and shattered keeps. To the west rolls out the ocean of the wide Campagna, undulating far away where Rome is lost in the sunset. Dream on, until you sigh with the wondrous sweetness of Rome herself in the wild wood-garden of the Vatican, where in April days thousands of odorous cyclamen flowers flush with crimson all the moss beneath the trees. Dream on, till you see once more the swaying of the tall pines and bathe your steps in tracts of flowery grass in the green Pamphili Doria, and watch the mystic fountain, most like the form of an inconstant spirit, like a pale, blue-robed Undine uncertain if to leave her source, trembling betwixt desire and fear.

Fain would we linger in the gardens of Portugal, under the sweet-scented camellias of Cintra—lost in reverie amid her rose-wreathed thickets. Strange is the remembrance of the beautiful Montserrat cathedral water-aisles, whose torrents foam down in long cascades beneath the high-arched tree-ferns. And in Spain, like a scene in the "Arabian Nights," comes back to us the old Moorish garden of Granada, with marble-lined canal and lofty arcades of trimmed yew, topped with crescents, pyramids, and crowns.

Those are our gardens of past joy. Yet others still exist, whose memory in secret cherished is shrouded with a tender mystery. Lovelier than all gardens we have known, graced with the far-off charm of the unattainable are they, the gardens we have wished for, but have never seen. Words cannot paint them, for memory sets no copy: yet the longing for them does still possess our hearts with visions of their unknown beauty. Long ago, there was a garden such as this: a garden I never saw, whose image haunts me with a dim regret. It was in the South of France. The hot, white road brought us at last to the foot of a rocky steep. A shepherd boy pointed to the stony path we had to climb, winding up through thorny ways, amongst the cistus and wild lavender. High on the summit stood the small pink château with its chapel, and the garden walled all round. The chapel door stood wide open and showed within the altar with its faded roses and its tinselled Virgin. But the garden door in the wall was shut and locked. There on the thymy ledge outside the garden wall, beside the worn step of the blind-shut door, we sat down among the irises. In the still hush of afternoon we listened to the gentle stir of leaves among the walnuts and evergreen oaks that overtopped the wall. Pale pink petals floated down from the china roses clambering about the trees, and fell softly at our feet. Sometimes there came a little sound of tinkling waters running over into some marble basin; or the fitful melody of a nightingale, or the voice of the turtle was heard somewhere within the thick shade, and the scent of new-blown orange-flowers ever and again just touched the air. Sometimes a great black wild bee heavily laden passed over from the other side, droned for a moment in the purple irises, and drifted away into space. Below the rock, and away as far as the eye could reach, a gray mist of olive woods filled all the valley, veiling the mountain-sides till lost at last in lilac hollows of the hills. But the garden-gate in the wall of Castellar opened never to us; and never, save in fancy, have we

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crossed its sunny threshold nor wandered down the close-clipt alleys, or ever seen the sculptured nymphs gleam white amid the ilex-groves—its fountains or the bloom of its summer flowers.

And yet other gardens there are, like none of these. They are no "Adonis Gardens" whose flowers quickly bloom and quickly die. They are not laid out for pastime, nor for our joy in hours of idleness. The flower-beds are narrow, and often the best bloom of them is withered. But the flowers are not for delight; they are all for remembrance. Tears have watered them; Love bound the amaranth in each faded wreath. To most of us it may be that some small spot in the Garden of the Lord is dearer than the finest pleasure-garden; for here we lent to the Heavenly Husbandman the light of our eyes, the flower of our lives. The beautiful feeling that would make into a garden the place where the dead rest, is well-nigh universal, and finds, perhaps, its best and most natural expression in England. Many a little country churchyard, far and near, even to the remote corners of our land, has its well-kept borders, and is weekly drest and bright with fresh flowers. And this is as it should be. For Pride, or any other reason, the costliest monument is raised; but only Love will plant roses about the tomb, or weave for it the crown of lilies: it is Love only that will lay some poor flower upon the little green mound. The Poor have no need of carven headstones; they know well the graves of their dead, and thither will they bring in all simplicity their best and gayest from the cottage plot, so that on a summer Sunday the churchyard is like a garden. It is more than a garden! it is "Mazar"—as in the Arabic phrase for the grave—"the place of resort."

And how sweet is such a garden, should you find it in the wood! It was June in the New Forest. We had wandered out of the sandy forest track into a green labyrinth of nutty ways. Beyond, the beechwood stretched in heavy masses. Hidden deep in the hazel underwood, a thrush sang as they sing only when summer is young. We, too, were young, and we sang all together. On a sudden sounded, quite close at hand, the harsh notes of a band of music. The village musicians had found us out; and they came, and with "fiddle, fife, and drum" broke up the quiet of our cool retreat. Hush! suddenly penetrating through and above the jangling tunes, rose the deep tones of a funeral bell. Again and again at solemn intervals the bell intoned through all the light discordance, while the thrush amidst the hazels unheeding still sang on. The knell, wherever it might be, sounded clear and strong through depths of woodland leaves. We thought of Hans Andersen's tale of the bell that pierced the night among the trees, and none knew from whence, and none ever found its secret but the king's son and the peasant lad. Unlike the story, we had not far to seek. Soon was found a little churchling in a clearing of the wood. The bell had ceased. In the garden the mourners were departing from a fresh-made grave. Lines of bright limnanthus and nemophila on either side the path gave back the sunshine. At the open door stood the white-haired sexton with his keys. Entering in out of the golden sunshine the church seemed to be a space of darkness where the windows glowed in colours richly bright, like gardens of the blessed in the land that is afar off.

Endless and full in far-reaching sweetness is the Praise of Gardens. From the days of classic Greece and Rome down into modern times, the theme bears onward. But is the praise now sincere? Who is there now to whom the ordering of the ground about their homes is as a "princely diversion"? Who in our day will care to annex to their palace-houses gardens such as world-famed Chatsworth or Moor Park, Blenheim, Trentham, Chiswick, Nonsuch or Hampton Court? Where now shall we find a new Albury such as Evelyn planned, or another Dropmore? Or across the Channel, who is there now to imagine the grandeur of a new Garden of Versailles, of Fontainebleau of Chantilly, or those which surround the Pallavicini Villa in Italy? The world is narrowing. Everyone in these days must have a garden of some sort; but few have time to live much in it, and a first-sight glare of colour from the windows suffices for the many. And herein perhaps the secret lies. The natural thirst of the eye for colour has to be satisfied, and much knowledge—and time, which is more scarce—are required for the best manner of giving it. And since its reaction after the almost forgotten craze for aniline, pure colour is denied in our houses, the garden is called upon to fill the void. Even cottagers' gardens—and their beauty has time out of mind been the peculiar feature of our English roadside scenery—are losing fast their character of homely gaiety and interest, with the innovation of "colour" in scarlet and yellow

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bedding-out plants, to the neglect of the pinks and gillyflowers and honeysuckles, beloved of our forefathers. The garden-like charm of the London parks, made up of brilliant flower beds backed by avenues of trees, is preëminently the charm of colour, which was surely never more sorely needed or more splendidly supplied; while the quiet onward step of taste and culture is marked by the sowing of crocuses in the grass. The simple magic of colour for its own sake can never be displaced, yet a garden in the highest sense means more than this. There are those who know and love each plant that grows in it; some by whom "lessons sweet of spring returning" are learned new every year amongst their daffodils and snowdrops; to whom summer and winter and "brown autumn's store" bring hopes and pleasures in their "garden of delightsome smells," undreamt of by the many who judge only of the red and blue and yellow stretch of flowers in dreary repetition, year after year; and who believe the well-mown lawns to mean only space for outdoor games. And the joy of a garden never stales. It may be the tiniest plot that we possess, or it may cover acres of royal extent. No matter whether large or small, it will feed that inner light which is rarely absent from the obscurest life, and which in the greatest shines forth as the creative power of poetry. Thus in Persia we read that "the humblest peasant's cottage has a patch in its court reserved as a flower-garden; a little gleam of Nature's poetry amid the arid waste and prose of life, as poverty and oppression render it to him." And more than this, there grows up a kind of sympathy between the garden and its master. Trees and flowers seem to rejoice in responding vigorously to the care and love bestowed upon them, while the master himself rejoices in their growth and well-being. An old writer (R. Austin in *The Garden of Fruit Trees*) of the seventeenth century says, "As the husbandman takes pleasure in his fruit-trees so they (in a sense) take pleasure in him. He delights to walk among them and converse with them by meditation, searching out their natures, and virtues; he takes pleasure in their shade in heate of summer, and in their wholesome fruits in their seasons; and the fruit-trees also may be said to take pleasure in the husbandman's watering and dressing; discovered by their increase, strong and vigorous shootes, pleasant Blossoms, and multitudes of fruits from yeare to yeare."

Fashions change in gardens as in all else. From the days of pleached alleys and bower walks, quincuncial paths and all manner of fantastic topiarian devices, to serpentine walks, and little flower-beds set out all over the lawns, and the unmeaning monstrosities of cast-iron seats and vases as designed for the plates in *Paxton's Magazine*, is a very wide interval. Summer-houses, once so important to every well-devised garden, are no longer in vogue. The word "Arbour" is almost out of print. Very dreary to us seem the arbours and summer-houses, for which in those times they spared no expense. We like best now to sit upon the grass under a tree. Happily, the more fantastic imaginings of ruins and temples, and "Anglo-Chinois Gardens," whatever they may have been, are out of fashion finally and forever. We spend less pains and trouble on our gardens, and yet, in a way, there is more to be done. The costly orangery of other days remains for the most part empty, or put to another use; but we make our cuttings, which involves an immense outlay of time and labour. The phase of dull and paltry gardening is outlived, as is, almost, that of carpet bedding—and good taste is coming round again. The formality of the old style, tempered with a love of trees and plants in Nature's own undress, must always be the best. And with the perfecting of all arts of gardening learned during these past hundred years, we ought to find no difficulty in the laying out of finer and more beautiful gardens than the world has ever seen. Yet it is hardly so. We have flowers and fruits in far greater variety, but the very best plan for a modern garden will still be that which most nearly embodies the idea of some delicious pleasaunce of old time (such as that one at Kenilworth described in Laneham's pages), or follows the design of some old French or Dutch masters in the art of "jardinage" of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The gardens made by these famous architects (for such they appear to have been)—Le Rouge, Le Nôtre, Le Pautre, Le Blond, Le Bouteaux—Monsieur Barbier, "jardinier célèbre," or Antoine Richard of Le petit Trianon, "jardinier de la Reine"—or those among them that remain, verging as they are to decay: with hedges thin and drawn up, neglected wildernesses and fountains out of order, still retain an indescribable charm. Old engravings of the designs for them, with their "parterres de broderie," "parterres

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d'eau," "Boulingrins," and "pavillons de verdure," are full of graceful curves, like beautiful patterns for needlework. Modern designers can do nothing better in this line.

Still less, on the other hand, can we believe it possible that Le Nôtre himself could conceive the idea of a garden as given in the letter I copy here:—"Nothing can be more absolutely unscientific than my ways, according to the usual sense of the word. I wish to gain a knowledge of all garden flowers, but only to see which can be used in a picturesque and beautiful way, and which had better be rejected and left alone. In gardening I try to paint living pictures with living flowers, paying attention to throwing them into groups both for form and colour, and so on. I am perpetually at amicable war with the gardener for over-trimmers. His grand idea is that edges must be trimmed, and all walks brushed every Saturday, while I hold the heresy of not minding a little moss on the paths, and of rather preferring a few scattered cluster rose-petals lying on its brown-green velvet. I wish I could show you some of my garden pictures that seem fairly successful:—The Primrose Garden, lately replanted and improved as to its lines of its boundaries. I grow mostly the large yellow and white bunch primroses; and the Primrose Garden in its season is a river of gold and silver flowering through a copse of silver-stemmed young birch-trees for a hundred yards or more. Another of this year's pictures that pleased me, was a large isolated group of white foxgloves with bracken about their base, backed by a dusky wood of Scotch firs."

In the praise of gardens which is to be found scattered through the writings of many prose authors of all ages, the most careless reader cannot fail to observe a curious contrast between the older "praise" and that of more recent date. The difference, which is hard to define, lies not so much in style or in the turn of expressions; these would be but the natural outcome of different literary periods. It lies in the minds and sentiments of the writers on the subject. The thoughts of men who loved gardens in bygone ages, were coloured, no doubt, by the kinds of flowers commonly cultivated by them, and the rarity of many as compared with the rich increase and variety we now possess. Still, besides this, there is an unconscious poetry, a keenness of observation and sensation, and a sort of abandonment to pure enjoyment of trees and flowers and clear waters, in those earlier writings, which to us is unknown. There are quaintly minute descriptions of gardens in the times of Gawain Douglas (1400-1500), which have all the fresh flavour of poetry, and all the enduring fascination of a picture by Quintin Matsys. Even so late as last century, Addison paints the stately gardens he loved, as well as the simple delights of old-fashioned flowers, with a completeness of most finished detail. A choice style, for which modern life finds little time, and which is scarcely found in the best garden literature of to-day.

The Gift

To Iris, in Bow Street, Covent Garden

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH (after Grécourt)

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
  Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
  Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
  Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
  The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
  My rivals give—and let 'em;
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
  I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
  Or rose-bud more in fashion;
Such short-lived offerings but disclose
  A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
  Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
  I'll give thee—to the devil!

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Salvation Gap

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister.

AFTER cutting the Gazelle's throat, Drylyn had gone out of her tent, secure and happy in choosing the skilful moment. They would think it was the other man—the unknown one. There were his boot-prints this fine morning, marking his way from the tent down the hill into the trees. He was not an inhabitant of the camp. This was his first visit, cautiously made, and nobody had seen him come or go except Drylyn.

The woman was proprietor of the dance-hall at Salvation Gap, and on account of her beauty and habits had been named the American Beer Gazelle by a traveling naturalist who had education, and was interested in the wild animals of all countries. Drylyn's relations with the Gazelle were coloured with sentiment. The sentiment on his part was genuine; so genuine that the shrewd noticing camp joked Drylyn, telling him he had grown to look young again under the elixir of romance. One of the prospectors had remarked fancifully that Drylyn's "rusted mustache had livened up; same ez flow'rs ye've kerried a long ways when yer girl puts 'em in a pitcher o' water." Being the sentiment of a placer miner, the lover's feeling took no offense or wound at any conduct of the Gazelle's that was purely official; it was for him that she personally cared. He never thought of suspecting anything when, after one of her trips to Folsom, she began to send away some of the profits—gold, coined sometimes, sometimes raw dust—that her hall of entertainment earned for her. She mentioned to him that her mother in San Anton' needed it, and simple-minded Drylyn believed. It did not occur to him to ask, or even wonder, how it came that this mother had never needed money until so lately, or why the trips to Folsom became so constant. Counting her middle-aged adorer a fool, the humorous Gazelle had actually once, on being prevented from taking the journey herself, asked him to carry the package to Folsom for her, and deliver it there to a certain shot-gun messenger of the express company, who would see that it went to the right place. A woman's name and an address at San Antonio were certainly scrawled on the parcel. The faithful Drylyn waited till the stage came in, and handed over his treasure to the messenger, who gave him one amazed look that he did not notice. He ought to have seen that young man a while afterwards, the package torn open, a bag of dust on his knee, laughing almost to tears over a letter he had found with the gold inside the wrapping. But Drylyn was on the road up to Salvation Gap at that time. The shot-gun messenger was twenty-three; Drylyn was forty-five. Gazelles are apt to do this sort of thing. After all, though, it was silly, just for the sake of a laugh, to let the old lover learn the face of his secret rival. It was one of those early unimagined nails people sometimes drive in their own coffins. An ancient series of events followed: continued abject faith and passion on the miner's part; continued presents of dust from him to the lady; on her part continued trips to Folsom, a lessened caution, and a brag of manner based upon her very just popularity at the Gap; next, Drylyn's first sickening dawn of doubt, jealousy equipping him with a new and alien slyness; the final accident of his seeing the shot-gun messenger on his very first visit to the Gap come out of the Gazelle's tent so early in the morning; the instant blaze of truth and fury that turned Drylyn to a clever, calculating wild beast. So now her throat was cut, and she was good and dead. He had managed well. The whole game had shown instantly like a picture on his brain, complete at a stroke, with every move clear. He had let the man go down the hill—just for the present. The camp had got up, eaten its breakfast, and gone out to the ditches, Drylyn along with the rest. Owing

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to its situation, neighbours could not see him presently leave his claim and walk back quickly to the Gap at an hour when the dance-hall was likely to be lonely. He had ready what to say if the other women should be there; but they were away at the creek below, washing, and the luxurious, unsuspecting Gazelle was in bed in her own tent, not yet disturbed. The quiet wild beast walked through the deserted front entrance of the hall in the most natural manner, and so behind among the empty bottles, and along the plank into the tent; then, after a while, out again. She would never be disturbed now, and the wild beast was back at his claim, knee-deep, and busy among the digging and the wetness, in another pair of overalls just like the ones that were now under some stones at the bottom of a mud-puddle. And then one very bad long scream came up to the ditches, and Drylyn knew the women had returned from their washing.

He raised his head mechanically to listen. He had never been a bad man; had never wished to hurt anybody in his life before that he could remember; but as he pondered upon it in his slow, sure brain, he knew that he was glad he had done this, and was going to do more. He was going to follow those tracks pretty soon, and finish the whole job with his own hand. They had fooled him, and had taken trouble to do it; gone out of their way, made game of him to the quick; and when he remembered, for the twentieth time this morning, that day he had carried the package of gold-dust—some of it very likely his own—to the smooth-faced messenger at Folsom, Drylyn's stolid body trembled from head to foot, and he spoke blind, inarticulate words.

But down below there the screams were sounding. A brother miner came running by. Drylyn realized that he ought to be running too, of course, and so he ran. All the men were running from their various scattered claims, and Salvation Gap grew noisy and full of people at once. There was the sheriff also, come up last evening on the track of some stage-robbers, and quite opportune for this, he thought. He liked things to be done legally. The turmoil of execration and fierce curiosity thrashed about for the right man to pitch on for this crime. The murdered woman had been such good company, so hearty a wit, such a robust songstress, so tireless a dancer, so thoroughly everybody's friend, that it was inconceivable to the mind of Salvation Gap that anybody there had done it. The women were crying and wringing their hands—the Gazelle had been good to them too; the men were talking and cursing, all but Drylyn there among them, serious and strange-looking; so silent that the sheriff eyed him once or twice, though he knew nothing of the miner's infatuation. And then some woman shrieked out the name of Drylyn, and the crowd had him gripped in a second, to let him go the next, laughing at the preposterous idea. Saying nothing? Of course he didn't feel like talking. To be sure he looked dazed. It was hard luck on him. They told the sheriff about him and the Gazelle. They explained that Drylyn was "sort of loony, anyway," and the sheriff said, "Oh!" and began to wonder and surmise in this half-minute they had been now gathered, when suddenly the inevitable boot-prints behind the tent down the hill were found. The shout of discovery startled Drylyn as genuinely as if he had never known, and he joined the wild rush of people to the hill. Nor was this acting. The violence he had set going, and in which he swam like a straw, made him forget, or for the moment drift away from, his arranged thoughts, and the tracks on the hill had gone clean out of his head. He was become a mere blank spectator in the storm, incapable of calculation. His own handiwork had stunned him, for he had not foreseen that consequences were going to rise and burst like this. The next thing he knew he was in a pursuit, with pine-trees passing, and the hurrying sheriff remarking to the band that he proposed to maintain order. Drylyn heard his neighbour, a true Californian, whose words were lightest when his purpose was most serious, telling the sheriff that order was certainly Heaven's first law, and an elegant thing anywhere. But the anxious officer made no retort in kind, and only said that irregularities were damaging to the county's good name, and would keep settlers from moving in. So the neighbour turned to Drylyn and asked him when he was intending to wake up, as sleep-walking was considered to be unhealthy. Drylyn gave a queer, almost wistful, smile, and so they went along; the chatty neighbour spoke low to another man, and said he had never sized up the true state of Drylyn's feeling for the Gazelle, and that the sheriff might persuade some people to keep regular, when they found the man they were hunting, but he doubted if the sheriff would be persuading enough for Drylyn. They came out on a road, and the sleep-walker recognized a

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rock and knew how far they had gone, and that this was the stage-road between Folsom and Surprise Springs. They followed the road, and round a bend came on the man. He had been taking it easily, being in no hurry. He had come to this point by the stage the night before, and now he was waiting for its return to take him back to Folsom. He had been lunching, and was seated on a stone by a small creek. He looked up and saw them, and their gait, and ominous compactness. What he did was not the thing for him to do. He leaped into cover and drew his revolver. This attempt at defence and escape was really for the sake of the gold-dust he had in his pocket. But when he recognized the sheriff's voice, telling him it would go better with him if he did not try to kill any more people, he was greatly relieved that it was not highwaymen after him and his little gold, and he put up his pistol and waited for them, smiling, secure in his identity; and when they drew nearer he asked them how many people he had killed already. They came up and caught him and found the gold in a moment, ripping it from his pocket; and the yell they gave at that stopped his smiling entirely. When he found himself in irons and hurried along, he began to explain that there was some mistake, and was told by the chatty neighbour that maybe killing a woman was always a mistake, certainly one this time. As they walked him among them they gave small notice to his growing fright and bewilderment, but when he appealed to the sheriff on the score of old acquaintanceship, and pitifully begged to know what they supposed he had done, the miners laughed curiously. Then he assured them, looking in their faces, that he truly did need to be told why they wanted him. So they held up the gold and asked him whose that had been, and he made a wretched hesitation in answering. If anything was needed to clinch their certainty, that did. They could not know that the young successful lover had recognized Drylyn's strange face, and did not want to tell the truth before him, and hence was telling an unskilful lie instead. A rattle of wheels sounded among the pines ahead, and the stage came up and stopped. Only the driver and a friend were on it, and both of them knew the shot-gun messenger and the sheriff, and they asked in some astonishment what the trouble was. It had been stage-robbers the sheriff had started after, the driver thought. And—as he commented in friendly tones—to turn up with Wells and Fargo's messenger was the neatest practical joke that had occurred in the county for some time. The always serious and anxious sheriff told the driver the accusation, and it was a genuine cry of horror that the young lover gave at hearing the truth at last, and at feeling the ghastly chain of probability that had wound itself about him.

The sheriff wondered if there were a true ring in the man's voice. It certainly sounded so. He was talking with rapid agony, and it was the whole true story that was coming out now. But the chatty neighbour nudged another neighbour at the new explanation about the gold-dust. That there was no great quantity of it, after all, weighed little against this double accounting for one simple fact; moreover, the new version did not do the messenger credit in the estimation of the miners, but gave them a still worse opinion of him. It is scarcely fair to disbelieve what a man says he did, and at the same time despise him for having done it. Miners, however, are rational rather than logical; while the listening sheriff grew more determined there should be a proper trial, the deputation from the Gap made up its mind more inexorably the other way. It had even been in the miners' heads to finish the business here on the Folsom road, and get home for supper; pine-trees were handy, and there was rope in the stage. They were not much moved by the sheriff's plea that something further might have turned up at the Gap; but at the driver's more forcible suggestion that the Gap would feel disappointed at being left out, they consented to take the man back there. Drylyn never offered any opinion, or spoke at all. It was not necessary that he should, and they forgot about him. It was time to be getting along, they said. What was the good in standing in the road here? They nodded good-day to the stage-driver, and took themselves and the prisoner into the pines. Once the sheriff had looked at the driver and his friend perched on the halted stage, but he immediately saw too much risk in his half-formed notion of an alliance with them to gallop off with the prisoner; his part must come later, if at all.

But the driver had perfectly understood the sheriff's glance, and he was on the sheriff's side, though he showed no sign. As he drove along he began thinking about the way the prisoner had cried out just now, and the inconsiderable value of the dust, and it became clear in his mind that this

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was a matter for a court and twelve quiet men. The friend beside him was also intent upon his own thoughts, and neither said a word to the other upon the lonely road. The horses soon knew that they were not being driven any more, and they slackened their pace, and finding no reproof came for this, they fell to a comfortable walk. Presently several had snatched a branch in passing, and it waved from their mouths as they nibbled. After that they gave up all pretense at being stage-horses, and the driver noticed them. From habit he whipped them up into shape and gait, and the next moment pulled them in short, at the thought that had come to him. The prisoner must be got away from the Gap. The sheriff was too single-handed among such a crowd as that, and the driver put a question to his friend. It could be managed by taking a slight liberty with other people's horses; but Wells and Fargo would not find fault with this when the case was one of their own servants, hitherto so well thought of. The stage, being empty and light, could spare two horses and go on, while those two horses, handled with discretion and timeliness, might be very useful at the Gap. The driver had best not depart from rule so far as to leave his post and duty; one man would be enough. The friend thought well of this plan, and they climbed down into the road from opposite sides and took out the wheelers. To be sure these animals were heavy, and not of the best sort for escaping on, but it was better than walking; and timeliness and discretion can do a great deal. So in a little while the driver and his stage were gone on their way; the friend with the two horses had disappeared in the wood, and the road was altogether lonely.

The sheriff's brain was hard at work, and he made no protest now as he walked along, passive in the company of the miners and their prisoner. The prisoner had said all that he had to say, and his man's firmness, which the first shock and amazement had wrenched from him, had come to his help again, bringing a certain shame at having let his reserve and bearing fall to pieces, and at having made himself a show; so he spoke no more than his grim captors did, as they took him swiftly through the wood. The sheriff was glad it was some miles they had to go; for though they went very fast, the distance and the time, and even the becoming tired in body might incline their minds to more deliberation. He could think yet of nothing new to urge. He had seen and heard only the same things that all had, and his present hopes lay upon the Gap and what more might have come to light there since his departure. He looked at Drylyn, but the miner's serious and massive face gave him no suggestion; and the sheriff's reason again destroyed the germ of suspicion that something plainly against reason had several times put in his thoughts. Yet it stuck with him that they had hold of the wrong man.

When they reached the Gap, and he found the people there as he had left them, and things the same way, with nothing new turned up to help his theory, the sheriff once more looked round; but Drylyn was not in the crowd. He had gone, they told him, to look at *her;* he had set a heap of store by her, they repeated.

"A heap of store," said the sheriff, thinking. "Where is she now?"

"On her bed," said a woman, "same as ever, only we've fixed her up some."

"Then I'll take a look at her—and him: You boys won't do anything till I come back, will you?"

"Why, if ye're so anxious to see us do it, sheriff," said the chatty neighbour, "I guess we can wait that long fer ye."

The officer walked to the tent. Drylyn was standing over the body, quiet and dumb. He was safe for the present, the sheriff knew, and so he left him without speaking and returned to the prisoner and his guard in front of the dance-hall. He found them duly waiting; the only change was that they had a rope there.

"Once upon a time," said the sheriff, "there was a man in Arkansaw that had no judgment."

"They raise 'em that way in Arkansaw," said the chatty neighbour, as the company made a circle to hear the story—a tight, cautious circle—with the prisoner and the officer beside him standing in the center.

"The man's wife had good judgment," continued the narrator, "but she went and died on him."

"Well, I guess that *was* good judgment," said the neighbour.

"So the man, he had to run the farm alone. Now, they raised poultry, which his wife had always attended to. And he knew she had a habit of setting hens on duck eggs. He had never inquired her reasons, being shiftless, but that fact he knew. Well, come to investigate the hen-house, there was duck eggs, and hens on 'em, and also a heap of hens' eggs, but no more hens wishing to set. So the man, having no judgment, per-

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suaded a duck to stay with those eggs. Now, it's her I'm chiefly interested in. She was a good enough duck, but hasty. When the eggs hatched out, she didn't stop to notice, but up and takes them down to the pond, and gets mad with them, and shoves them in, and they drowns. Next day or two a lot of the young ducks they hatched out had come down with the hen and got in the water all right, and the duck figured out she'd made some mistake, and she felt distressed. But the chickens were in heaven."

The sheriff studied his audience, and saw that he had lulled their rage a little. "Now," said he, "ain't you boys just a trifle like that duck? I don't know as I can say much to you more than what I have said, and I don't know as I can do anything, fixed as I am. This thing looks bad for him we've got here. Why, I can see that as well as you. But, boys! it's an awful thing to kill an innocent man! I saw that done once, and—God forgive me!—I was one of them. I'll tell you how that was. He looked enough like the man we wanted. We were certainly on the right trail. We came on a cabin we'd never known of before, pretty far up in the hills—a strange cabin, you see. That seemed just right; just where a man would hide. We were mad at the crime committed, and took no thought. We knew we had caught him—that's the way we felt. So we got our guns ready, and crept up close through the trees, and surrounded that cabin. We called him to come out, and he came with a book in his hands he'd been reading. He did look like the man, and boys!—we gave him no time! He never knew why we fired. He was a harmless old prospector who had got tired of poor luck and knocking around, and over his door he had painted some words: 'Where the wicked cease from troubling.' He had figured that up there by that mountain stream the world would let him alone. And ever since then I have thought my life belonged to him first, and me second. Now, this afternoon I'm alone here. You know I can't do much. And I'm going to ask you to help me respect the law. I don't say that in this big country there may not be places, and there may not be times, when the law is too young or else too rotten to take care of itself, and when the American citizen must go back to bed-rock principles. But is that so in our valley? Why, if this prisoner is guilty, you can't name me one man of your acquaintance who would want him to live. And that being so, don't we owe him the chance to clear himself if he can? I can see that prospector now at his door, old, harmless, coming fearless at our call, because he had no guilt upon his conscience—and we shot him down without a word. Boys! he has the call on me now; and if you insist——"

The sheriff paused, satisfied with what he saw on the faces around him. Some of the men knew the story of the prospector—it had been in the papers—but of his part in it they had not known. They understood quite well the sacrifice he stood ready to make now in defending the prisoner. The favourable silence was broken by the sound of horses. Timeliness and discretion were coming up the hill. Drylyn at the same moment came out of the dead woman's tent, and, looking down, realized the intended rescue. With his mind waked suddenly from its dull dream and opened with a human impulse, he ran to help; but the sheriff saw him, and thought he was trying to escape.

"That's the man!" he shouted savagely to the ring.

Some of the Gap ran to the edge of the hill, and, seeing the hurrying Drylyn and the horses below, also realized the rescue. Putting the wrong two and two together, they instantly saw in all this a well-devised scheme of delay and collusion. They came back, running through the dance-hall to the front, and the sheriff was pinioned from behind, thrown down, and held.

"So ye were alone, were ye?" said the chatty neighbour. "Well, ye made a good talk. Keep quiet—we don't want to hurt ye."

At this supposed perfidy the Gap's rage was at white-heat again; the men massed together, and fierce and quick as lightning the messenger's fate was wrought. The work of adjusting the rope and noose was complete and death going on in the air when Drylyn, meaning to look the ground over for the rescue, came cautiously back up the hill and saw the body, black against the clear sunset sky. At his outcry they made ready for him, and when he blindly rushed among them they held him, and paid no attention to his ravings. Then, when the rope had finished its work, they let him go, and the sheriff too. The driver's friend had left his horses among the pines, and had come up to see what was going on at the Gap. He now joined the crowd.

"You meant well," the sheriff said to him. "I wish you would tell the boys how you come to be here. They're thinking I lied to them."

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"Maybe I can change their minds." It was Drylyn's deep voice. "I am the man you were hunting," he said.

They looked at him seriously, as one looks at a friend whom an illness has seized. The storm of feeling had spent itself, the mood of the Gap was relaxed and torpid, and the serenity of coming dusk began to fill the mountain air.

"You boys think I'm touched in the head," said Drylyn, and paused. "This knife done it," said he. "This one I'm showing you."

They looked at the knife in his hand.

"He come between me and her," Drylyn pursued. "I was aiming to give him his punishment myself. That would have been square." He turned the knife over in his hand, and, glancing up from it, caught the look in their eyes. "You don't believe me!" he exclaimed, savagely. "Well, I'm going to make you. Sheriff, I'll bring you some evidence."

He walked to the creek, and they stood idle and dull till he returned. Then they fell back from him and his evidence, leaving him standing beneath the dead man.

"Does them look like being touched in the head?" inquired Drylyn, and he threw down the overalls, which fell with a damp slap on the ground. "I don't seem to mind telling you," he said. "I feel as quiet—as quiet as them tall pines the sun's just quittin' for the night." He looked at the men expectantly, but none of them stirred. "I'd like to have it over," said he.

Still no one moved.

"I have a right to ask it shall be quick," he repeated. "You were quick enough with him." And Drylyn lifted his hand towards the messenger.

They followed his gesture, staring up at the wrong man, then down at the right one. The chatty neighbour shook his head. "Seems curious," he said, slowly. "It ought to be done. But I couldn't no more do it—gosh! how *can* a man fire his gun right after it's been discharged?"

The heavy Drylyn looked at his comrades of the Gap. "You won't?" he said.

"You better quit us," suggested the neighbour. "Go somewheres else."

Drylyn's eyes ran painfully over ditch and diggings, the near cabins and the distant hills, then returned to the messenger. "Him and me," he muttered. "It ain't square. Him and me—" Suddenly he broke out, "I don't choose him to think I was that kind of man!"

Before they could catch him he fell, and the wet knife slid from his fingers. "Sheriff," he began, but his tone changed. "I'm overtakin' him!" he said. "He's going to know now. Lay me alongside——"

And so they did.

Ballad of the Rag-Bag Heart

By MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

I WISH my heart
  Were a golden cup
So love might come
  And fill it up,

Or like a sieve
  Of shiny tin,
That not a drop
  Could linger in!

From what I know
  My heart, perhaps,
Is a patch-work rag-bag
  Filled with scraps,

So tightly crammed,
  So rudely tossed,
So carelessly rummaged
  That much is lost.

With sample and snippet,
  With piece and part,
Fie on the woman
  With such a heart!

How simple, how noble
  It were to live
With a heart like a cup
  Or a bright tin sieve!

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Said by John La Farge

(As Reported by Viola Roseboro')

"Oh, why weren't you here before, an hour ago? I was beautiful, I was wonderful,—and there was no one here to appreciate me but Gabrielle. I had the chance of my life to tell clients what I think of clients, and I did myself credit, and you missed it.

"You know that design I want to send to the Exposition?" (*the Paris Exposition of 1900*). "If I can't find a buyer for that window I shall not send anything. I can't afford to build it myself on speculation. I have no large piece I can send, and I shall send nothing rather than merely some small things. An order for that design has been hanging fire for weeks; there is very little time left; and my only chance for representation at Paris is to capture it at once. There is no other in sight. It is a mother and daughter who are debating having it built for their Protestant church in Bufland. They are business women,—I mean they are the daughters and wives of business men: it is the business standpoint they comprehend. This morning they came to talk over the question again, and soon the daughter interrupted her mother's vagueness to declare that she thought they had better be frank. 'By all means,' I answered; 'frankness saves a great deal of time.'

"'Well, this is the trouble,' she told me: 'you want to send the window to the Paris Exposition before you let us have it. Now we are very uncertain and unhappy about that, for we feel that you will make something louder and less refined than you would make just for us, to go straight to our church. And we want our window to be in the best taste. We are ready to talk over the matter of price again; we would consider paying more if you would make our window just for us, to go straight to Bufland.' (*La Farge's eyes were dancing, but he now quoted himself in tones as soft as a lullaby.*) 'I am very glad you have told me your trouble,' I told her. 'And now I will try to make you understand how I feel. This design pleases me. It seems to me one of my happiest, and unless I can send it to Paris I could not consent to build this window for you at any price. Because, you see, I should feel it was almost lost in your church in Bufland. I want to show it in Paris where it would be seen and judged by men who have given their lives to knowing something about art, what is good, and what is less good or bad. The men who know most about pictures and sculpture and glass in all the modern world will gather there. In Bufland it might not be seen for years by anyone who knew anything of whether it was good or bad, or who would have the slightest right to any opinion about it beyond whether or not it gave him pleasure.

"'It pleases you, and that is rightly a very important point to you, and I am gratified by your pleasure. But not because your approval increases my confidence in the value of my work. On the other hand, I tell myself that your liking for this design comes from a natural instinct and taste superior to anything one could hope to find in ladies whose lives have given them no habitual contacts with noble examples of visual arts, and who have never been accustomed to hear questions of art discussed as of great importance.

"'Paris is of all places in the modern world the one where those who know most of art have most influence in matters of art. It is not so good as some societies the world has seen in the past, when more men of great ability and power gave their lives to art and architecture, but it is the best we have to-day. Because there men who really know a great deal have most to say as to what shall be praised and what condemned. And people who know nothing have less than no influence.

"'I will tell you a little story about a monument that Mr. Saint-Gaudens and I did together. We became much interested in it, devoted ourselves to it, did workman's work

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on it with our own hands, and at last grew elated about it, and felt it was a fine thing.

"'When it was completed the family who had ordered it came one evening to this studio to see it. They were accustomed to wealth and position for generations, and bore a name known in American history, but they were no more sensitive to art than other people who have very small experience of it.

"'However, they were greatly pleased with our work and expressed themselves with emotion. When they left it fell to me to see them down stairs, and when I came back Saint-Gaudens was lying on that sofa, his face to the wall, in an attitude of marked dejection. When he neither spoke nor moved as I entered, I said, "I know what is the matter with you! You think that thing must be bad because those people like it so much."'

"My ladies listened thoughtfully, and the daughter thanked me. No, they did not order the window. They left to debate the issue further."

(*The visitor predicted confidently that they would order it. And so they did; but the window arrived so late at the Exposition that there was no place for it to be displayed except in the Department of Education—of all places! It brought La Farge the Cross of the Legion of Honour; the French government offered to buy it; and, subsequently, all his small pieces were sold to European museums.*)

ART AND JUGGLING

"I have a kindly feeling about anything you may write of my work, aside from any question of praise or dispraise, because you always treat me as a person expressing something,—aiming to express something,—not as a juggler coming before the public to perform tricks. Your tone permits me to keep my self-respect, assumes that the man must be bigger than his work" (*adding sotto voce, as if in self-communion*), "and that is the whole thing."

THE NUDE IN NEW YORK IN 1878

"He expostulated with me as a personal friend (and he was a personal friend) on the unwisdom of showing a little nude Venus that I had done in water colours, a figure about three inches long. I really think it is one of the most innocent things in the world. I like it very much, because when I go back to it after all these years it pleases me in the same way it did at first. 'But,' I said, 'the Archbishop of Halifax saw it, you remember, and liked it especially, and he is a holy man, isn't he? He saw nothing to object in it.' 'No, and neither do I,' was the reply. 'It is other people. Many of your friends are troubled about it.'

"And that was in '78!

"I am not one of the painters who believe in the nude anyhow, any way. I don't think a thing is necessarily justified because it is nude. That is the same idea as thinking it can't be justified because it is nude, the same idea turned upside down. The people who do some kinds of nudes are the sons and brothers of the people who object to the nude, and at bottom show the same kind of feeling about it.

"I never wanted my children to grow up with any consciousness about it, but I always take the right to bar out anything I want to. I don't oblige myself to have a reason when my insight shows me a feeling that is antipathetic. Of course, it is not necessary to go to the nude to make such discoveries. The mistake is in thinking there is any such line between the draped and the undraped."

RICHARDSON: THE ARCHITECT'S FIRST VISIT TO ROME

"It is curious how ignorant these Bostonians, Harvard men, may be of the Christian religion. They will probably know something of Buddhism and of the worships of ancient Greece, even about Aztec idols, but it is rather good form to be ignorant historically, historically and every other way, of Christianity. When Richardson was doing Italy for the first time he fell in with Phillips Brooks, and they saw the Sistine Chapel together. Richardson was stirred to the depths, and when they came away—after exclaiming over qualities he was better able to judge,—he paid eloquent tribute to the boundless imaginative originality and invention shown in the great pictured stories of the Creation, the Fall, and so on.

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"'Why, yes,' answered the groping Brooks, 'imagination and invention certainly, but only in a sense. Those Bible stories were chosen by established tradition, and——'

"But Richardson interrupted, 'Do you mean to tell me all those stories are in the Bible? And have you one with you? Lend it to me, will you?'

"The next day Richardson appeared late and very seedy, with the explanation that he had been up all night 'reading that confounded book of yours; couldn't put it down.'"

SYMPATHIES WITH BUDDHISTIC PIETIES

"I wanted my daughter to become familiar with the idea that there are various ways of worship, of meeting the soul's needs. But as she was at a convent school, and I did not want to make the good sisters uneasy, it took some adroitness to tell my little tales." (*La Farge was a convinced Roman Catholic, as well as one by birth and breeding.*)

LORD ACTON'S CATHOLICISM

The Other Speaker: "It is beyond the grasp of the heretic to make out what constitutes a good Catholic. I am reading Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Gladstone, and what he says against Vatican politics and Vatican methods, now and for ages back, seems about all the English language makes possible; yet he feels himself a devout Catholic, and lived and died undisturbed in the practice of that faith. Father Dollenger said the same things and got himself excommunicated, but——"

La Farge: "But they did not treat a great English nobleman as they did a disagreeable German, certainly not."

THE APOSTATE NUN OF KENMARE

(*She charged that the Irish Bishops had been unfriendly and worse toward her work among the Irish poor.*)

The Other Speaker: "She says the Church always treated its saints much as it treated her; that it persecuted St. Catherine of Siena and St. Teresa and——"

La Farge (*meditatively*): "Yes, the Church thinks there is no better way of making saints." (*Continuing, with a simpler gravity*): "The lady had the support of the Pope; what more did she want? All she had to do was to go on with her work and be persecuted. The bishops in Ireland are in a very difficult position, with all the great people heretical.

"The Church does not expect its spiritual life to be especially fostered by bishops and cardinals. They are there to mediate between the Church and the world, and are frequently chosen for their fitness for worldly dealings. The spiritual life of the Church is carried on by anchorites in cells, and lonely missionaries in far islands of the sea, and by humble, devout people everywhere."

(*When the other person, being somewhat confounded herself, opined that probably the Nun, a convert, had never managed to be precisely a Catholic, La Farge agreed, but countered, too, with this story of his old friend, Father Hecker, the founder of the Paulist Fathers*):

FATHER HECKER'S POSITION

"Hecker was a New Englander, and after the manner of his time he had made trial of a number of religions and various philosophies before he came to rest in the Church.

"When he was undergoing his examination before ordination, he was questioned on some point that was new to him. 'Does the Church say we are to believe that?' he asked; and, when he was told it did—'Then I believe it,' said he" (*and La Farge concluded the quotation with brightening eyes and emphasis of gusto*).

FRIVOLOUS TYPES IN SACRED PICTURES

"Amazing, the types you see among the modern pictures of the Holy Virgin. It is as if these painters had not enough of such in their youth to be able to wean themselves away from them in their dreams."

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JAPANESE WOMEN

"So many classes are such ladies, all such ladies, that I never learned to expertly distinguish between them," (*this with further implications that to Japanese perceptions such demarcations were clear*).

A JAPANESE FEMINIST

"She is upsetting endless apple carts by refusing to marry on the old terms" (*that is, accepting a stranger at her father's behest*). "It is a terrible business. There is no way to fit her in anywhere. I hope chance helps her out with her individual problems. Further you can't look, it is all too big."

PRIESTLY ATTRACTIONS

"He is a man of parts, able and gifted, but I have not yet met him. He called with letters of introduction, but I was sick, and not recognizing the name, I would not see him. Of course, when one is ill the last person one wants to see is a priest."

(*When this was not so obvious to a listener as he expected it to be, he added carelessly*): "Lest his zeal outrun his discretion."

GRADES IN GENTLEMEN

"No, it is not an exclusive club, no; but Blank is not fit to associate with the lowest kind of gentlemen."

COQUELIN

"I don't like the theatre; naturally I don't like bad acting, and I don't like to have my emotions stirred up by good.

"I told Coquelin it was because I liked him personally that I had gone to see him act, so my compliment was worth the more; and that his acting of the old servant was extraordinary to me, and I knew old servants.

"To make yourself into another being, with all that other's past filling up your consciousness—it was very wonderful."

FAMILY SERVANTS

"That was my mother's butler you just saw going out. He has been with us since I was twelve," (*La Farge must have been about fifty at this time*); "and she has two housemaids who came to us when I was ten. It is a great problem now to get the work done. The three are fit to do very little, and they cannot endure to have it done for them."

AN EFFECTIVE REBUKE

"He said, 'Father, I don't think you should speak so to Q.'; and he went on to tell me my obligations to him (*he was an employé about the studio and glass works*), and painted vividly the ungraciousness of my offense. I had been feeling no sense of guilt, not the smallest, but now I said: 'My son, as you are the only person I ever knew with a worse temper than myself, a rebuke from you must show that I was indeed atrocious.'"

A POIGNANT MEMORY

"He was about six, I suppose, and he had taken an apple from a forbidden dish. We were conscientious young parents, tending to the usual severities of the young and conscientious. After I had given him his spanking he stifled his sobs, and with the first breath he could command asked hopefully: 'Now, Papa, can I have the apple now?' He was more logical than we, and thought he had paid the price,—that I had spanked him to even up his pleasure. I never did any more spanking."

AS TO A SISTER'S MARRIAGE

"She is lovely, both sweet-hearted and witty, always the devil's advocate against herself, a delightful person. And now she gives all that to X., a good enough fellow, but a mere man."

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The Disciple

By ALEXANDER KUPRIN

Translated by Bernard Guilbert Guerney

THE great white double-decked steamer, built after an American pattern, was gayly floating down the Volga. It was the time of sultry, languid July days. The passengers passed half the day on the little outside western balcony, and the other half on the eastern,—it all depended on which side the shade was. They got on and clambered off at the intermediate stops, and finally there was formed a permanent complement of travelers, whose faces had long since become mutually familiar and who had grown rather tedious to one another.

During the day they occupied themselves with indolent flirting, with buying strawberries, sun-cured, stringy fish, milk, cracknels, and sturgeon that smelled of kerosene. They ate without ceasing all day long, as is always the case on steamers, where the jolting of the vessel, the fresh air, the proximity of the water, and the *ennui* all develop an inordinate appetite.

In the evening, when it grew cooler, the scent of new-mown hay and of honey-yielding flowers would be borne to the deck from the river banks, and, when a dense summer mist would arise from the river, everybody gathered in the saloon.

A thin little miss from Moscow, who had studied at a conservatory,—the bones of her breast stood out sharply from her low-cut little blouse, while her eyes had an unnatural sparkle and her cheeks flamed with hectic spots,—sang the ballads of Dargomizhsky, in a voice tiny, but of an unusually pleasant *timbre*. Then, for a brief while, followed disputes about internal politics.

A thirty-year-old landowner of Simbirsk served as the general laughing-stock and source of diversion,—he was as rosy and smooth-skinned as a Yorkshire suckling pig; his flaxen hair was clipped so short that it stood up like the quills of a hedge-hog; his mouth gaped; the distance from his nose to his upper lip was enormous; his eye-lashes were white, and his mustaches were startlingly so. He exuded an atmosphere of the ingenuous silliness, freshness, naïveté and assiduity of the man who is close to the rich, black-loam land. He was just married, had put up his bonds, and had been appointed a justice of the peace. All these particulars, as well as the maiden name of his mother, and the names of all the people who had exerted their influence on his behalf, were known long since to everybody on the steamer, including in that number the captain and his two mates, and, it would seem, even the deck-hands. As a representative of the ruling power, and a member of a noble family of all the Russias, he overdid his patriotism and was constantly babbling nonsense. From Lower Novgorod to Saratov he had already contrived to shoot and hang, over and over again, all the sheenies, Finns, Polacks, damned Armenians, Little Russians and other outlanders.

During the stops he would come out on deck in his cap with its velvet band and two insignia, and, shoving his hands into his trouser-pockets, exposing his nobly-born, gray-cloth-clad posterior, he would watch, as one having authority, the sailors, the porters, the drivers of three-horse stages in their round hats trimmed with peacock feathers. His wife, a slender, elegant *demi-vièrge* from St. Petersburg, with an exceed-

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ingly pale face and exceedingly vivid, malevolent lips, did not oppose her husband in anything and was taciturn; at times she would smile—with a subtle, malignant smile—at the follies of her husband; for the greater part of the day she sat in the blaze of the sun with a yellow-backed French novel in her hands, her little thoroughbred feet in red morocco slippers crossed and stretched out along the bench. Somehow, one involuntarily sensed in her a *carrièriste*, a future governor's or some other high official's lady; most probably, this would be the future Messalina of the entire district. There was always an odour of *Crême Simon* about her, and of some modish perfume,—sweet, pungent, and tart, that made one want to sneeze. Their name was Kostretzov.

Among the permanent passengers there was also a colonel of the artillery,—the most good-natured of men, a sloven and a glutton, with a grizzled stubble bristling on his cheeks and chin, and with his khaki-coloured summer uniform jacket glistening over his abdomen from all possible sorts of soups and sauces. Every day, in the morning, he descended into the chef's domain, and would there choose a *stierlyadka* or a *sevriuzhka*,[1] which would be brought up to him on deck, still quivering in its wooden vessel, and, with his own hand, like an officiating high priest, breathing hard and smacking his lips, he would make marks with a knife upon the head of the fish, in circumvention of the cook's slyness,—lest he be served with another fish, a dead one.

Every evening, after the singing by the young lady from Moscow and after the political disputes, the colonel would play at a variation of whist far into the night. His constant partners were: an inspector of excise who was traveling to Askhabad,—a man of absolutely indeterminate years, all wrinkled, with atrocious teeth, who was insane on the subject of amateur theatricals (in the intervals of the game, during deals, he would tell anecdotes of Hebrew life, with spirit and gayety, and not at all badly); the editor of some newspaper—a bearded, beetle-browed man in golden spectacles; and a student by the name of Drzhevetzky.

The student played with constant good luck. He grasped the plays with rapidity, had a splendid memory for all the scores and hands, and regarded the mistakes of his partners with unvarying benignity. Despite the great heat, he was always clad in a greenish frock-coat with very long skirts and an exaggeratedly high collar, and with every button buttoned. His shoulder-blades were so greatly developed that he seemed round-shouldered, even with his great height. His hair was light and curly; his eyes were blue; his face was long and clean-shaven. He bore a slight resemblance, to judge by antique portraits, to the twenty-five-year-old generals of the War of 1812, in defense of the fatherland. However, there was something peculiar about his appearance. At times, when he was off his guard, his eyes would assume such a tired, tortured expression, that one could freely, from his appearance, give his age even as fifty years. But the unobservant people on the steamer did not remark this, of course, just as his partners in play did not remark an unusual peculiarity of his hands: the student's thumbs were so long that they were almost even with the tips of his index fingers, while all his fingernails were short, broad, flat and strong. These hands testified with unusual conclusiveness to an obdurate will, to a cold egoism that was a stranger to all vacillations, and to his being capable of crime.

Somehow, from Nizhnii Novgorod to Sizran, during two evenings running, there were little games of chance. The games were "twenty-one," chemin de fer, and Polish banco. The student came out the winner to the tune of something like seventy roubles. But he had managed to do it so charmingly, and then had so obligingly proffered a loan of money to the petty lumber dealer he had won from, that everybody received an impression of his being a man of wealth, a man of good society and bringing-up.

II

In Samara it took a very long time for the steamer to unload and load again. The student went for a swim, and, upon his return, took a seat in the captain's round-house,—a freedom permitted only to very likable passengers after having sailed together for a long time. With especial attention, he watched intently as three Jews boarded the steamer, apart from each other,—all three of them very well dressed, with rings on their hands and with sparkling pins in their cravats. He also managed to notice that the Jews pretended not to know one another, and also remarked a certain common trait in their appearance, which

[1] Different species of the sturgeon.

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trait seemed to have been stamped upon them by the same profession, as well as certain almost imperceptible signals which they communicated to one another at a distance.

"Do you know who these men are?" he asked the captain's mate.

The captain's mate, a rather dark boy without a mustache, who, in the saloon, played the part of an old sea-wolf, was very kindly disposed toward the student. During his watches he would tell Drzhevetzky unseemly stories out of his past life, and uttered abominable things about all the women who were then on the ship,—and the student would hear him out patiently and attentively, even though with a certain coolness.

"These?" The captain's mate repeated the student's question. "Commission merchants, beyond a doubt. Probably trading in flour or grain. Well, we shall find out right away. Listen, mister,—what's your name,—listen!" he called out, leaning over the railings. "Are you with a freight? With grain?"

"All through!" answered the Jew, lifting up his clever, observant face. "Now I am traveling for my own pleasure."

In the evening the young lady from Moscow again sang,—*Who Wedded Us;* the justice of the peace shouted about the good to be derived from exterminating all the sheenies and inaugurating corporal punishment throughout all the Russias; the colonel was ordering *sevriuzhka à l'Américaine*, with capers. Two of the commission merchants sat down to a game of "sixty-six,"—with old cards; then, as though by chance, the third one sat down with them, and the game changed to "preference." At the final settlement one of the players was short of change,—he could find only bank-notes of large denominations.

He said:

"Well, gentlemen, how are we going to settle? Do you want to play at rouge et noir?"

"Oh, no, thanks—I don't play at any games of chance," answered one of the others. "But then, it's a mere trifle. You can keep the change."

The first man appeared to take offense, but at this juncture the third one intervened:

"Gentlemen,—we aren't any steamboat sharpers, I think, and are in good company. Pardon me,—how much did you win?"

"My, but you are a hot-tempered fellow," said the first. "Six roubles and twenty kopecks."

"Very well, then . . . I'll play you for the whole thing."

"Oi, don't scare me!" said the first, and began to deal.

He lost, and in his vexation doubled his stakes. And so, within a few minutes, a lively game of the hazardous Polish banco was on,—in which game the banker deals three cards to each partner, and turns up one card for each partner for himself.

Not even half an hour had passed before the table was covered with heaps of bank-notes, little stacks of gold and piles of silver. The banker was losing all the time, and, with all this, his portrayal of amazement and indignation was done with exceeding verisimilitude.

"Do you always have such a run of luck on steamers?" he would ask a partner with a venomous smile.

"Yes,—and on Thursdays especially," the other would answer with *sang froid*.

The unlucky player demanded that the cards be cut anew. But once more he began to lose. First- and second-class passengers had crowded around their table. The play had, little by little, inflamed them all. The first to come in with them was the good-natured colonel of artillery; he was followed by the clerk of the excise, who was going to Askhabad, and by the bearded editor. Madame Kostretzova's eyes became enkindled,—a proof of her high-strung, nervous temperament.

"Do put your stakes against him," she said in an angry whisper to her husband. "Can't you see that bad luck is pursuing him?"

"*Mais, ma chérie.* . . . Only God knows who these people are," the justice of the peace protested feebly.

"Idiot!" said she, in a vehement whisper. "Bring my pocket-book from the cabin."

III

THE student had long since fathomed just what the matter was. It was perfectly clear to him that these three men formed the usual party of steamer card-sharpers. But, evidently, it was necessary for him to ponder over certain things and to comprehend them. He took a long black cigar at the counter, and settled down on the balcony, watching the steamer's shadow gliding over the yellow water, refracting the fantastic little spots of sunlight. The captain's mate upon seeing him ran down from the bridge, laughing significantly.

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"Do you want me to show you one of the most interesting people in Russia, professor?"

"Really?" said the student indifferently, flicking the ashes off his cigar with a finger-nail.

"Look at that gentleman over there,—the one with the gray mustaches and a green silk shade over his eyes. That's Balunsky,—the King of the Card-Sharpers."

The student grew animated and threw a quick glance to his right.

"That fellow? Really? Is that truly Balunsky himself?"

"Yes. The very same."

"Well, is he playing now?"

"No. He's done for, entirely. And even if he were to sit down to play,—why then, as you know yourself, it would be our bounden duty to warn the public. . . . All he does is to hang about the tables, just watching and nothing more."

At this moment Balunsky was passing by them, and the student's eyes followed him with the liveliest interest. Balunsky was a tall, splendidly formed old man, with fine, proud features. The student saw much in his appearance: a habit from of old of bearing himself unconstrainedly with self-assurance before the eyes of a great gathering; soft, well-cared-for hands; an assumed, extrinsic air of seigneur. But the student also noticed a slight defect in the use of his right leg, and the time-whitened seams of his one-time splendid Parisian overcoat. And the student, with an unfailing attentiveness and some peculiar feeling compounded of indifferent pity and a contempt devoid of any malice, observed all these trifles.

"There was a chap for you,—but he's all done for now," said the captain's mate.

"There's rather a big game going on downstairs," said the student calmly.

Then, suddenly, turning toward the captain's mate and staring stonily into his very pupils, he said as simply as if he were ordering his breakfast or dinner:

"To tell you the truth, *mon cher ami*, I have been keeping my eye on you for two whole days now, and I see that you aren't at all a stupid fellow, and, of course, are above any prejudices, such as are common to old women. For we are supermen, you and I,—isn't that so?"

"Well, generally speaking. . . . And according to the general theory of Nietzsche . . ." the captain's mate mumbled sententiously. "The life of man. . . ."

"Yes, yes. . . . Particulars by mail."

The student unbuttoned his frock-coat, and took a dandified wallet of red leather with a gold monogram out of his side-pocket, and extracted two bills of a hundred roubles each from the wallet.

"Catch hold, admiral! They are yours," said he, impressively.

"What for?" asked the captain's mate, blinking his eyes in surprise.

"For your so-resplendent beauty," said the student gravely. "And for the pleasure of conversing with a clever man who is unhampered by any prejudices."

"What am I supposed to do?"

This time the student spoke curtly and significantly, just like a general before an encounter:

"First of all, not to warn anybody about Balunsky. I need him as a control and a sort of a left hand. Is that a go?"

"It's a go!" answered the captain's mate gayly.

"Secondly: show me which one of the waiters can bring my own pack of cards to the table."

The sailor became somewhat hesitant.

"Procoffii, perhaps?" he said, as though deliberating with himself.

"Ah, that's the thin, yellow chap, with drooping mustaches? Isn't it?"

"Yes, that's the fellow."

"Very well, then. . . . He has a suitable face. I'll have a little private talk with him by myself, and a separate reckoning. After that, my youthful but ardent friend, I offer you the following proposition: I offer you two-and-a-half per cent. of the gross receipts."

"Of the gross receipts?" the captain's mate began to snicker in delight.

"Yes, sir! That ought to make, approximately,—let me see. . . . The colonel, I think, has a thousand roubles or so of his own, and, perhaps, some official money,—two thousand, let us say, in round figures. I estimate the justice of the peace at a thousand also. If we succeed in making his wife loosen up, I consider all this money as good as in my pocket already. All the others don't amount to much. And then I reckon all those snot-noses have about six or seven thousand among them. . . ."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, these petty steamboat sharpers. These same young men that, as you say, trade in grain and flour."

"But really . . . but really. . . ." The captain's mate suddenly saw the light.

"Oh, yes, really! I'll show them how the game ought to be played. They ought to be

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working a three card monte game around some corner at fairs. Mr. Mate, you have three hundred more guaranteed you, beside these two hundred. But there must be an agreement; you must not pull any awful faces at me, even if I lose my shirt; you must not interfere where you are not asked; nor back me up to win; and—most important of all—no matter what happens to me, even the very worst, you must not reveal your acquaintance with me. Remember, you are neither a master nor a pupil,—but just a capper."

"A capper!" snickered the captain's mate.

"What a fool!" said the student calmly.

And, throwing the stub of his cigar overboard, he got up quickly to intercept Balunsky, who was passing by, and familiarly put his arm through that of the other. They conversed for not more than two minutes, and, when they had finished, Balunsky doffed his hat with an air of obsequiousness and mistrust.

IV

LATE at night the student and Balunsky were sitting upon the ship's bridge. The moonlight played and spattered on the water. The left shore, high, steep, all grown over with shaggy woods, taciturnly hung over the very steamer, that was now passing altogether near it. The shore to the right lay like a distant, flat splotch. Frankly slumping, hunched up even more than usual, the student was negligently sitting on a bench, his long legs stretched out before him. His face betrayed fatigue, and his eyes were dull.

"About how old are you?" asked Balunsky, gazing at the river.

The student let the question pass in silence.

"You must pardon my impertinence," Balunsky persisted, after a little fidgeting. "I understand very well your reason for placing me near you. I also understand why you told that four-flusher that you would slap his face, if, after inspection, the pack of cards would prove to be right. You uttered this superbly. I admired you. But, for God's sake, do tell me how you did it?"

The student finally forced himself to speak, as though with revulsion:

"You see, the trick lies in that I do not resort to any contra-legal expedients. I base my play upon the human soul. Have no fear,—I know all the old devices you used to practice. Stacking, holding out, devices for concealment, cold decks,—am I right?"

"No," remarked Balunsky, offended. "We had stunts even more complicated. I, for instance, was the first to bring satin cards into use."

"Satin cards?" the student repeated.

"Why, yes. Satin is pasted over the card. By rubbing against cloth the pile of the satin is bent to one side, and a jack is drawn thereon. Then, when the colours have dried, the pile is reversed, and a queen drawn. If your queen is beaten, all you have to do is to draw the card over the table."

"Yes, I've heard of that," said the student. "It did give one an extra chance. But then, stuss is such a fool game!"

"I do agree with you that it has gone out of fashion. But that was a time of the splendid efflorescence of the art. How much wit, how much resourcefulness we had to exert. . . . Poluboyarinov[1] used to clip the skin at the tips of his fingers; his tactile sense was more exquisite than that of a blind man. He would recognize a card by the mere touch. And what about cold decks? Why, this took whole years to master."

The student yawned.

"That was all a primitive game."

"Yes, yes! That is just why I am questioning you. Wherein does your secret lie? I must tell you that I have been in on large killings. During a single month I made more than six hundred thousand in Odessa and St. Petersburg. And, besides that, I won a four-story house and a bustling hotel."

The student waited for him, on the chance of his adding something; then, a little later, he asked:

"Aha! You set up a mistress, a fine turnout, a lad in white gloves to wait at table,—yes?"

"Yes!" answered Balunsky, sadly and humbly.

"There, now, you see,—I guessed all that beforehand. There really was something romantic about your generation. And that is readily understood. Horse-fairs, hussars, gypsy-women, champagne. . . . Were you ever beaten up?"

"Yes,—after the Liebiyadinskaya Fair I was laid up in Tamboy for a whole month. You can just imagine; I even grew bald—all my hair fell out. Nothing like that had ever happened to me up to that time,—not as long as I had Duke Kudukov about me. He worked with me on a ten per cent. basis.

[1] "Half-a-Lord."

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I must say that I had never in my life met a man of greater physical strength. His title and his strength screened us both. Besides that, he was a man of unusual courage. He'd be sitting and getting stewed on Teneriffe at the bar, and when he'd hear a hubbub in the card room he would rush to my rescue. Oh, what a racket he and I raised once in Penza! Candlesticks, mirrors, lusters. . . ."

"Did drink do for him?" asked the student, as though in passing.

"How did you know that?" asked Balunsky, in amazement.

"Why, just so. . . . The actions of men are uniform in the extreme. Really, living becomes a bore at times."

After a long silence, Balunsky asked:

"But why do you gamble yourself?"

"Really, that is something I do not know myself," said the student with a melancholy sigh. "For instance, I have vowed to myself, on my word of honour, to abstain from gambling for exactly three years. And for two years I did abstain; but to-day, for some reason or other, I got my dander up. And, I assure you, gambling is repulsive to me. Nor am I in need of money."

"Have you any saved?"

"Yes,—a few thousand. Formerly, I thought that it might be of use to me at some time or other. But somehow time has sped incongruously fast. I often ask myself,—what is it that I desire? I am surfeited with women. Pure love, marriage, a family, are not for me,—or, to put it more correctly, I do not believe in them. I eat with exceeding moderation, and I do not drink a drop. Am I to save up for an old age? But what am I to do in my old age? Others have a consolation,—religion. I often think: well, now, suppose I were made a king or an emperor this very day. . . . What would I desire? Upon my word of honour, I don't know. There's nothing for me to desire, even."

The water gurgled monotonously as the steamer clove through it. . . . Radiantly, sadly and evenly the moon poured down its light upon the white sides of the steamer, upon the river, upon the distant shores. The steamer was going through a narrow, shallow splace. . . . "Six . . . Si-ix an' a ha-alf! . . . Go slow!" a man with a plummet was bawling nasally at the prow.

"But what is your system of playing?" asked Balunsky timidly.

"Why, I have no particular system," answered the student lazily. "I do not play at cards, but upon human stupidity. I am not at all a sharper. I never prick or mark a pack. I only acquaint myself with the design on the back of the cards, and for that reason always play with second-hand cards. But it's all the same to me,—after two or three deals I am bound to know every card, because my visual memory is phenomenal. Yet I do not want to expend the energy of my brain vainly. I am firmly convinced that if a man will set his heart on being fooled, fooled he will be, beyond a doubt. And therefore I knew beforehand the fate of to-day's game."

"In what way?"

"Very simply. For instance: the justice of the peace is a vainglorious and a silly fool,—if you will pardon the pleonasm. His wife does whatever she wants to with him. But she is a woman of passion; impatient, and, apparently, hysterical. I had to draw the two of them into the game. He committed many blunders; but she committed twice as many, just to spite him. In this way they let pass that one moment when they were having a run of pure luck. They failed to take advantage of it. They started winning back only when luck had turned its back upon them; whereas ten minutes before that they could have left me without my breeches."

"Is it really possible to calculate all this?" asked Balunsky quietly.

"Of course. Now for another instance. Take the colonel. This man has far-flung, inexhaustible luck, which he himself does not suspect. And that is because he is an expansive, careless, magnanimous fellow. By God, I was a bit ashamed of plucking him. But it was already impossible to stop. The fact was, that those three little sheenies were irritating me."

"'Could not endure,—the heart burst into flame'?" asked the old sharper, quoting the stanza from Lermontov.

The student gnashed his teeth, and his face became somewhat animated.

"You're perfectly right," said he, contemptuously. "That's just it,—I couldn't endure it. Judge for yourself: they got on the steamer to shear the rams, yet they have no daring, nor skill, nor *sang froid*. When one of them was passing the deck to me, I at once noticed that his hands were clammy and trembling. 'Eh, my dear fellow, your heart is in your mouth!' As for their game, it was perfectly clear to me. The partner to the left—the one on whose cheek was a little mole, all grown over with hair—was stacking the cards. That was as plain as day. It was necessary to make

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them sit apart, and for that very reason—" here the student resorted to patter, "I had recourse, *cher maitre*, to your enlightened co-operation. And I must say that you carried out my idea with full correctness. Allow me to present you with your share."

"Oh, but why so much?"

"A mere nothing. You shall do still another good turn for me."

"I am listening."

"Do you remember perfectly the face of the justice's wife?"

"Yes."

"Then you will go to her and say: 'Your money was won purely through chance.' You may even tell her that I am a sharper. Yes,—but in such a lofty, Byronian manner, you know. She will bite. She will get her money in Saratov, at the Hotel Moscow, to-night, at six, from Drzhevetzky, the student. Room number one."

"So I am to be a go-between,—is that it?" asked Balunsky.

"Why put it so unpleasantly? Isn't 'One good turn deserves another' better?"

Balunsky got up, stood shifting on the same spot from one foot to the other, and took off his hat. Finally he said, hesitatingly: "I'll do it. After all, it's a trifle. But,—perhaps you will need me as an operative?"

"No," answered the student. "To act collectively is the old style. I work alone."

"Alone? Always alone?"

"Of course. Whom could I trust?" retorted the student with a calm bitterness. "If I am sure of your comradely rectitude,—an honour among thieves, you understand,—I am not at all sure of the steadiness of your nerves. Another may be brave, and without covetousness, and be a faithful friend, but . . . only until the first silken petticoat happens to make a swine, a dog, and a traitor of him. And what of blackmailings? What of extortions? What of importunities in old age, in incapacitation? . . . Eh, what's the use!"

"I am amazed at you," said Balunsky quietly. "You are the new generation. You have neither timidity, nor pity, nor imagination. . . . You have a certain contempt for everything. Is it possible that all your secret consists of just that and nothing more?"

"Just that. But in a great concentration of the will as well. You may believe me or not,—it is all one to me—but ten times today, by an effort of my will, have I compelled the colonel to stake small sums, when it was to his interest to have staked large ones. It doesn't come easy to me. . . . I have a monstrous headache right now. And besides . . . besides, I don't know, I can't imagine, what it means to get a beating or to go to pieces from confusion. Organically, I am devoid of shame or fear, and that isn't at all as joyous a thing as it may seem at first glance. True, I constantly carry a revolver about me,—but then, you must believe me when I tell you that at a critical moment I shall not forget about it. However. . . . " The student simulated a yawn and extended his hand to Balunsky with a weary gesture. "However, *au revoir*, general. I can see your eyes closing. . . ."

"My best wishes," said the old sharper respectfully, bowing his gray head.

Balunsky went off to bed. The student hunched up, with weary, sad eyes for a long while regarded the waves that reflected the fight like fish-scales. Late at night Kostretzova came out on deck. But he did not as much as turn in her direction.

The Wanderer's Evening Song

By JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

Translated by Dorothea Schultz

UEBER allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh.
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

O'er all the mountain steep
Is Peace.
Low in the valleys deep
Release,
From Day's weary quest.
Birds sleep on the bough.
Presently thou
Too, shalt rest.

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Ethics in a Business Suit

[We have received more responses to our request for true stories illustrating debatable points in the working ethics of everyday American life than have come from any other such invitation in our experience.

But we want still more: real anecdotes of happenings known to the teller at first hand, with precise details. Opinions or moralizing should not be necessary, for such narratives, which do bring out a real point of business or professional morality as practised, make their own point.

We'd like to send a small cheque to you who read this for an account of some actual occurrence, the ethics of which might be judged varyingly by intelligent people. THE EDITOR.]

I LOST a contract recently," said the Decorator. "The local painter made an estimate way below what I had to get to make any profit on the only grade of work I'm willing to stand for.

"That was all right: it happens every day. But there was an unusual comeback.

"A few weeks later, I went out there to talk with the owner of the house—a nice fellow. He wanted me to do some special, elaborate decorating in two rooms, and was perfectly willing to pay my price.

"I happened to see that local painter who'd gotten the main contract. He didn't look happy. 'Well, Jones,' I said, 'how're you coming on with it?'

"'Not so good, sir,' said he. 'You see, I was sick, and my regular estimator was away when we figured on that job, and my boy made the estimate. Now I find he forgot to figure in all that enameling in the basement—laundry, servants' dining-room, lavatory, I don't know what all. I'm going to lose quite a lot of money on that job.'

"'Too bad,' was all I could say. And a little later I was lunching with the owner and his wife. It was a good lunch and they were charming people.

"'I'm getting the rest of that work done at a bargain,' the owner announced, with evident pride in his good management.

"'Yes,' said I. 'You know that poor little lame duck forgot to include in his total estimate any allowance at all for the entire basement?'

"'Yes, I heard something of the sort. But that isn't my funeral. A business man's got no right to make such mistakes—if there was any mistake.'

"'Suppose you made a mistake of a hundred dollars in making a cash deposit in your bank: would you like the cashier to take that point of view and pocket the hundred?'

"He flared up. 'What do you mean? There's no similarity. This was a straight offer to do work at a certain figure. I accepted it. Am I supposed to pay for a tradesman's mistakes after I've given him work at a figure he set?'

"'That's hardly for me to say,' I said. 'I do know the work's worth more than the price set. And I always found life went a bit more smoothly if you turned those things around in such a mix-up, and imagined yourself in the other fellow's place.'

"'That's rot,' he declared, quite angry now. 'If you think I'm going to run an infants' school to educate half-baked painters how to estimate——'

"Well, the Missus cut in then and smoothed things over, the way a woman can. And they liked my colour schemes and gave me the job.

"I was out there yesterday, looking over what my men were doing. Little Jones came

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up. 'I want to thank you, sir,' said he. 'I'm to get an allowance on that basement work: it looks as if I might manage to come out a little bit ahead of the game—and I know you must have fixed it. I'd like to——'

"'You don't owe me a cent,' I told him. 'I guess our friend's imagination began to work: he realized he'd been willing to do something as "business" which he'd never have dreamed of doing in any personal dealings. There are plenty worse than he who never wake up to themselves. If some of our preachers would occasionally pick up some of the things which go on every day in every community, and get up in the pulpit and show, very quietly, just what is constantly done in the sacred name of business—— However, my job's painting.'"

He has a sense of perspective and composition, that Decorator. X.

The Situation Would Stand Some More Light

Two railroad companies were operating in competitive territories. The president of the smaller one resigned. Immediately after his resignation he employed a New York City lawyer, who employed a lawyer in the local city. The latter, using a saloonkeeper as his ostensible client, but sending his bills to the New York City lawyer, brought a series of ten suits against the smaller railroad. The theory was advanced that these suits were intended to bring about a receivership which was to protect the stockholders and second-mortgage bondholders. In fact, they were brought to eliminate the competitor of the bigger railroad. The most powerful of the directors of the larger railroad company stood behind the expenses and liabilities of one of these suits by a guarantee to the extent of $25,000.

Should the lawyers who were seeking tne benent of the stockholders of the smaller railroad company through these suits and through the receivership have traced the source of their fees when they knew that the saloonkeeper was not really the person attacking the railroad? Y.

It Paid This Time

Shortly after Cuba had won her independence, an aggressive young American representative of a flour milling company made a pioneering business trip there. He had an attractive personality, made friends easily, and on this trip laid the foundations for business relations which have existed since that time.

One account that he started was with a man who was a sugar-mill owner and a very wealthy man. In connection with his sugar fields he ran a general store which used large quantities of flour.

The trial lot of flour shipped to him proved to be just what the Cuban merchant needed, apparently, for thus began a regular business connection between the two houses. After this first visit, the business was done entirely by cable, which was satisfactory, because telegraph and cable quotations and acceptances are as binding as a written contract. Regularly, at intervals of thirty days or so, an inquiry would come from the Cuban merchant for a price on lots of flour varying from 1,000 to 5,000 bags of flour, each bag to contain 200 pounds. His were large orders, and the milling company appreciated the business—so much so that a very close price was always figured for him, and this price sent immediately by cable.

The milling company knew the business was competitive, because frequently the order was lost; but as the years went by, the times when they lost the order became less and less frequent.

On one occasion, a cable came asking for a price on 6,000 bags of flour, "usual quality and immediate delivery." It happened that the salesman who had originally sold the Cuban merchant did the figuring when the price was made up, and he sent a wire quoting $4.90 per bag of 200 lbs., delivered, on the 6,000 bags.

Next morning an answer came, accepting the lot at the price quoted. Upon entering tne order in the order book, an assistant in the export department discovered that in

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figuring the cost an error of twenty cents per bag had been made, so the price cabled to Cuba should have been $4.70 instead of $4.90.

Should the milling company take advantage of the mistake, or cable the Cuban correcting the quotation, which would be equivalent to refunding him $1,200.00 on the contract price he had accepted?

This is what actually happened: the milling company realized that competition on flour was very keen in the Island; they were at a loss to explain how such a shrewd merchant could have contracted with them for so large a quantity at a price which they considered twenty cents over the market price. After some discussion, it was decided that the merchant, for some unknown reason, had not procured other bids, and that the final placing of the order had been done by someone not familiar with values. This led them to believe that the Cuban merchant had been away from his office, and that he had instructed a subordinate to purchase as needed from this particular mill, but to cable first for prices as a blind to make the mill think they were in competition with others.

The American millers felt they were in duty bound to give this flour to their customer at the market value; so, in confirming the transaction by letter, they notified him of the error, and told him the flour would be invoiced at $4.70 instead of the $4.90 the cable contract had called for.

No acknowledgment was ever received of this voluntary reduction in price, but the draft was paid as presented for the lesser amount, and from that day (in 1910) to the present time, the milling company has never had another wire for prices. Instead, cables are received with definite instructions to ship round lots of flour at "the best possible market price."

The flour is shipped, and the price determined by the value of wheat in the open market on the day the order is received. The merchant in Cuba has never made a complaint as to price, and his orders increase in size year by year.

Apparently he is satisfied he is going to get a square deal because of that one incident which happened so long ago.

F. H. B.

How Much of an Employé Does an Employer Own?

My friend R— is a salesman in a Fifth Avenue art gallery. The establishment is one of the best in the country, and to be a salesman one must also be a connoisseur.

One afternoon, R— stopped in at a bookshop to browse for a few moments. While there, he chanced upon a portrait which, to his experienced eye, was more valuable than the price indicated. It was by an early American portrait painter; was in pretty bad condition; and the price marked was $30.

R— considered it would be a good buy, but he didn't have the money. So, upon returning to his office, he confided what he thought to be a discovery to his employer, head of the establishment.

This gentleman went immediately to the bookshop and bought the portrait. It was restored, and recently sold for $24,000. Thereupon R—, hearing of the sale, approached his "boss," asking him for a commission, or at least a bonus: because he had discovered the rare painting, and also because of the tremendous profit to the company.

The head of the firm replied that R— had discovered it in the company's time, and that his salary was sufficient compensation.

Ethical or unethical?

J. M. W.

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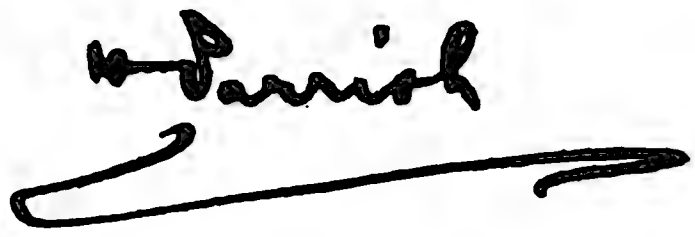
A New God for America

By HERBERT PARRISH



PRELUDE TO A PERFECT DAY

IT WILL be a perfect day when the members of churches, the theologues, the professors, the ministers, priests, bishops, the lay popes, the popes, and other ecclesiastics and ecclesiastiarchs, male and female, cease their defensive polemics, their special pleadings, their apologies, their "Why-I-Am-What-I-Ams," their holier-than-thou attitudes, and turn upon themselves the microscope of criticism. There is some hope that this may some time come about. Perhaps even this side of Paradise. Until now the churches and their members have been trying to tell the world just what advantages there were in being contributors to their own particular and special sects, in their own forms and ceremonies, in their peculiar beliefs and practices, in the singular type of pulpit manner their own ministers have, in the kinds of whiskers or no whiskers they permit them to wear, in the sort of hymns they sing, in the special cant they cultivate, in their unique record in the days that are past, in the glowing sancts and sanctesses who belonged to their sects some several hundreds of years ago. Each felt that it had a lead-pipe cinch on God. They got together, if at all, only against a common enemy, the paynim, the agnostic, the unbeliever, the atheist, the scoffer, the non-church-goer. Formerly they held out in joint forces against the theatre, short skirts, Sunday movies, the saloon. But since Prohibition they have been increasingly divided on the subject of morals. In fact, they are at present more divided on morals than upon religious beliefs. The beliefs of Protestants are practically all the same. Their differences of doctrine are the differences between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. But up to the present time there is little sign that they will each begin the matter of criticism at home, look to themselves, correct themselves, find out the errors, defects, faults, failures, deficiencies, stupidities, hokum, fraud, cant, and hypocrisy of their own systems.

So far such criticism has been confined to gatherings of the clergy behind closed doors. The clergy have to endure the brunt of the systems of which they are slaves, and they know the situation. But even the clergy are not yet quite frank and honest about the matter. There is so much professional jealousy. The Rev. Mr. Whiterabbit would never let old Doctor Noodle know just what he thinks about things in general and his own parish in particular. Yet as the economic pressure squeezes them more and more, they do begin to loosen up and talk—confidentially, of course, and professionally, among themselves. One hears strange things nowadays at clerical gatherings.

But what a perfect day it would be if they should all cut loose and actually tell the raw truth, all of them, all at once. Tell what they really believe and think about the systems they are involved in, without reservation and without fear. It would astonish the world. No more cant. No more hokum. No more sunny optimism. No more apologies and excuses. Just the raw truth. The actual facts. The seamy side. The inside of the cup.

Not that they would not have many beautiful things to say quite truthfully, things human and divine. They would. Life for the real man is full of such things—even in churches. But the systems, the inherited weight of theological and ecclesiastical traditions, the handicaps in spiritual work, in freedom, in truth, justice, beauty, and goodness. These are the things too seldom faced and elucidated. It is time somebody let such cats out of the bag. Here they go. Some of them.

Youth is the period of idealization. It is the time one falls in love. In love not only

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with the members of the other sex, but with theories, with systems. Conversion is such a falling in love. When a youth is converted he immediately idealizes the object of his affections, not only God, but the organization which has been the instrument of conversion, the society or church. It is the same if he chances to be converted to Marxian socialism, to atheism. He accepts everything about it, hook, bait and sinker. He becomes instinctively an apologist, a pleader. All excuses for defects recognized are valid. The ideal dazzles him. He questions but little. He accepts on authority. It is inevitable. There is no other way. It does not matter what he idealizes. So long as he idealizes it, that is enough. All human organizations flourish on the recruits from youth.

And as a lover of systems youth becomes austere, ascetic. There is no hardship that he will not endure. No self-immolation for which he is not ready. He will sacrifice everything, life itself, for the object of his affections. He is enthusiastic, delighted. It is all very beautiful. Very natural. Very real. So long as it lasts.

In the ministry, therefore, that is to say, in the Protestant ministry, youth is the most valuable of assets. The Roman Catholics keep them in obscure curacies until they have become disenchanted and mature. But in the Protestant churches young men receive generally much higher salaries than they will receive when they are old—unless they make a great success. The young minister has many "calls." The vestries, boards, trustees, deacons, or whatever they may be called, always hope great things from youth in the ministry. The ladies admire him. They

> Adore his doctrines and his hair
> And whisper, "What a good young man!"

During this period the young man, therefore, is naturally a staunch advocate of the system which has brought him out, supports, sustains him. It is all *couleur de rose* to him. It looks good.

The conviction that his church is the best possible church, the original, the perfect, the only true church in the world, may last a long time. Everything conspires to this end. It is the attitude known as loyalty. Just as in a college fraternity, a regiment, a club, every member of the same is expected to play the game, to boost, to crack up the organization to which he belongs, to be loyal. Like the natives of an Irish county, to whom every outsider comes to be regarded as a foreigner of an inferior breed by the happy inhabitants, narrow, provincial, illiterate and ignorant themselves. It seems to be a merciful provision of Providence to satisfy the deficient with their lot. They regard all others with a just suspicion. Very great rogues in the system always encourage this provincial attitude. It makes things easier for the leaders. The leaders are always talking about the "blessings of loyalty."

But God is not merely the Hound of Heaven gifted with a keen scent for souls and with a limited enclosure into which He herds the gathered sheep. God is also the Ultimate Truth. When America was discovered men began to ask whether it was possible that God had left the inhabitants of so large a portion of the globe in a condition of darkness and total depravity all the years since creation, while He showered upon western Europe the sole rays of His Truth. It was upsetting. Conceivably there were other and different ways in which the divine light had been shed abroad. Perhaps the other ways were just as good, perhaps they were even better. Particularly as things did not seem somehow to be entirely and permanently satisfactory in the accepted system. So they began to look abroad with a new curiosity and a sympathetic interest. Only the great rogues sought to repress them.

Something of the same sort happens to the youth emerging from his enamoured provincialism into a wider experience. Just as an Irishman coming from the County Cork may find that the inhabitants of America are at least human. Only it happens in America that every effort is made to keep up the old home religious environment and racial traditions so that we have little pools of racial ingrown groups instead of a general national melting-pot. The Greeks, the Italians, the Hungarians, the Germans, the Irish and the rest can be quite as provincial and foreign here as they were at home. It is this spirit of narrow outlook and experience that the religious leaders so often encourage under the name of loyalty. It is loyalty to their little and generally obsolete systems, but it is not necessarily loyalty to Truth. And its basic necessity is economic. The leaders need the money.

It is the same with American sectarianism. This always follows the narrow lines of race tradition. The sects are essentially racial. And if the Roman Catholic Church

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seems to cover these by a general blanket of title, it is merely fiction, not a fact of unity. The racial lines are quite as truly drawn inside that body as they are out of it. There are German Catholic churches, Italian, French, Irish, as parochial in their outlook as any under Protestant names.

Now the trouble with all this narrow, crude provincialism, as I see it, is that it arises and is kept alive by blind leaders of the blind, who often, through their own interest and probably more often through their own ignorance, teach that the means of religion are the end of religion. There are a great many people in churches who imagine that formal conformity to the outward standard of the church insures them in the attainment of the object of religion, eternal life in God. This was the mistake that the Jews made at the time of Christ, and it is the mistake that innumerable Christians have been making ever since. If you adhere faithfully to the system you will arrive surely in heaven. There is no truth in it.

Only the immature in mind and experience can endorse such a theory. The older one gets the more one becomes convinced that it is quite possible to be *zealous* in a cause that has no validity. Enthusiasm is not the test of reality. Loyalty should not be directed toward a system, but toward the truth. It is sometimes the highest loyalty to shatter the system that truth may prevail. They are great rogues who stir up a false loyalty to false systems for their own advantage.

It will be a great day of judgment, therefore, when the members of churches cease to clamour about their own superiority and begin to ask themselves what is the matter with the systems to which they adhere. And this applies also to the whole of Christianity, to all the churches combined in relation to the other religions in the world.

Heretofore religion has been a matter of group or mass psychology. But emancipation from the tyranny of numbers is something to be accomplished by the individual. Young and ignorant people are swayed by the crowd. The critically intellectual man emerges. He emancipates himself from the opinion of the group. He sees beyond it. Every advance in history has come from such an attitude of independence. Science and art, statesmanship and discovery, depend upon the individual for every gain through the ages. The Creative Principle of the universe moves, like the sunrise, by lighting the peaks first.

And in religion especially it is the individual that counts. No matter what conclusions one arrives at in religion, these must be attained by individual effort. Children and the ignorant may be satisfied by repeating by rote formulas presented to them by authority. But when a man begins to think, he must think for himself if he is to make thought his own. He must justify in the forum of his own conscience the conclusions which he accepts. He must think things through before they have any real meaning for him.

A religion that penalizes thought, that fears free inquiry and frank discussion, must be a very weak religion. Its leaders are probably great rogues who, ignorant themselves, design to keep others ignorant and lashed to a false standard of loyalty to themselves rather than to Truth, in order that they may retain their positions of trust and emolument. That there are such men cannot be doubted. In churches a man's chances of "preferment," of favour with the authorities, depend, not upon his sincerity and fearless stand for Truth as he sees it, but solely upon the amount of money he can give or get others to give for the support of the enterprises of the institution to which he belongs. He must show deference to his superiors and sing small in their presence, if he is to win favour. To prize up the lid and to show the folly and defects of the system is to be blacklisted at once. The system, therefore, in which authority is most securely entrenched, arbitrary and monarchical, is always most potent among the ignorant. Men of intelligence, independence, self-determination and individuality cannot abide it. Education is its enemy. Thought is its bane. Knowledge is its destruction.

Nevertheless, the fundamental elements in almost any system of religion, certainly of the Christian religion, are of enormous value both to society in general and to the individual in particular. The system may be so bad that it thwarts and hinders it in some measure, but the idea of God in relation to the world shines through. Where men have lost all recognition of the divine in life, things grow pretty bad rapidly. To live solely for time and sense, for the objects of material life, is to become a brute. The ideal of Justice, Mercy, and Truth is essential for the salvation of the world. Religion is the most important thing in life. The systems should be devised to set it forth rather than to obscure it.

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But it is not sufficient merely to set forth the ideals of religion. At least to be apprehended by the individual they must be thought through. The trouble with the churches is that they have loaded themselves up with mechanisms, obsolete theories, bankrupt customs, diverting the mind from the consideration of the really essential and simple elements of religion. A man can get on better with less than they offer rather than with more—less, that is, in quantity and more in quality. A deeper faith in God and a more sincere love of one's neighbour would be better than an expert knowledge of theology and ritual. For this reason one often finds men who are better Christians outside of the churches than some of those who are formal members.

For my own part I am rather a conventionally orthodox, strict churchman. I like the niceties of theology and the formalities of ritual. I am a Catholic, in the Western sense of the word, in religious taste. I prefer elaborate, ornate, gorgeous ceremonials. Splendid architecture for churches. Plenty of lights. Coloured vestments. Incense. Processions. Solemn masses. Ethereal music. The historical background, the dignity, and the symbolism appeal to me. I can put up with a good deal of sheer superstition. It does not offend me at all.

These pages are not written to upset the religion of other people. They are written to make them, if possible, think through their positions. To justify them in their own minds. I am not wedded to the theories here advanced. Some may be sound and some may not be sound. So long as the reader reaches for himself a valid conclusion, satisfactory to himself, that is all I seek. The probabilities are that in any case he will come in the course of time to change them. Ultimate Truth is not reached by anybody all at once. Perhaps it will be a long time before anybody does really reach it. The theologues think that they have it now. But I have noticed even in the last few years that most of them who do any thinking at all have changed their opinions about a good many matters that I had thought in my salad days had been forever settled centuries ago. When we are young we are sure. But Truth has a way of expanding its borders.

America is now the greatest country in the world—in wealth, in commerce, in invention, perhaps in scientific knowledge. In education as an opportunity for all it is unsurpassed. We have more free educational institutions to the square inch than any other nation on the green globe. But we are still young in artistic and spiritual attainment compared with Europe. Our cultural standards are low. We have a good deal to learn. We have made some little beginning in music. In the other arts we are still in the iron age. And in religion we have nothing to offer except an emotional and indiscriminating generosity for every humanitarian cause that comes along. In religious expression we are barbarians in the stone age. At best we merely imitate the worst aspects of the traditional race inheritances of Europe. We have developed nothing original, nothing national, nothing peculiarly American. A majority of the best among us keep aloof from the activities of churches, from religious expression altogether. They are disgusted with the absurd crudities in worship, the dull drab stupid services, the emotional revivalism, the lack of colour, beauty, dignity, and power. Roman Catholicism has the best chance of survival, if one counts compact organization, homogeneity, absolute authority, and a dominant sacerdotal caste. The Methodists with their strong system come next. And the Baptists, enamoured of their peculiar type of individualism, follow. But Rome's domination by a foreign monarch, the Pope, makes it still a foreign religion. And like th· others Rome does not stand the test of intellectual inquiry. The American religion of the future must be a religion that will at once engage the enthusiasm of the masses and at the same time justify itself to the enlightened and critical intelligence of our people. It must have simplicity and dignity. It must include beauty. It must be real. It must demonstrate actual power.

This is part of an effort to show some of the inadequacies of our present religious condition in this country and to move the national consciousness in the direction of some determined undertaking for the elimination of them. The rubbish must be recognized and cleared away before constructive work can begin. *Religio Americana* will doubtless strike out new lines for the future.

I

WHAT this country needs—much more than a good five-cent cigar—is a new God.

Let me explain. By new I do not mean a God newly created. I mean a God

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newly apprehended. In the language of philosophy, *new* is here used subjectively, not objectively. In short, I mean a new *conception* of God.

A God, to be worth anything, must be very old. Very old, indeed. He must, in fact, be eternal. In the words of the Catholic Catechism, God always was, is, and ever shall be. There is a nice problem, that mystics love, about the relation of time to God. They conceive that there is no time for Him at all—that He simply is, and that our past, present, and future are limitations that do not apply to Him. He is, in that sense, always new, new every morning. But we generally think of God as very old. Before the earth and the world were made, before the morning stars sang together, God was. Men have gone crazy trying to conceive how old He is. The guesses of philosophers and the dreams of poets fail here. Centuries before Christ the Hindus speculated about His age. They conceived of Brahm breathing out universes and breathing them in again. They held that this was His fifth long breath and that He had already begun to draw it in. There will be at least two more.

Be that as it may, the idea of a new God for America is imperative. Any one can see that the old Gods of this country are entirely inadequate. They neither meet the needs of the time nor comport with the dignity of the nation. They are out of date, like the divinities in a Wagner music drama. The age has passed beyond them. Moreover, there are too many of them. Their number has become confusing. A great nation should have only one God—a God sufficiently great to swallow up all lesser deities. We need a truly national God. He should be of a sort that compels the respect, nay, the reverence, the adoration, the enthusiasm of the people. Learned and ignorant should bow down before Him. To fail to worship Him should spell death. He should be able to scatter the inadequate "gods many and lords many" that now divide the nation and bring it into contempt. He should absorb all inferior deities into His own splendid and universal Personality.

The idea of a new God in this sense entirely comports with the teaching of the schools. The theologues themselves can find no fault with it. The learned doctors of divinity are already committed to it. Catholics and Protestants, heretics and orthodox, rectors and curates, priests and preachers, bishops and archbishops, popes and prelates, ritualists and revivalists, all the ecclesiastical brotherhood endorse the idea. They strive for nothing else. It is what they want, what they are endeavouring to put across. Even the Holy Book itself, the Bible, is full of the conception of a new God, a God Who is a development, a growth.

II

Come with me for a little lesson. Take down from the shelf the old family Bible. Dust its venerable shiny covers. Open its pages: your grandfather read them. Learn that in the time of the Judges the God of the Jews was a fierce tribal Being named Yaveh. He was little better than a pirate, a yeggman, a peterman, a stick-up man. More ruthless than the modern bandit or robber. He murdered helpless women and children. His mouth was smeared with the blood of His victims. He spoke in the thunder and rode upon the wings of the wind. His nostrils breathed in the smell of burnt sacrifices and the smoke of flaming thuribles. He stirred up His votaries to make war upon their enemies. Whole cities were destroyed by His command. The Jews called Him jealous.

Later on, you will see that as the conquered country of the Jews became settled and civilized and began to put forth abundant harvests, the gentler Baal *motif* came in. A new God began to be worshiped. The old name, indeed, remained, but Yaveh was no longer the crude savage, the ogre of the earlier period. He became softened, more reasonable, more convivial. He was the God of commerce, of the harvest, of social life. The smiling fields, the rich foods, trade, prosperity, plenty, revealed a new God. The priests began to moderate the severity of their ritual. Soon there was danger that the new God would become a degenerate God. Pleasure, rioting, revels, drunkenness, sex, began to appear in the religion of the people. Always, in time of prosperity, a danger. It became necessary for the Prophets, stern ascetics from the mountains, lean preachers of righteousness, to insist upon a limitation of the Baal concept.

God must include morality if the nation was to live. So the Law was devised. The Ten Commandments, attributed by the pious to a revelation given to Moses by God Himself on Mount Sinai, but actually worked out by Jewish statesmen from other national codes, fixed the morality of the

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Jewish God and of the Jewish people. It was a limited morality, to be sure, but it has been recognized ever since as a most effective device for national preservation. It kept the Hebrew people alive amid the softening and deteriorating influences of the Oriental tribes by which they were surrounded. It stamped the race with an enduring quality that remains even to this day.

For the Law was the enunciation of principles without which it is impossible for a national life to be secure. It was a wonderful discovery. The Commandments are in the sphere of sociology what gravitation is in the sphere of physics. And the discovery that God was a God of Law made a new God for the Jewish people. The Commandments were the discovery of a natural law, an invention like the lever of Archimedes. But since the Being who made nature and its laws included them in His works, it became necessary to conceive of Him in a new way. This discovery was as important to history as the humanism of the Greeks or the jurisprudence of the Romans. Perhaps more important.

Some centuries later, in the time of the second Isaiah, the God of the Jews changed still further. He had been up to this time a God confined to a nation, to the land. His interest was only for one little country and one little tribe. Now His sovereignty was extended to the nations of the world—though He was still very partial to people with a certain kind of nose. "The Isles shall wait on Him." The book of Jonah is a little Jewish novelette written as propaganda for this idea. It was good for business. In short, every three or four centuries, from 1000 B.C. to the Christian era, the Jews got a new God. And why not? The whole world was progressing out of a state of savagery and barbarism into a higher and higher civilization. The God of the savage is one thing; the God of the civilized man quite another. What the one dotes upon the other simply cannot imagine.

This progress among the Jews was recorded in a series of little books which, when bound together and reëdited, we call the Old Testament. It is a superb record of human thought and experience, embroidered with poetry and legends, containing folk-lore and old traditions, worth little as history taken literally, but, when studied intelligently, of supreme interest. No other nation of antiquity produced anything so good.

There was really nothing new in the God of Jesus. He took the best of the Jewish idea about God and added a touch of genius. God became the Eternal Father, the Universal Spirit. "God is love." The savage Yaveh was thus lost in the mists of the past, and the Christian God arose to claim the allegiance of mankind.

It remained for the theologians, Greek and Latin, to attempt to clarify the Gospel conception. They defined the Trinity, the three Persons in the Godhead. This dogma they still insist upon.

III

Some years ago two women, immigrants from Europe, were overheard conversing in the steerage as their ship approached New York.

"What church you goin' to when you get to America?" asked one.

"Church!" exclaimed the other. "Why, there been't no God in America!"

The woman was wrong. There are a great many Gods in America. In fact, an actual count shows over two hundred of them. Probably there are a great many more. That is exactly our trouble. Here is a great nation, just entering upon its career as the chief power in the world, stupendously rich, highly inventive, emotional, religious, imaginative, clever, which has no grand outstanding God, universally recognized and respected, but only a surplus of mediocre, middle-class divinities, many of them as absurd as the idols in a Chinese pagoda.

"In God we trust," says the legend on our coins. But the trouble is to know *which* God. It is true that all the different Gods are called by the same name. They are all "God." But in reality they vary greatly. We have, for instance, the Billy-Sunday–William-Jennings-Bryan God. This God, modeled upon the most ancient and worst aspect of the Jewish Yaveh, is the God of Prohibition. His main characteristic is apparently to make people uncomfortable. He delights in little negative restrictions and petty taboos. His priests are not allowed to smoke or play cards. It is sacrilege for His votaries to drink a glass of beer. Wine stinks in His nostrils. Gin draws the lightning of His wrath. A vast following of fanatical devotees of the Upshavian type pray daily to this strange antique God. His adherents advocate force as the corrective of character. They consider the laws of our legislative bodies to

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be of divine authority. Compulsion is as congenial to them as it was to the Moslem hordes who followed Allah. If they have not yet taken up the sword, they have been known to wield an ax. A queer, violent, uncomfortable, nagging, legalistic sort of God Who does not believe in evolution.

We have also certain medieval Gods, Gods Who inhabit great churches where they are approached through elaborate and spectacular forms and ceremonies, Gods Who can only be reached, apparently, through the intercession of saints, like St. Louis of Gonzaga and the Little Flower. And then there are sickly, sentimental Gods living in dingy buildings where they are worshiped by elderly vestals arrayed in rusty black gowns which come to their ankles—vestals who sing through their noses and whose chief mark of piety is their lack of style. Also, there are fashionable Gods, confined to and approached only in the most exclusive and select of ecclesiastical edifices, small and Gothic, where it is considered a desecration if you speak to a stranger who happens to come in. In the vestibules of the temple of these Gods you often see an inscription which reads, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple." They take care that He never gets out.

The adherents of these various Gods, in the degree that they are devoted, hate each other with unrelenting antipathy. They divide the people. They inhibit any unity of spirit or action in the nation. Their differences are more separative than rank, colour or race. What this country needs is one supreme God that shall unite its religious emotion and centralize its loyalty.

An obvious objection must be met here. It may be asked whether, since all these various Gods have the same name, They are not in reality one God, with only superficial differences. But it must be evident that the same question might be raised about the supreme Deities of all the pagan cults. Are not Brahm, Wotan, Jupiter, and Zeus the same? They were all called God. Names, in fact, do not matter. What matters is the differences in attributes, in qualities. The various Gods in the American Pantheon are really quite different. It is for this reason that Their adherents express their devotion in such different ways. Their Gods produce quite different effects upon them.

Undoubtedly, there are certain common characteristics in the mass of American Gods. They all claim to be Biblical. And certainly They are all conspicuously anthropomorphic. They are Biblical because Scripture is used to enable Their missionaries to describe Them. And They are anthropomorphic because few people can escape the necessity of making God in their own image. Also, it is clear that most of these Gods rule a geocentric world, and inhabit what Dean Inge calls a geographic heaven. Their earth was made in six literal days. Above it, in some remote place which nobody has ever seen, They sit enthroned in glory. They have long white whiskers, and, when people pray, They incline Their ears. They are very old men. Very far off. They never have any actual relation to life on this earth. On Sundays people talk to Them, or rather at Them, in churches, but during the week They are carefully locked up. It might be awkward if one of Them got out and turned up at the store. That *would* cause a row. And of course, while people pray to Them, they do not really expect that They will do anything about it. It is just one of those old customs.

Thus, at the present time a veritable *Götterdämmerung* is taking place in America. The old, out-worn, obsolete Gods are dying. Multitudes who formerly worshiped Them no longer believe in Them. Their churches in many instances are almost deserted. They cannot pay Their debts. Their priests and ministers starve. Nobody heeds their howling. Efforts are made from time to time to revive Them, but the revivals fail.

So the time is at hand for the creation of a new God for America. We should indubitably have One. But His creation will be no light task. Even genius of the highest order is scarcely sufficient for it. It will take, no doubt, a generation or two to build up an adequate God for this great people. The new Gods of history did not spring suddenly into being. It took years of labour and strife to devise and promulgate One.

IV

This new God for America must appeal to the imagination. A God, to be a God at all, must be believed in. You cannot believe in something that you cannot imagine. It used to be maintained that belief was a matter of will, but there is really no such thing as a will to believe. A lot of perfectly good people have been executed because they could not adjust

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their imaginations to the beliefs that the authorities of their age required of them. We are just coming to understand that imagination, rather than will, is the important factor in life, and, if in life, then in religion.

It is just because people can no longer visualize the Gods of the past in their imaginations that the old Gods are dying. The modern world pictures the universe, not as a thing moving around this earth, but as an infinite spread of stars, with the solar system occupying only a remote and obscure corner—with the earth a midge, a speck, a little ball of mud and fire spinning through the spaces around the sun. Heaven is not above, for there is no above. What is over our heads now will be under our feet at midnight. God cannot sit in heaven, for there is nothing to sit on. The preposterous anthropomorphism of the Bible does not fit the facts of the world. The imagination is unequal to the task of visualizing the eternal Creative Energy, omnipotent, omniscient, that has brought the worlds into being. We can postulate that He must have certain qualities, however. He must have power. He must have beauty. He ought to have goodness. Certainly He is truth. The imagination may be incapable of visualizing such a Being but it can work in that direction. It is at least not compelled to form a picture that it knows to be false.

The old Biblical conception of God did well enough for people who thought that the earth was a flat disc, that it was made in six days, that the sky was the floor of heaven. But the man who has some knowledge of geology and astronomy cannot accept the ideas of crude Hebrew barbarians of two thousand years ago. The Jews themselves found out what they did find out by their observation of the world about them as they knew it. The modern American will not confine his conception of God to the pictures of Him drawn in an age of defective knowledge. He will derive his Deity, not from any single book but from all books—not only from books written by the hands of men, but from the book of Nature as well. Here the pages are the rocks of the everlasting hills, the punctuation marks are the stars, the illuminations are the sunrise and the sunset, the printed word is stamped on every field and flower. Thus the new God will be vaster than the old one in relation to time and space. His omniptent sweep will be wider, His glory more resplendent.

The new American God will not be confined to buildings and to one day in the week. Religion, at bottom, is a philosophy of life. It deals with the whence and why of things. A God Whose laws run all through the universe is not to be crowded out of the affairs of daily life. He must be reckoned with. If He is the God of Nature and of Nature's laws, then it is preposterous to think of Him only an hour on Sunday, or of worship as being anything less than the whole of life. The scientist, the man who builds a bridge, is quite as much a worshiper, so long as he follows the laws of his science, as the singer of psalms. The artist who paints in accordance with truth and beauty is a servant of the Living God quite as truly as the preacher in his pulpit. The philosopher and the statesman who proclaim His truth are quite as religious, even technically, as the prophet who of old declared, "Thus spake the Lord."

Thus it is evident that the new American God will not be derived exclusively from the Bible. The old American Gods have always been taken right out of its pages, at least the Protestant Gods. The Catholic God is philosophical, theological, ecclesiastical rather than Biblical. The Catholic God is defined by Authority. But the Protestant God is purely Biblical. It is curious what a strange idea many Protestants have about the Bible. With them it comes first. First the Bible; then God. No God without the Bible. With such Protestants it is the Book that makes God, not God Who made the Book. Or rather, God *did* make the Book. He wrote it in the King James version and let it down out of Heaven by a string, that people should know something about Him and His doings. A wonderful revelation! Nobody could possibly know anything about God if it were not for the Bible. That is the way in which some Protestants regard the Bible and God. With them God is in the Book. He seldom gets out of it. Hence, He is necessarily a Fundamentalist.

But the new American God will not be confined to the pages of a book, not even those of the Bible. He will rather be the God of the Universe, the Maker of all things, the First Cause, the Creative Energy, the Source of power, beauty, life, intelligence, personality. He will be the God of truth, of reality, of facts. He will make Himself known not through authority, but through experience. For above everything else this new God will be the God of law. Not

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of human law but of divine law. That is to say, He will be the God of things as they are. He will not be a person. He will, however, have personality. A person is an individual and therefore separable. But personality must be contained in the Deity, since personality is a feature of the Universe—is found in the Universe, in ourselves.

Whatever is found in the effect must be originally in the cause. And here we come to the difficult problem of Evil. People are always declaring that there cannot be a God since there is Evil—since their houses burn up, since they can't pay the mortgage, since they have the toothache, since the *Lusitania* sank, since there is such a thing as war. But this is to assume that we know all the purposes and ends of the universe from the slight observation we are able to make here and now. I'm not so sure about that. For one thing, we never would get anywhere if it were not for Evil. It has been the whip of civilization. We do what we do because of it.

> Then, welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!

But the problem of Evil makes a nice little essay by itself. You can regard it as negation, as a limitation of good, as a condition of growth, as a disciplinary condition for improvement. But you cannot altogether be content with the Christian Science idea that it is an illusion. Not if you have the hives.

However, let us leave something to be worked out. A God Who lacked mystery would scarcely be worth His salt. And the new American God must have not only the vague shadows of the remote past of His being to shroud Him, and the splendours of creation to veil Him, but ultimate purposes and an infinite variety of methods that we cannot expect to measure. If we get a glimpse of His glory, that is enough.

V

We must insist that our new God shall be a unity. To a large number of untheologically trained minds the Christian dogma of the Trinity has brought only confusion. It is not too much to say that a good many Christians are tritheists, or at least worship two Gods. But the most important truth that modern science has brought out is the unity of the universe and its laws. Things are the same here and in Calcutta. The same rules hold for the sun and for Sirius. There is one operative power throughout the great whole. Therefore, the new God must be one. The Trinity confuses people. I do not say that there is not a Trinity; what I say is that a good many people have erroneous ideas about it, and that they lose something valuable in failing to realize the unity of God.[1]

But above all the new American God will be a God of law, of ascertained scientific law. Just as the ancient Jews, finding out certain truths that were of value in establishing their nation, made them articles of religion, so the modern world, finding out certain truths of the Universe and of life, will include them in the list of things ordained by its new Deity. As the prophets of old proclaimed, "Thus saith the Lord," so now the tested experience of our men of science will say with equal or more certain validity, "This is the law; this is God's law." The creative process, therefore, will not be presented to us under the old literally interpreted guise of a creation in six days. It will be a matter of geologic ages, of vast realms of time, of growth, of evolution. Most intelligent people have already accepted this idea. Man will not be conceived of as having been made from the dust of the earth, and woman from Adam's rib. Man will be the ultimate product of that marvelous creative energy which can endow a minute speck of protoplasm with such emotional instinctive wisdom that it can develop into human form and human brain. The Fall of Man will not be considered as an act of disobedience to an arbitrary command not to eat apples in a garden with a woman. It will be thought of as a gradual rise of human life out of lower forms, through savagery and barbarism into civilized society. Sin will not be condemned as the

[1] If the Protestant churches would use the Athanasian Creed to correct the misapprehensions that are derived from the constant use of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, they would avoid this difficulty. The Athanasian Creed was the final fruit of the religious controversies on the Trinity and the Incarnation in the Early Church. It makes clear the fact that there is but one God, and it also distinguishes between the human and the divine natures in Jesus, as the other creeds do not. But the churches are afraid of offending people with the "damnatory clauses." Modern Protestantism lacks the courage of its convictions. This Creed is used in the Roman Catholic Church and in the Church of England. It has made impossible in those churches the kind of controversies that rage among American Protestants.

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deliberate choice of wicked courses on the part of the bad. It will be studied under the forms of race inheritance. The mercy and forgiveness of the new American God will not be the arbitrary acts of a capricious Deity. They will be the deliberate operations of inevitable laws working in relation to the human will. We shall not be saved from a hot hell, alive with worms and roaring with flames. We shall emerge rather into a consciousness of our heritage in the Great Whole, which is the Kingdom of God.

It is worth consideration whether this idea, after all, was not very much what Jesus taught about God. The work of Jesus has been enormously perverted. He has been presented to mankind as a sort of spectacle, a dramatic protagonist, Who came out of the Beyond to perform on this earth a miracle-play by the contemplation of which men would be saved. The churches have stressed the teaching *about* Him, the teaching of St. Paul and the Creeds and the theologians. They have overlooked almost entirely the teaching *of* Him. The teaching *of* Jesus is far more important than the teaching *about* Jesus. The teaching *of* Jesus presents, under the term Kingdom of God, certain possibilities for human consciousness that are entirely suitable for an apprehension of the new American God. He had a consciousness of His relation to the Creative Energy of the Universe, which He called the Father, combined with a perception of certain psychological and sociological laws, which He regarded as important for people to grasp. They constitute a veritable rule of divine procedure, the Kingdom which was His Good News. It was too good for the Jews and it is too good for many Christians. This conscious *rapport* with the Divine made Him the Son of God. The Jews regarded His claim, not understanding it, as blasphemy. They crucified Him. But His value to us at the present time is exactly this. His human soul had attained the fifth octave in the scale of existence. It was joined to and illuminated by the Eternal Word.

Something of the same sort of thing takes place in the mind of every man who thinks. And it gives a hint in regard to the possibility of the modern world obtaining a realization of the new God. That God is not to be merely transcendent. He is to be immanent. If you will consider the nature of ideas, you will perceive that every discovery, every invention, every new idea, is in reality a miracle of inspiration. Out of the remote and obscure past, out of the ages of antiquity, out of the race consciousness, our ideas pour in a stream. Then comes a new thought, a new idea, an invention, a discovery. Edisons arise. Lincolns take the lead. Columbus, Newton, the great brotherhood of those who have moved and advanced the world in its history. They are all revealing God to man. The prophets did the same in their way perhaps. But the new American God will have a wider range of prophets.

So far as the worship of Him is concerned, it will be felt and expressed not only in the great symbols of historic liturgies but in daily life, in the walks and ways of men. We do not say that it will be perfect. But it will be an advance. Faith, as it is called in religion, is, in secular terminology, Speculative Desire. Speculative Desire is the essential condition of human activity. The business man and the lover, the politician and the statesman, the scientist and the farmer, the inventor and the discoverer, the gambler and the moonshiner, the man about to be married and the man about to be divorced, the actor and the artist, the bandit and the prize-fighter, the banker and the gold-brick man, the bull and the bear, the saint and the sinner, all alike are actuated by Speculative Desire, by Faith. In the language of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, a very ancient book, "Faith means we are confident of what we hope for, convinced of what we do not see." In short, we take a chance. People who do not take a chance never get anywhere. People who succeed want something. Their imagination works on it. They make a trial. It is the same in religion.

VI

THE new God must be believed in. That is to say, there must be Speculative Desire for a knowledge of Him by everybody who expects to establish any relationship with Him. The chemist desires to produce a certain new and valuable compound. He speculates, illuminated by what knowledge he already possesses, about the reactions that will produce what he desires to make. He dreams about it nights. Then he makes a trial. He puts his speculative theories to the test. If they work out, he has proved them. His test-tubes and solutions show the actual result. If he fails, he either tries again or gives up the attempt. In short, his test is pragmatic.

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It is the same way with Faith. You conceive that there would be a value in making contact with the Source of all being and of all power. You would like to find yourself *en rapport* with Him. Very well. You speculate about His character and His laws. You realize that you must conform to them if you are to know Him as a reality. The result is a certain satisfaction, a peace, an assurance, an increased sense of illumination, a knowledge, an added power. You find that you are saved from your hells. You attain freedom from fear. There arises a definite experience of joy. You think in a new way. Brighter. There is contentment. You become permanently gay without the aid of a cocktail. It is really quite wonderful.

To be specific, suppose we consider one aspect of the new God, one of His essential attributes, one of the qualities that define and describe Him—Justice. Now, all jurists are agreed that Justice is an equilibrium of forces. Every shyster knows that this is true. The rich criminal can hold off the dogs of the law; the poor man has only a small chance. Might makes right. The big cannons always win. Perfectly true. Good philosophy. You do not find any balance between right and wrong in this world that even the least cynical can respect. But here comes in the Speculative Desire for a God of Justice, Who will weigh the balance and give support to the weak but righteous cause. You have Faith that there is such a God. You speculate about the matter. You take into account the eternities. You scan the horizons of history. You study the sociological effect of intolerance, bigotry, dishonesty, crime, chicanery. You make a diagnosis of the psychology of the just and the unjust. You believe. You will make a trial, take a chance. *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.* You take your stand in the thin red line. You stick your hand into the slipping pulley. You are crushed. *Soit.* At the very moment you hear the chants of the choirs of heaven and the Voice of God:

> When sudden—how think ye, the end?
> Did I say "without friend"?
> Say rather, from marge to blue marge
> The whole sky grew his targe
> With the sun's self for visible boss,
> While an arm ran across
> Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
> Where the wretch was safe pressed!
> Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,
> The man sprang to his feet,
> Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
> —So, I was afraid!

And the new American God will be the God of Truth. Justice merges into Truth. If your Speculative Desire conceives of Truth as something to be realized, something to be expressed, something to be cooperated with, you are already an initiate in the true religion. You have joined the Church Militant. You have entered the real Salvation Army. In spite of the flapdoodle of fools, the lies of lawyers, the phantasies of philosophers, the tangled trickery of theologians, the ugly untruths of uplifters, the falsehoods of Fundamentalists, the preposterous prevarications of Prohibitionists, the silly solecisms of Socialists, the conspiracies of corporations and capitalists, the hypocrisies of holier-than-thou hierophants, the fictions of fanatics, the elusive, eclectic, empirical exaggerations of ecclesiastics, the arrogant and artful arguments of Authority, you still believe. Your desire for Truth and your speculative enthusiasm compel you to feel that you can clean up the nasty mess. You become an Apostle of the new God, the God of Truth. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit.* (A little jaded Latin comports with your theological mind.) You take up the Cross, and if you see a head, you hit it. Good for you! That is the true crusade for the votaries of the new American God. The congregation will now sing three stanzas of the wonderful old hymn, "We March. We March to Victory," to the honour and glory of that God. You have disentangled the Truth. You have seen Him face to face. You lift up your heart. *Sursum corda.* You are now a worshiper. *Hosanna!*

And Beauty. Beauty, perhaps more than any other attribute, needs to be stressed. For the old Gods of this country are notoriously ugly. Their hideous temples deface the landscape on every hand. The Puritanical idolaters have constructed a God that hates colour, grace and taste. They worship Him in their drab tabernacles with hideous sounds, roaring organs, and psalms sung through their noses. They think of beauty as the creation of the Devil. Vestments, lights, colours, incense, the splendour of ceremonial, the delicacy of storied windows, the mystery of vast naves, such things they abhor. Their chief act of worship consists of listening to a stupid man deliver a dull address. Their priests wear frock coats and look like undertakers. If one has any Speculative Desire in relation to the God of Beauty, one goes out into the great cathedral of Nature and

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worships Him in the stars, in the splendour of the sunset, in the pale blue of distant mountain ranges, in the restless turmoil of the green sea; one finds Him in the delicate beauty of flowers, in the shimmer and flash of gems, in the exquisite grace of the human form, in the divine perfection of the human face; or it may be that He speaks to one out of the sonorous cadences of the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, or looks out from a canvas by Botticelli. Nature is the Great Artist's own building. His church. Art is His *mêtier*. The man who has any Speculative Desire about Beauty, either as it is found in nature or reproduced by genius, will believe in the new God. And the person who works in the element of Beauty, whether professionally or not, knows something of the Eternal Creative Spirit in a very close and intimate companionship, indeed.

These are a few of the features of the new American God. They have not lacked recognition, at times, in the past. God has not left Himself altogether without witness in any age or in any place. What America needs is simply a more perfect realization of the possibilities of a determined faith in the One True God.

If you ask me about the name for this new American God, my idea is that it is probably better just to keep the old word for Him, and call Him simply God. Honestly, I think it would scarcely be worth while to change the name.

The Elder-Witch

Ancient Danish Song

Translated by George Borrow

According to the Danish tradition, there is a female Elf in the elder tree, which she leaves every midnight; and, having strolled among the fields, returns to it before morning.

THOUGH tall the oak, and firm its stem,
  Though far abroad its boughs are spread,
  Though high the poplar lifts its head,
I have no song for them.
  A theme more bright, more bright would be
  The winsome, winsome elder tree,
Beneath whose shade I sit reclin'd;—
  It holds a witch within its bark,
  A lovely witch who haunts the dark,
And fills with love my mind.

When ghosts, at midnight, leave their graves,
  And rous'd is every phantom thing;
  When mermaids rise and sweetly sing
In concert with the waves;
  When Palnatoka,[1] on his steed,
  Pursues the elves across the mead,
Or gallops, gallops o'er the sea,
  The witch within the elder's bark,
  The lovely witch who haunts the dark,
Comes out, comes out to me.

Of leaves the fairies make our bed;
  The knight, who moulders 'neath the elm,
  Starts up with spear and rusted helm,—
By him the grace is said;
  And though her kiss is cold at times,
  And does not scent of earthly climes,
Though glaring is her eye, yet still
  The witch within the elder's bark,
  The lovely witch who haunts the dark,
I prize, and ever will.

Yet, once I lov'd a mortal maid,
  And gaz'd, enraptur'd, on her charms,
  Oft circled in each other's arms,
Together, here we stray'd;—
  But, soon, she found a fairer youth,
  And I a fairer maid, forsooth!
And one more true, more true to me,
  The witch within the elder's bark,
  The lovely witch who haunts the dark,
Has been more true to me.

[1] It was frequently the practice of the ancient Norsemen, after having entombed their dead kings and heroes, to plant oaks or other trees over them, in order to prevent their remains being disturbed with facility. In that sublimest of all poems, "The Incantation of Hervor," is a passage to the following effect:

Hervadr, Hiorvadr, Hrani and Angantyr,
I wake ye all under the roots of the trees.

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Concerning Kissing

PART II

FALSTAFF . . . *Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves"; hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. (Embracing Mrs. Ford.)* *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* SHAKESPEARE.

EYE LANGUAGE IN THE EAST

"A flower of Deborah's choosing!" The cry was taken up, and the young girl rose and stepped up to Othman er-Riffa.

He looked at her boldly; and then, since he dared not speak to her with his lips, he spoke to her with the flash and depth of his eyes.

"I love your hair!" said his black eyes.

Her brown eyes caught the message and sent back answer, silent, demure, yet heavy with sudden longing:

"Then why don't you kiss me?"

"I love your mouth!" said his black eyes.

"Then why don't you kiss me?" replied her brown eyes.

"I love your throat!"

"Then why don't you kiss me?"

"I shall—presently!" said his black eyes, and he bowed as, blushing, amidst the laughter and cheers of the crowd, she took a crimson rose from her wedding bouquet and gave it to him.

Once more he broke into song, improvising couplets in her honour.

Steel and Jade. ACHMED ABDULLAH.

Just as a rose that opens its calyx when it drinks the sweet dew, she offered me her sugar sweet red mouth. KING WENCESLAUS OF BOHEMIA.

DIANA AT LAST SURRENDERS

" . . . You withdraw your hand—was I rough?"

"No," she smiled demurely; "it must get used to the shackles; but my cottage is in sight. I have a growing love for the place. We will enter it like plain people—if you think of coming in."

As she said it she had a slight shock of cowering under eyes tolerably hawkish in their male glitter; but her coolness was not disturbed, and without any apprehensions she reflected on what has been written of the silly division and war of the sexes:—which two might surely enter on an engagement to live together amiably, unvexed by that barbarous old fowl and falcon interlude. Cool herself, she imagined the same of him, having good grounds for the delusion; so they passed through the cottage-garden and beneath the low porchway, into her little sitting-room, where she was proceeding to speak composedly of her preference for cottages, while untying her bonnet-strings:—"If I had begun my life in a cottage!"—when really a big storm-wave caught her from shore and whirled her to mid-sea, out of every sensibility but the swimming one of her loss of self in the man.

"You would not have been here!" was all he said. She was up at his heart, fast-locked, undergoing a change greater than the sea works; her thoughts one blush, her brain a fire-fount. This was not like being seated on a throne.

"There," said he, loosening his hug, "now you belong to me! I know you from head to foot. After that, my darling, I could leave you for years, and call you wife, and be sure of you. I could swear it for you—my life on it! That's what I think of you. Don't wonder that I took my chance—the first:—I have waited!"

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Truer word was never uttered, she owned, coming into some harmony with man's kiss on her mouth: the man violently metamorphozed to a stranger, acting on rights she had given him. And who was she to dream of denying them? Not an idea in her head! Bound verily to be thankful for such love, on hearing that it dated from the night in Ireland.

Diana of the Crossways. GEORGE MEREDITH.

The sentence she was about to utter was lost in a kiss, followed by very many more, the number of which could not be reckoned, and the accurate enumeration of which I shall not attempt because it would certainly be rather long, and perhaps very immoral for certain people; though, as far as I am concerned, there is nothing more moral and sacred under heaven than the caresses of a man and a woman when they are both young and handsome. GAUTIER.

LIKE THE EFFECT OF PEPPERMINT DROPS

It was on the way back that his adventure took place. Before he had gone very far he realized that he had missed his way. He remembered distinctly the room with the three sleepy footmen, and, after passing through five or six rooms entirely vacant, he saw his mistake. Retracing his steps, he turned to the left, and found himself in a nearly dark room which he had not seen before. After hesitating a moment, he boldly opened the first door he saw and found himself in complete darkness. Through a chink of the door in front appeared a bright light; from afar throbbed the dull music of a mournful mazurka. Here, as in the drawing-room, the windows were open wide, and the smell of poplars, lilacs, and roses filled the air.

Riabovitch paused irresolutely. For a moment all was still. Then came the sound of hasty footsteps; then, without any warning of what was to come, a dress rustled, a woman's voice whispered a breathless, "At last!"—and two soft, scented, unmistakably feminine arms met around his neck, a warm cheek impinged on his, and he received a hearty kiss. But hardly had the quick sound of the kiss echoed through the silence, when the unknown shrieked loudly, and fled away—as it seemed to Riabovitch—in disgust. Riabovitch himself nearly screamed, and rushed headlong toward the bright gleam of light in the door-chink.

As he entered the drawing-room his heart beat violently, and his hands trembled so perceptibly that he clasped them behind his back to conceal them. His first emotion was shame, as though everyone in the room already knew that he had just been hugged and kissed. He retired into his shell, looking fearfully around. But, finding that hosts and guests were calmly dancing or talking, he took courage, and surrendered himself to sensations experienced for the first time in his life. The unparalleled and unprecedented had happened. His neck, still feeling the embrace of two soft, scented arms, seemed anointed with oil; near his left mustache, where the kiss had fallen, trembled a slight, delightful chill, as though from peppermint drops; and from head to foot he was stirred with new and extraordinary sensations, which continued to grow and grow.

He felt that he must dance, talk, run into the garden, laugh without restraint. He forgot completely that he was round-shouldered, undistinguished, lynx-whiskered, and that he had an "indefinite exterior"—a woman's description of him that he had chanced to overhear. As Madame von Rabbek passed him he smiled so broadly and so graciously that she came up and looked at him searchingly. ANTON CHEKHOV.

Thorns arm the rose, the bees their honey hide,
And lovers' quarrels lead to keener joys;
The love that's half refused inflames the more,
Sweetest the kiss that's stolen from weeping maid. CLAUDIANUS.

THE BIBLICAL CLASSIFICATION

Eight diversities of kisses are mentioned in the Scriptures: the kiss of salutation, 1 Samuel, xx. 41; valediction, Ruth, i. 9; reconciliation, 2 Samuel, xiv. 33; subjection, Psalms, ii. 12; approbation, Proverbs, vii. 13; adoration, 1 Kings, xix. 18; treachery, Matthew, xxvi. 49; affection, Genesis, xxvii. 27. There are some other kinds of kisses which the Scriptures do not mention—neither do the young ladies. *Old Magazine.*

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(Francesca da Rimini speaks) "*One day*
For our delight we read of Lancelot,
How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wishéd smile, as rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more. DANTE.

IT TROUBLED POOR, MELANCHOLY "DEMOCRITUS, JR."

To kiss and be kissed, which, amongst other lascivious provocations, is as a burden in a song, and a most forcible battery, as infectious, Xenophon thinks, as the poison of a spider; a great allurement, a fire itself, *proœmium aut anticœnium*, the prologue of burning lust (as Apuleius adds), lust itself, *Venus quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit*, a strong assault, that conquers captains, and those all commanding forces, (*Domasque ferro sed domaris osculo*). Aretine's Lucretia, when she would in kindness overcome a suitor of hers, and have her desire of him, "took him about the neck, and kissed him again and again." . . .

"They breathe out their souls and spirits together with their kisses," saith Balthazar Castilio, "change hearts and spirits, and mingle affections as they do kisses, and it is rather a connection of the mind than of the body." And although these kisses be delightsome and pleasant, Ambrosial kisses, *Suaviolum dulci dulcius Ambrosiâ*, such as Ganymede gave Jupiter, *Nectare suavius*, sweeter than nectar, balsam, honey, *Oscula merum amorem stillantia*, love-dropping kisses; for

"The gilliflower, the rose is not so sweet,
As sugared kisses be when lovers meet".

Yet they leave an irksome impression, like that of aloes or gall,

"At first Ambrosia itself was not sweeter,
At last black hellebore was not so bitter."

They are deceitful kisses,

"Why dost within thine arms me lap
And with false kisses me entrap?"

They are destructive, and the more the worse: *Et quæ me perdunt, oscula mille dabat*, they are the bane of these miserable lovers. There be honest kisses, I deny not, *osculum charitatis*, friendly kisses, modest kisses, vestal-virgin kisses, officious and ceremonial kisses, &c. *Osculi sensus, brachiorum amplexus*, kissing and embracing are proper gifts of Nature to a man; but these are too lascivious kisses, *Implicuitque suos circum mea colla lacertos, &c.*, too continuate and too violent, *Brachia non hederæ, non vincunt oscula conchæ;* they cling like ivy, close as an oyster, bill as doves, meretricious kisses, biting of lips, *cum additamento: Tam impresso ore* (saith Lucian) *ut vix labia detrahant, inter deosculandum mordicantes, tum et os aperientes quoque et mammas attrectantes, &c.*, such kisses as she gave to Gyton, *innumera oscula dedit non repugnanti puero, cervicem invadens*, innumerable kisses, &c. More than kisses, or too homely kisses. . . .

If, as Peter de Ledesmo *cas. cons.* holds, every kiss a man gives his wife after marriage, be *mortale peccatum*, a mortal sin, or that of Hierome, *Adulter est quisquis in uxorem suam ardentior est amator;* or that of Thomas Secund. *quæst.* 154. *artic.* 4; *contactus et osculum sit*

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mortale peccatum, or that of Durand. *Rational. lib.* 1, *cap.* 10; *abstinere debent conjuges à complexu, toto tempore quo solennitas nuptiarum interdicitur*, what shall become of all such immodest kisses and obscene actions? . . .

But what have I to do with this? *Anatomy of Melancholy.* ROBERT BURTON.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
I think it must be reckoned by its length. BYRON.

CYRANO'S DEFINITION

When all is said, what is a kiss? An oath of allegiance taken in closer proximity, a promise more precise, a seal on a confession, a rose-red dot upon the letter "i" in loving; a secret which elects the mouth for ear; an instant of eternity murmuring like a bee; a balmy communion with a flower of flowers; a fashion of inhaling each other's heart, and of tasting, on the brink of the lips, each other's soul! EDMOND ROSTAND (GERTRUDE HALL).

O that joy so soon should waste!
Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss
Might not forever last!
So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lies on roses
When the morn herself discloses,
Is not so precious,
O, rather than I would it smother
Were I to taste such another,
It should be my wishing,
That I might die with kissing. BEN JONSON.

LADY MARY TO GILBERT IMLAY

But good-night; God bless you: Sterne says that is equal to a kiss—yet I would rather give you the kiss into the bargain, glowing with gratitude to Heaven, and affection to you.
MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take—and give!
OMAR KHAYYAM (FITZGERALD).

"AND NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET"

The Chinese regard the European kiss as odious, suggesting voracious animals, and yellow mothers in the French colonies still frighten children by threatening to give them the white man's kiss. Their own kiss the Chinese regard as exclusively voluptuous; it is only befitting as between lovers, and not only do fathers refrain from kissing their children except when very young, but even mothers only give their children a rare and furtive kiss.
HAVELOCK ELLIS.

(To be Continued)

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English as She is Spoke

Comedy in One Act

By TRISTAN BERNARD

Translated by J. Harris Gable

(NOTE: *Spoken lines printed in italics are in English in the original.*)

CHARACTERS

JULIEN.
BETTY.
A BOY.
A WOMAN CLERK.
EUGENE.
HOGSON, *father of* BETTY.
A POLICE INSPECTOR.
A POLICE OFFICER.

The scene is laid in Paris, in a hotel lobby. Lower R. and L., doors; at the rear, a bay opening onto a corridor with opening on side. L.C., an L-shaped counter, with pigeon-holes for keys. Railway posters everywhere, and train and boat time-tables. R. foreground, a table, covered with newspapers, books, and a telephone.

(JULIEN, BETTY, *a* BOY, *and the* CLERK *are on the stage.*)

JULIEN (*to the* BOY)—We want two rooms.

BOY—I will inform the clerk.

JULIEN—Is there a post-office near?

BOY—There is one in the Madeleine. Has Monsieur something to have taken there?

JULIEN (*as if to himself*)—I have a telegram for London. . . . No, I prefer to take it myself. (*Exit* BOY.)

BETTY—*My dear, I should like a room exposed to the sun.*

JULIEN—*Yes, my dear.*

BETTY—*I am very tired. My clothes are dirty.*

JULIEN—Accustom yourself to speak French. We will be noticed less.

BETTY—Oh! I speak French so poorly.

JULIEN—No, you speak it very well.

CLERK—Monsieur wishes——?

JULIEN (*to the* CLERK)—Two rooms, not too far apart.

CLERK—We have numbers 11 and 12, on the second floor.

JULIEN—Eleven and twelve—

BETTY—That is too close.

JULIEN (*in a whisper*)—Be still.

CLERK—Will Monsieur sign the register?

JULIEN—Write "Monsieur and Madame Philibert."

CLERK (*writes*)—Your rooms will be ready in a moment.

BETTY (*to* JULIEN)—Oh! Monsieur and Madame Philibert!

JULIEN—Well, yes. I couldn't give our own names. Suppose I had said M. JULIEN CICANDEL and MADAME BETTY HOGSON! Your father knows of this place, and he is capable of following us. *To run after us.*

BETTY—It is frightful. You mentioned this hotel several times at home. He has a good memory. He must have remembered —Hôtel de Cologne. It is easy to remember —and I'll tell you something terrible: I believe I saw him, back yonder! I saw his gray hat!

JULIEN—There are many gray hats in Paris.

BETTY—I recognized this one as my father's.

JULIEN—The voice of blood— What nonsense.

BETTY (*tenderly*)—*My dear.*

JULIEN—Do not say: *my dear.* Say petit chéri.

BETTY (*with enthusiasm*)—Petit cheri! Oh! I wish we could be married soon. We have done a terrible thing, to leave as we did.

JULIEN—It's all right. It was the only way to gain his consent.

BETTY—But if your employer had wanted —how do you say it?—*to take you as a partner?*

JULIEN—Associer.

BETTY—As-so-cier. Father would have consented to our marriage.

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JULIEN—I know it. But my employer put me off again. He said, "We shall see in three months." Your father wanted to put me off too, and to wait until I became a partner. We had to use drastic methods.

BETTY—You should have resigned at once, and said, "You don't want me as a partner? Very well." That's all.

JULIEN—Yes, but I have no other position. If he had taken me at my word, if he had accepted, I would have found myself with my nose in the water.

BETTY—Your nose in the water! Why your nose in the water? (*Laughing.*) Oh, Monsieur Philibert!

JULIEN—And then I would have come to France for the firm, with three thousand francs for expenses. And thus the expense of the elopement would be paid by them.

BETTY—Yes, but you would have to leave to attend to your business.

JULIEN—From time to time I would have to make trips; they wouldn't be long. And it's better to part once in a while; if we were always together, we'd end by becoming bored.

BETTY—Oh, I would never become bored with you.

JULIEN—Well, then, I have said nothing. But don't you see? I am always afraid that you will become bored, but from the time that you cease to be bored, I shall be bored no longer. But I must leave you for a half hour. I must go to the post-office and telegraph my firm, and then see a client in the Rue du Quatre Septembre.

BETTY—But you leave me all alone! What if I wanted to ask for something?

JULIEN—But you speak French. (*Enter* CLERK.)

BETTY—I wish to speak French only with those who know English also, because I know that they can follow me. But these French, I am always afraid they won't understand me.

JULIEN—As you please. (*To the* CLERK) Is there an interpreter here?

CLERK—Yes, Monsieur. There is always an interpreter here. He will come shortly, and will be at your disposal. The rooms are ready.

JULIEN (*to* BETTY)—I will take you to your room, and then I must send my wire. (*Exeunt.*)

CLERK (*to the* BOY)—Charles, why does the interpreter not come?

BOY—M. Spork? Have you forgotten that he is not coming to-day, because of his sister's divorce? His whole family is dining at Neuilly. But he has sent a substitute, who is just coming. He is right outside there.

CLERK—Tell him to come here. (BOY *steps into the corridor and signals.* EUGENE *enters slowly.*) You come from M. Spork? (EUGENE *nods.*) Did he tell you the conditions, six francs a day? It's good pay. You have only to attend the guests. You understand? (EUGENE *nods.*) (*Exit* CLERK.)

EUGENE (*to the* BOY)—Do you have many foreigners here?

BOY—Oh, it varies. It depends on the season. Mostly English.

EUGENE (*uneasily*)—Ah! Are there many English here right now?

BOY—None at all.

EUGENE (*satisfied*)—Ah! Do you think any will come to-day?

BOY—How do I know? Here's your uniform cap. (*Hands him a cap labeled* "Interpreter.") (*Exit* BOY.)

EUGENE (*reading the inscription*)—Inter-pre-terr! (*Puts on the cap.*) I hope no English people come here, especially as I don't know a word of English—or German, or Italian, or Spanish either, for that matter. This knowledge is, of course, of some use to an interpreter, though. I rather hesitated to accept this job, even for to-day only, but *dame!* I take what I can get. I'm not rolling in money. I certainly hope no Englishmen come here; our conversation would lack spirit.

CLERK (*entering*)—Oh, yes! I forgot to ask you something important. There are interpreters who can jabber several languages, but who can hardly speak French. Do you know French well?

EUGENE—Perfectly.

CLERK—You see, just now you didn't speak to me, and I imagined you didn't understand me.

EUGENE—Don't worry. I speak French admirably.

CLERK—However, we haven't many foreigners here now. (*The telephone rings.*) Wait! (*She answers, and, after a silence*) It's from London. (EUGENE *does not move.*) I say it's from London! In English! Come here!

EUGENE (*goes slowly to the instrument and takes the receiver*)—Allo! (*Aloud, with despair*) Yes! It's English! (*A silence.*) I can't understand them. (*To the telephone*) *Yes! Yes!* (*A silence.*) *Yes! Yes!* (*He makes despairing gestures.*)

CLERK (*from her desk*)—What do they say?

EUGENE—What do they say? Oh, nothing of importance.

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CLERK—They don't telephone from London to say nothing.

EUGENE (*into the telephone*)—*Yes! Yes!* (*To the* CLERK, *in an embarrassed tone*) They are English. They want to reserve rooms. I answered them: *Yes!*

CLERK—Well, we must have more information than that. How many rooms do they want?

EUGENE (*with assurance*)—Four.

CLERK—For when?

EUGENE—Next Tuesday.

CLERK—What floor?

EUGENE—The first.

CLERK—Tell them that we have only two rooms on the first floor now, and will have another the 15th; but we have two fine ones on the second floor.

EUGENE—Shall I say that?

CLERK—Of course . . . Hurry up! (EUGENE *hesitates.*) What are you waiting for?

EUGENE (*watching the* CLERK *stealthily*)—*Lavatory, Manchester*, chapeau, chapeau, *Littletich, Regent Street.* (*Silence.*) (*Aloud*) They insult me! (*Hangs up the receiver.*) That's all! Do they think I will let myself be insulted for a whole hour!

CLERK—They must be people of note. It costs ten francs for three minutes to talk to London.

EUGENE—Ten francs for three minutes! How much is that for an hour?

CLERK (*after reflecting*)—Two hundred francs. (*Exit* CLERK.)

EUGENE—I have just been insulted at two hundred francs per hour. I have been insulted before, but never at that rate. How useful it must be to know languages! Here is the proof, better than any argument, of the necessity for knowing English. In place of letting us moulder on our seats in school, to learn Latin, a dead language, our parents should have done better— I do not speak for myself, for I never studied Latin. Well, let's hope things turn out all right, anyway. (*Leans his elbows on the counter and looks toward the left.* HOGSON *enters by the corridor, places his valise on a chair at the left of the table, and approaches* EUGENE, *who has not seen him.*)

HOGSON—*Is this the Hôtel de Cologne?*

EUGENE (*turning*)—*Yes, yes!* (*Turns his cap around so that the label cannot be seen.*)

HOGSON—*Very well. I want to ask the landlady if she has not received a young gentleman and a lady.*

EUGENE—*Yes! Yes!* (*Backs up to the door on the left and disappears.*)

HOGSON—*What is the matter with him? I shall speak to the interpreter. Where is he?* (*Goes up stage.*) *Interpreter! Interpreter!*

CLERK (*entering L. L.*)—What is the matter? What do you want?

HOGSON—*Oh, good morning, Madame! Can you tell me if Mr. Cicandel is here?*

CLERK—Cécandle?

HOGSON—*Cicandel.*

CLERK—We have no one here named Cécandle. (*Shaking her head*) No! No!

HOGSON—*Now, look here; have you received this morning a young gentleman and a young lady?*

CLERK (*smiling*)—Ah! I do not understand. Interpreter! Interpreter! Where is he? What has become of him? (*To the* BOY, *who has just entered*) Have you seen the interpreter?

BOY—He was just here.

HOGSON (*after looking in a little dictionary*)—Commissaire—Police—*Here.* (*He makes a sign.*)

BOY—What does he say?

CLERK—I believe he wants a policeman. (*To the Englishman, shouting, and pointing to the rear*) Soon!

HOGSON (*making movements as if leading someone*)—Commissaire—Police—*Here.*

BOY—What does he say?

CLERK—I think he wants us to bring an officer.

HOGSON (*holding a coin to the* BOY)—Commissaire—Police—*Come here.*

BOY—He gave me ten francs.

CLERK—Listen! Run to the station and bring an Inspector. Perhaps he can tell him what this one wants.

BOY—He doesn't know French.

CLERK—We have an interpreter.

HOGSON—*Now, I want a room.*

CLERK—That means "chambre." We will give you a *room.* (*To the* BOY) Show him to number 17. (*She gives him the key.*)

HOGSON (*about to leave*)—*Take my luggage.*

BOY (*not understanding*)—Oui, Monsieur.

HOGSON—*Take my luggage.*

BOY—Parfaitement!

HOGSON (*louder*)—*Take my luggage!* (*Points to his valise. The* BOY *takes it angrily.*) *What is the matter with this fellow? I don't like to repeat. Now then, follow me.* (*Exeunt L. L.*)

CLERK—Where is the interpreter? (*She leaves by the corridor.* BETTY *and* JULIEN *enter.*)

BETTY—You won't be gone long?

JULIEN—I'm just going to the post-office.

BETTY—I'm so afraid! Did you hear shouting just now? I thought I heard father.

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JULIEN—No, no! It's an obsession. This morning it was his gray hat, now it's his voice. Well, I must go.

BETTY—Au revoir, *my dear*.

JULIEN—Say: petit chéri.

BETTY—Petit chéri. (*Exit* JULIEN, *L. R.*, BETTY, *L. L.*)

EUGENE (*slipping in at the left, his cap still backwards*)—No one! And it's only ten-thirty, and I stay until midnight. (*Goes upstage to read a coloured poster.*) No train arrives from London until seven. I can be tranquil until then.

CLERK (*entering L. R.*)—Interpreter! Where were you just now?

EUGENE—Just now?

CLERK—Yes, I told you not to leave.

EUGENE—I left suddenly. I heard a cry, "Help!"—in Spanish—but I was mistaken; it was not here.

CLERK—You left so suddenly that you put your cap on backwards.

EUGENE (*touching his cap*)—Oh yes, so I did.

CLERK—Why are you waiting to turn it around? Well, well, fix it! Now, try not to leave again. (EUGENE *seats himself by the counter, and the* CLERK *takes her place.*) An Englishman is coming who doesn't know a word of French. He asked for an Inspector. I don't know what he wants.

EUGENE (*to himself*)—Nor do I. The chances are I shall never know.

VOICE OF HOGSON (*from wings*)—*Look here, waiter! Waiter! Give me a good polish on my patent-leather boots, and bring me a bottle of soda-water.*

EUGENE—Oh, what a jargon! Where are the days when French was known all over the earth? There was a society for the propagation of the French language. Where is it now?

HOGSON (*entering L. R., as* INSPECTOR *enters by the corridor*)—*Well, what about the Inspector?*

INSPECTOR—What's the matter here? Who wants me? Couldn't you come to the station?

HOGSON—*Yes.*

INSPECTOR—It's customary.

HOGSON—*Yes!*

INSPECTOR—I see you are a gentleman. You must conform to the customs of the country.

HOGSON—*Yes!*

INSPECTOR—Well! He is easily managed.

CLERK—He doesn't know a word of French.

INSPECTOR—And I don't know a word of English. We can't understand each other.

CLERK (*to* EUGENE, *who is quietly leaving the room*)—Interpreter!

EUGENE—Here I am.

INSPECTOR—Make him tell you his trouble. (EUGENE *approaches* HOGSON.)

HOGSON (*noting the cap of* EUGENE, *with satisfaction*)—*Oh! Interpreter!*

EUGENE—*Yes, yes!*

HOGSON—*Tell him I am James Hogson, from Newcastle-on-Tyne. Tell him! I have five daughters. My second daughter, Betty, ran away from home with a young gentleman, Mr. Cicandel. Tell him!* (EUGENE *looks at him without moving.*) *Tell him, I say!*

INSPECTOR—What does he say?

EUGENE—It's very complicated. A whole history. He is English.

INSPECTOR—I know it.

EUGENE—So do I. He is here to visit Paris, like all Englishmen.

INSPECTOR—And that is why he wants a Police Inspector, I suppose!

EUGENE—No! Wait! Wait! Give me time to translate it.

HOGSON—*Tell him also that this young man is a Frenchman, and a clerk in a banking house on St. James Street.*

EUGENE (*to the* INSPECTOR)—Why should an Englishman just arrived in Paris need a Police Inspector? (*Embarrassed.*) For the theft of some jewels—a pocket-book. (*Gets an idea.*) I'll tell you: Monsieur got off the Limited——

HOGSON—*Tell him that the young gentleman——*

EUGENE (*to* HOGSON, *motioning to him to be silent*)—Ssh! (*To the* INSPECTOR) Monsieur just got off the Limited at the Gare du Nord, when a fellow threw himself against him and took his pocket-book.

HOGSON (*approving his recitation*)—*Yes! Very well!*

EUGENE (*astonished*)—*Yes?* Well, old fellow, you're easy enough. (*He goes upstage.* HOGSON *approaches the* INSPECTOR *and takes out his pocket-book.*)

INSPECTOR (*astonished*)—You have two pocket-books? (*To* EUGENE) He has two pocket-books.

EUGENE—Of course. It's English.

HOGSON (*holding his pocket-book toward the* INSPECTOR)—*That is the likeness, the —young man's—photo—photograph!*

INSPECTOR (*in amazement*)—The photograph of the thief?

HOGSON—*Yes.*

INSPECTOR—These English are astonishing! An unknown man jostles them in a crowd and robs them, and they already

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have his picture. (*Reflects.*) But how can that be?

EUGENE—Didn't I tell you that the robber is a man whom he knows well?

INSPECTOR—No! What is his name? Ask him.

EUGENE—Ask him? He has already told me his name. It is John—John—(*he utters something inarticulate*) Lroukx!

INSPECTOR—How do you spell it?

EUGENE—How to spell it? W-k-m-x.

INSPECTOR—How the devil is it pronounced?

EUGENE (*inarticulately*)—Crouic!

INSPECTOR—Well, I'll go and begin the search.

EUGENE—Yes, go. (*Points to* HOGSON.) He is very tired. I believe he wants to go to bed.

INSPECTOR—I am going. (*To the Englishman*) I will start the search. (*Exit by the corridor.*)

HOGSON (*to* EUGENE)—*What did he say to me?* (EUGENE *nods without answering.*)

HOGSON—*What did he say to me?* (EUGENE *nods again.*)

HOGSON (*louder*)—*What did he say to me?*

EUGENE—*Yes! Yes!*

HOGSON (*furious*)—*What! Yes! Yes! Damn it all!*

CLERK—What does he say?

EUGENE—Nothing.

CLERK—He looks furious! Ask him what's the matter.

EUGENE—No, no! We must let him alone. He said so. He said if any one spoke to him he would leave the hotel.

CLERK—He is a fool!

EUGENE (*aside*)—Or a martyr. No, I am the martyr.

HOGSON (*to the* CLERK)—*Bad, bad interpreter!*

CLERK—What did he say?

HOGSON (*louder*)—Maovais! Maovais *interpreter!*

CLERK—Ah! He said: mauvais interprète!

EUGENE (*shrugging his shoulders*)—Humph—Humph—Movey, movey!

HOGSON (*still furious, to the* CLERK)—*Look here, Madame, I never saw such a damned hotel in my blooming life!* (*Going to* EUGENE) *Never!—nor such a cursed fool of an interpreter! Do you think I have come all the way from London to be laughed at? It is the last time* (*stamping angrily off*) *I get a room in your damned inn!* (*Exit L. R.*)

CLERK—He is furious.

EUGENE—No, he is enchanted. (*He imitates the Englishman.*) It is a characteristic of the English.

CLERK—I'm going out a moment. Try to stay here and do not budge. (*Exit L. L.*)

EUGENE (*seating himself at the counter*)—Ah! for a little house in the country in Touraine, in the heart of France. Here, we are surrounded by foreigners. I would have a peaceful life. The peasants would speak their dialect to me, but I wouldn't have to listen. I am not an interpreter of dialect.

BETTY (*entering*)—*Interpreter!*

EUGENE (*making a sign that he has a sore throat*)—My throat—No voice— (*Aside*) She doesn't understand. She must be told in English.

BETTY—You cannot speak?

EUGENE (*ardently, in his usual tone*)—You speak French! Why did you not say so?

BETTY—You can speak now.

EUGENE (*returning to his false voice*)—Not easily as yet, but it is better. (*In his natural voice*) Good! Now it's all right again. Let us speak of it no longer.

BETTY—*Do you know if the post-office is far from here?*

EUGENE—Oh! Since you can speak French, why do you amuse yourself by speaking English? That is not the way to understand French better.

BETTY—I know so little French.

EUGENE—Exactly! I wish to accustom you to its use. If you speak English to me, I will not answer you.

BETTY (*begging*)—*Oh, I speak French with such difficulty.*

EUGENE (*shaking his head*)—I do not wish to understand.

BETTY—Well, I am going to tell you—(*She sees the gray hat on the table.*) Oh!

EUGENE—What is the matter?

BETTY—Whose hat is that?

EUGENE—An Englishman left it there.

BETTY (*coming closer*)—*Oh! My father's hat!* (*To the interpreter*) *Oh! My friend is out! He left me alone! He has not yet returned. I am going to my room.*

EUGENE—Yes, yes. I understand.

BETTY—I am going to my room.

EUGENE—Oh, yes. Of course. (*Exit* BETTY *L. R.*) At least I can chat with her, if not with the Englishman. They simply can't learn our language. It's British pride.

JULIEN (*entering L. L.*)—*Interpreter!*

EUGENE—No! No! The measure is full! I am through! I renounce my position! There are too many Englishmen. Too many. (*To* JULIEN) Cochon de rosbif! Shut up! You disgust me.

JULIEN—You disgust me even more!

EUGENE (*shaking his hand*)—Ah! You

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speak French? Thanks! What joy to hear it! Ah! Since I have found a compatriot, I am going to ask you to do me a favour, a great favour. You see, I know very little English. I know only Spanish, Italian, Turkish, Russian, and Japanese.

JULIEN—You know Spanish? Que hora son?

EUGENE—Do not quibble. I tell you, then——

JULIEN—I asked you a question. Que hora son? Answer me.

EUGENE—Must I answer immediately? I ask time to reflect.

JULIEN—Must you reflect to tell me what time it is?

EUGENE (*reassured*)—It is eleven-thirty. Listen, you will do me a great favour. It is a question of speaking to an Englishman who is here. He speaks an English that I do not understand. I don't know what he means.

JULIEN—Where is he?

EUGENE—We will find him. Oh! It's good of you to do this for me.

JULIEN—Well, let's go.

EUGENE—He must be in the little room. Wait! Here is my cap. (*Places it on* JULIEN.) You will pass as the interpreter. (*Approaches the door on the right.*) Monsieur! Monsieur!

JULIEN—Say: Seur!

EUGENE (*speaking through door of* HOGSON'S *room*)—Seur! (*Turns to* JULIEN.) I wish to tell him that a good interpreter is here.

JULIEN—*Good interpreter.*

EUGENE—*Good interpreter!* (*Smiles with satisfaction.*) Now we'll have a fine conversation in English between these two gentlemen. (*He goes to the door.*) Seur! Seur! *Good interpreter!* (*Enter* HOGSON. JULIEN *recognizes him and turns suddenly.*)

HOGSON—*Hello! A good interpreter? All right!* (*To* JULIEN) *Oh, is this the new man? Very well, I want to get my breakfast served in the dining-room, but at a separate table.* (JULIEN *gently gains the rear by going obliquely, and disappears.*)

EUGENE (*astonished*)—Well, I'm not the only one who runs away from the English!

HOGSON (*to* EUGENE)—*What is the matter with him?*

EUGENE—No, old fellow, it is no longer I, it is he! (*Amiably*) Au revoir, Monsieur, au revoir.

HOGSON (*furious*)—*What do you mean, you rascal, you stupid scoundrel, you brute, you damned frog-eating beggar!* (*He exits, L. L.*)

EUGENE (*alone*)—No, I would never be on good terms with him. And I prefer to take my departure while there is yet time. (*Hears a noise outside.*) What's that! An assassination? A fight! They are people who speak French. That's all right. It doesn't concern me.

INSPECTOR (*enters, followed by an* OFFICER *who is holding* JULIEN *by the arm*)—I have the thief. I have him. Just as I was passing the door I saw him coming out, and recognized him by the photograph. Ah! Find the Englishman for me. We'll show him how the French police work. As soon as a criminal is known, he is arrested. (*To* EUGENE) Go find the Englishman, and come back with him; and—oh, yes, we may need you.

EUGENE—You do well to say that. (*Aside*) I don't know the hotel roof; I think I'll visit it. (*Exit, by the corridor.*)

JULIEN—What do you mean! You arrest me! You can't arrest me like this!

INSPECTOR—Oh! It is certainly you who are named— (*He tries to pronounce the name written in his note-book.*) W-k-m-x? Oh! Do not be astonished. You can explain at the station. (*To the* BOY, *who has just entered*) Bring the Englishman who was here—the big man with the gray hat.

JULIEN (*trying to escape*)—With a gray hat!

INSPECTOR—Ah! That tells you something, does it? (*To the* OFFICER) Hold him!

BETTY (*entering L. R.*)—Oh! Petit chéri! Petit chéri!

INSPECTOR—Arrest this woman. (*The* OFFICER *takes her arm.*)

BETTY—Oh! *My dear!* What is the matter?

JULIEN—You were right this morning. The gray hat is here. (BETTY *trembles.*)

INSPECTOR—Be still! No communication there! I will remember the bit about the gray hat. (*To the* OFFICER) Did you see them start when we spoke of the gray hat? They are a dangerous band.

BOY (*entering with* HOGSON, *L. L.*)—Here he is.

HOGSON (*in a sonorous tone, after perceiving* BETTY)—*Oh, Betty! Are you still my daughter? Have you thought of your poor mother's anxiety and despair?* (*Silencing the* INSPECTOR, *who wishes to interrupt him*) *Leave me alone!* (*To* BETTY) *Have you thought of the example of immorality for your sisters? Have you thought . . .* (*To the* INSPECTOR) *Leave me alone!* (*To* BETTY) *Have you thought of the tremendous scandal?*

INSPECTOR—You are losing time. It's no use to preach morals to wrong-doers.

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HOGSON (*to the* INSPECTOR)—*My friend, I have five daughters. My second daughter, Betty, ran away from*——

INSPECTOR (*pointing to* JULIEN)—This is the man who stole your pocket-book?

HOGSON (*energetically*)—*Yes!*

JULIEN—What! He accuses me of stealing, now? (*To* HOGSON) *You told this man I stole your pocket-book?*

HOGSON—*My pocket-book! But I never said such a thing!*

JULIEN (*to the* INSPECTOR)—You see! He said he didn't say that.

INSPECTOR—You know, I don't understand English. You can make him say whatever you please. We're going. Bring them both along!

JULIEN (*to* HOGSON)—*Do you know he will send your daughter to prison?*

HOGSON—*My daughter to prison! (Takes her by the arm.)*

CLERK (*entering L. L.*)—What is the matter?

INSPECTOR—Ah! You plague me to the end. I will take you all. You may explain at the station.

BETTY—But I am his daughter!

INSPECTOR—What does that mean? (*Prolonged ringing of the telephone.*)

CLERK (*at the telephone*)—They are calling from London. The call is for Monsieur Julien Cicandel.

JULIEN—I am he.

CLERK—But you called yourself Philibert.

JULIEN—I also call myself Cicandel.

INSPECTOR—And W-k-m-x. It is suspicious. It is more and more so.

JULIEN—Allow me to answer. (*He goes to the phone, his arm still held by the* OFFICER.) *Hello.* It is my employer in London. *Yes! Yes!* It seems he phoned a while ago, and they connected him with an insane asylum. *All right. Oh! Thank you! Thank you!* (*Aside*) He says he will take me into the firm.

BETTY (*jumping with joy*)—*Oh! Father! He will take Julien into the firm.*

HOGSON—*He will? He really*——?

BETTY—*Yes! Oh, I am so happy!*

JULIEN—Let your father listen. (*To* HOGSON) *Listen yourself.*

HOGSON (*at the phone*)—*Hello. Speak louder; I can't hear you . . . Hello! All right. If you take Julien into the firm I have nothing more to say . . . That's good . . . Thank you . . . Good-bye.* (*To* JULIEN) *My friend, I give you my daughter.* (BETTY *kisses him and then* JULIEN.)

EUGENE (*entering by the corridor*)—What is going on?

INSPECTOR—The most extraordinary things. You recall this Englishman who complained of having been robbed? Well, I caught the robber. I brought him here. He falls into her arms. Now I will believe anything I am told about the English. (*Exit by corridor.*)

EUGENE (*looking at the young couple*)—You are happy?

JULIEN—Oh, yes!

EUGENE—Perhaps I am the cause of it.

JULIEN—How?

EUGENE—It's too long to explain; but, in gratitude, you should find me a place in London.

JULIEN—As an interpreter?

EUGENE (*horrified*)—No! I wish to learn the language.

JULIEN—My father-in-law will find you a place.

HOGSON (*shaking* EUGENE'S *hand*)—*My good man, since you are his friend, you are also my friend.*

EUGENE (*to* JULIEN)—I wish to say something pleasant to him—tell him I do not understand a word he has said.

JULIEN—Say: *I cannot understand.*

EUGENE (*shaking* HOGSON'S *hand*)—Canote endoustan.

(CURTAIN)

Modern Beauty Recipes from Experts

LYNN FONTANNE:
actress, wife of Alfred Lunt

"We don't go out to supper after the play. We come home to the simplest refreshment. Often it is a large glassful of spinach juice."

HAZEL DAWN:
musical comedy star, substitutes a wide board for her mattress

"I can literally feel my muscles loosening their self-grip, and my nerves untying their grim little knots when I lie down on my board."

BILLIE BURKE:
Florenz Ziegfeld's actress-wife

"I believe in the stretching of the spine. We are only as young and lovely as our spines are flexible."

MILDRED HOLLAND:
actress, whose slogan is: "Not a line in my face at sixty"

"Tying the chin with an old silk stocking, fastened at the top of the head, or with a band of linen, 'locking up the face,' prevents the muscles slipping downward."

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Remembered from the Play

"Strange Interlude"

Charles Marsden—What beastly incidents our memories insist on cherishing! . . . the ugly and disgusting . . . the beautiful things we have to keep diaries to remember!

Nina—How we poor monkeys hide from ourselves behind the sounds called words!

Mrs. Evans—Being happy, that's the nearest we can ever come to knowing what's good!

Darrell—To kill happiness is worse murder than taking life!

Nina—My old love . . . how well and young he looks . . . now we no longer love each other at all . . . our account with God the Father is settled . . . afternoons of happiness paid for with years of pain . . . love, passion, ecstasy . . . in what a far-off life were they alive! . . . the only living life is in the past and the future . . . the present is an interlude . . . strange interlude in which we call on past and future to bear witness we are living! . . . .

By Eugene O'Neill, New York, 1928.

"Funny Face"

A Babbitt met a Bromide on the avenue one day,
And held a conversation in their own peculiar way.
They both were solid citizens, they both had been around,
And as they spoke you clearly saw their feet were on the ground.

Refrain

"Hello! How are you?
Howza folks? What's new?
I'm great! That's good!
Ha ha! Knock wood!
Well, well! What say?
How ya been? Nice day!
How's tricks? What's new?
That's fine! How are you?
Nice weather we are having, but it gives me such a pain;
I've taken my umbrella, so of course it doesn't rain.
Heigh-ho! That's life!
What's new? Howza wife?
Got to run! Oh, my!
Ta ta! Olive oil! Good-bye!"

Ten years went quickly by for both these sub-sti-antial men,
And then it happened that one day they chanced to meet again.
That they had both developed in ten years, there was no doubt,
And so, of course, they had an awful lot to talk about:

"Hello! How are you? *etc. etc.*

By Ira Gershwin-Harms, New York, 1927.

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"THE CHERRY ORCHARD"

GAIEFF—If there's any illness for which people have a remedy of remedies, you may be sure that particular illness is incurable.

TROFIMOFF—You're rich, and you'll soon be a millionaire. Yes, and just as the wild beast which eats everything it finds is needed to make certain changes in the cosmic matter, so you are needed too.

TROFIMOFF—What does it mean—you'll die? Perhaps a man has a hundred senses, and when he dies only the five known to us are destroyed, and the remaining ninety-five are left alive.

LIUBOFF ANDREIEVNA—I love him, I love him, I love him. . . . That love is a stone round my neck; I shall sink with it to the bottom, I know, but I love that stone and can't live without it. *By Anton Chekhov, Moscow, 1904; New York, 1928.*

"TWELVE THOUSAND"

PIDERIT—The human race has invented many beautiful words. The people, the home, the family. There is no truth in them. One does not belong to a family; one does not belong to a people. Among men, there exists only one differentiation. There are those who are above, and there are those who remain below!

MARTIN—August Grimminger was a chimney sweep, and he happened to be on the roof when His Highness was passing by with his woman. It wasn't the Spannenberg then, but the one before her—the one from Paris, whom the King of France had just cast aside. She spies the sooty fellow on the roof, and says in jest: "What fun it would be if he were to tumble down!" His Highness is gallant: he will provide that amusement for her at once. And so he shoots him down. How the widow shrieked afterwards, when he gave her five thaler. That was a noble deed, you must confess! For such a ruler one is only too happy to go across the ocean! One can't restrain oneself from shouting for him with all one's might! Come, Karl, join in! Long life to our Sovereign Prince! Hail! Hail! Hail! *By Bruno Frank, Berlin, 1927; New York, 1928.*

"PARIS BOUND"

JAMES HUTTON—Don't glory in your sense of possession. It's the lowest instinct you've got.

JAMES HUTTON—You're going to quit your husband because he had an affair with another woman. Well, suppose he did—what of it? How big a part does that play in your life? Do you describe your marriage in such terms alone? I'm appalled you set such a slight value on yourself. I'm appalled that you accept defeat so easily and on such count. My dear girl, you ought to know that physical attraction isn't limited to one man or woman. It never has and never will be. I don't mean to belittle sex, my dear. I acknowledge quite cheerfully its power and its delight. Sex holds a high and dishonoured place among other forms of intoxication. But love is something else again, and marriage is still another thing. *By Philip Barry, New York, 1928.*

"THE BACHELOR FATHER"

JOHN ASHLEY—She can very easily be managed. All you have to do is to let her have her own way. *By Edward Childs Carpenter, New York, 1928.*

"THESE MODERN WOMEN"

RICHARD CORNWALL—Platonic love exists only among married people nowadays.

RICHARD CORNWALL—Something must be seriously wrong if a woman tells another one to think. *By Lawrence Langner, New York, 1928.*

"SUNNY DAYS"

LEON DORSAY—Why is it that a girl looks so attractive when you tell her "good-bye" for the last time? *By Clifford Grey and Wm. Cary Duncan, New York, 1928.*

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"MAYA"

THE COAL TRIMMER—It's killin' me—workin' day an' night—in the bottom o' the ship—I can't go on! Pitch black all the time. Coal everywhere—on your skin—in your mouth—in your eyes. Never a bit o' sunlight. All black and closed in—water overhead—and the 'eat, somethin' awful! Your tongue, your throat, your stomach—all jest *made* o' coal. We never get a fresh wind in our faces. And the blawsted coal—it keeps on pourin' in—from everywhere! And the black dust—it gits like a fog—a thick, thick—Gawd's Hell!—Liverpool to Nagasaki: sixty-five days, that is—for me, sixty-five nights! I marks down how many times I sees the light—real light. I marks it with a nail on the side of the ship, in me little iron box: eight times. And what's more, I couldn't look at sunlight no more. D'ye know Aden, on the Red Sea? I 'adn't seen the sun for two weeks, 'cause I worked in the daytime. When I comes up on deck—and sees all the w'ite sand—I feels a stabbin' in me eyes—an' I—*ouf!*—I faints.

JAZZ PLAYER—Maya—Does that mean something?

EAST INDIAN—Sometimes it means Mary—and other times, Mother of Desire—and also, Sister of Lies; or, even, Maya may mean the apparition. You know—you think things are like that, and really they are—different. Apparition—illusion. Yes, the power of illusion—that most of all! Illusion—Illusion—Illusion—the "Cocktail Maya"! Here you are, sir!

JAZZ PLAYER—Is she really beautiful?

EAST INDIAN—Maya means also: "beautiful as the description in a book." And when she dances! In India I've seen her—on the roof of the houseboat—in the moonlight—with a tambourine—she beats it: Dung-dada-dung-dung—she beats it. She twirls and turns—she raises her arms toward the moon as if to drag it down—she holds them out to the forest—over the river—as if to draw from them all the wild animals—you should see how her hair flies about her head!—and her tiny feet! She twirls and turns! A revolving lighthouse! White teeth—whites of the eyes—white teeth!—and as she passes she looks at you through her hair—and the tambourine always dung-dada-dung-dung. And you stand there still—fascinated—as a bird is fascinated by a snake through a bamboo hedge—Ha! Ha! Snakes are charmed with a flute, men with words.

By Simon Gantillon, translated by Ernest Boyd, Paris, 1927; New York, 1928.

"OUR BETTERS"

LADY GRAYSTON—When you've known England as long as I have you'll realize that in their hearts they still look upon us Americans as savages and Red Indians.

DUCHESSE—I have been trying to get him something, but it's so difficult. You've got such a lot of influence, can't you do something?

LADY GRAYSTON—What can he do?

DUCHESSE—Anything. And as you know he's very good looking.

LADY GRAYSTON—Does he know French and German?

DUCHESSE—No, he has no gift for languages.

LADY GRAYSTON—Can he type and write shorthand?

DUCHESSE—Oh, no, you can hardly expect that.

LADY GRAYSTON—Can he do accounts?

DUCHESSE—No, he has no head for figures.

LADY GRAYSTON—Well, the only thing I can see that he'd do for is a Government office.

By W. Somerset Maugham, New York, 1917; revived, New York, 1928.

"ROPE"

HENRY DITMAS—You're up against the oldest prejudice in the world, which says that if a girl has given herself to you she is a bad woman.

By David Wallace and T. S. Stribling, New York, 1928.

"HOT PAN"

FANNY GLOWMOSS—It's annoying for a woman to be out-thought.

By Michael Swift, New York, 1928.

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Rollo Learns to Read

By ROBERT J. BURDETTE

WHEN Rollo was five years young, his father said to him one evening:

"Rollo, put away your roller skates and bicycle, carry that rowing-machine out into the hall, and come to me. It is time for you to learn to read."

Then Rollo's father opened the book which he had sent home on a truck and talked to the little boy about it. It was Bancroft's History of the United States, half complete in twenty-three volumes. Rollo's father explained to Rollo and Mary his system of education, with special reference to Rollo's learning to read. His plan was that Mary should teach Rollo fifteen hours a day for ten years, and by that time Rollo would be half through the beginning of the first volume, and would like it very much indeed.

Rollo was delighted at the prospect. He cried aloud:

"Oh, papa! thank you very much. When I read this book clear through, all the way to the end of the last volume, may I have another little book to read?"

"No," replied his father, "that may not be; because you will never get to the last volume of this one. For as fast as you read one volume, the author of this history, or his heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns, will write another as an appendix. So even though you should live to be a very old man, like the boy preacher, this history will always be twenty-three volumes ahead of you. Now, Mary and Rollo, this will be a hard task (pronounced tawsk) for both of you, and Mary must remember that Rollo is a very little boy, and must be very patient and gentle."

The next morning after the one preceding it, Mary began the first lesson. In the beginning she was so gentle and patient that her mother went away and cried, because she feared her dear little daughter was becoming too good for this sinful world, and might soon spread her wings and fly away and be an angel.

But in the space of a short time, the novelty of the expedition wore off, and Mary resumed running her temper—which was of the old-fashioned, low-pressure kind, just forward of the fire-box—on its old schedule. When she pointed to "A" for the seventh time, and Rollo said "W," she tore the page out by the roots, hit her little brother such a whack over the head with the big book that it set his birthday back six weeks, slapped him twice, and was just going to bite him, when her mother came in. Mary told her that Rollo had fallen downstairs and torn his book and raised that dreadful lump on his head. This time Mary's mother restrained her emotion, and Mary cried. But it was not because she feared her mother was pining away. Oh, no; it was her mother's rugged health and virile strength that grieved Mary, as long as the séance lasted, which was during the entire performance.

That evening Rollo's father taught Rollo his lesson and made Mary sit by and observe his methods, because, he said, that would be normal instruction for her. He said:

"Mary, you must learn to control your temper and curb your impatience if you want to wear low-neck dresses, and teach school. You must be sweet and patient, or you will never succeed as a teacher. Now, Rollo, what is this letter?"

"I dunno," said Rollo, resolutely.

"That is A," said his father, sweetly.

"Huh," replied Rollo, "I knowed that."

"Then why did you not say so?" replied his father, so sweetly that Jonas, the hired boy, sitting in the corner, licked his chops.

Rollo's father went on with the lesson:

"What is this, Rollo?"

"I dunno," said Rollo, hesitatingly.

"Sure?" asked his father. "You do not know what it is?"

"Nuck," said Rollo.

"It is A," said his father.

"A what?" asked Rollo.

"A nothing," replied his father, "it is just A. Now, what is it?"

"Just A," said Rollo.

"Do not be flip, my son," said Mr. Holliday, "but attend to your lesson. What letter is this?"

"I dunno," said Rollo.

"Don't fib to me," said his father,

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gently, "you said a minute ago that you knew. That is N."

"Yes, sir," replied Rollo, meekly. Rollo, although he was a little boy, was no slouch, if he did wear bibs; he knew where he lived without looking at the door-plate. When it came time to be meek, there was no boy this side of the planet Mars who could be meeker on shorter notice. So he said, "Yes, sir" with that subdued and well-pleased alacrity of a boy who has just been asked to guess the answer to the conundrum, "Will you have another piece of pie?"

"Well," said his father, rather suddenly, "what is it?"

"M," said Rollo, confidently.

"N!" yelled his father, in three-line Gothic.

"N," echoed Rollo, in lower case nonpareil.

"B-a-n," said his father, "what does that spell?"

"Cat?" suggested Rollo, a trifle uncertainly.

"Cat?" snapped his father, with a sarcastic inflection, "b-a-n, cat! Where were you raised? Ban! B-a-n—Ban! Say it! Say it, or I'll get at you with a skate-strap!"

"B-a-m, band," said Rollo, who was beginning to wish that he had a rain-check and could come back and see the remaining innings some other day.

"Ba-a-a-an!" shouted his father, "B-a-n, Ban, Ban, Ban! Now say Ban!"

"Ban," said Rollo, with a little gasp.

"That's right," his father said, in an encouraging tone; "you will learn to read one of these years if you give your mind to it. All he needs, you see, Mary, is a teacher who doesn't lose patience with him the first time he makes a mistake. Now, Rollo, how do you spell, B-a-n—Ban?"

Rollo started out timidly on c-a—then changed to d-o,—and finally compromised on h-e-n.

Mr. Holliday made a pass at him with Volume I, but Rollo saw it coming and got out of the way.

"B-a-n!" his father shouted, "B-a-n, Ban! Ban! Ban! Ban! Ban! Now go on, if you think you know how to spell that! What comes next? Oh, you're enough to tire the patience of Job! I've a good mind to make you learn by the Pollard system, and begin where you leave off! Go ahead, why don't you? Whatta you waiting for? Read on! What comes next? Why, 'croft,' of course; anybody ought to know that—c-r-o-f-t, croft, Bancroft! What does that apostropne mean? I mean, what does that punctuation mark between t and s stand for? You don't know? Take that, then! (whack). What comes after Bancroft? Spell it! Spell it, I tell you, and don't be all night about it! Can't, eh? Well, read it then; if you can't spell it, read it. H-i-s-t-o-r-y, history; Bancroft's History of the United States! Now, what does that spell? I mean, spell that! Spell it! Oh, go away! Go to bed! Stupid, stupid child," he added as the little boy went weeping out of the room, "he'll never learn anything so long as he lives. I declare, he has tired me all out, and I used to teach school in Tivoli township, too. Taught one whole winter in district number three when Nick Worthington was county superintendent, and had my salary—look here, Mary, what do you find in that English grammar to giggle about? You go to bed, too, and listen to me—if Rollo can't read that whole book clear through without making a mistake to-morrow night, you'll wish you had been born without a back, that's all."

The following morning, when Rollo's father drove away to business, he paused a moment as Rollo stood at the gate for a final good-by kiss—for Rollo's daily good-bys began at the door and lasted as long as his father was in sight—Mr. Holliday said:

"Some day, Rollo, you will thank me for teaching you to read."

"Yes, sir," replied Rollo, respectfully, and then added, "but not this day."

Rollo's head, though it had here and there transient bumps consequent upon football practice, was not naturally or permanently hilly. On the contrary, it was quite level.

SPELL AND DEFINE:

Tact	Imperturbability	Ebullition
Exasperation	Red-hot	Knout
Lamb	Philosopher	Terrier

Which end of a rattan hurts the more?—Why does reading make a full man?—Is an occasional whipping good for a boy?—At precisely what age does corporal punishment cease to be effective?—And why?—State, in exact terms, how much better are grown-up people without the rod, than little people with it.—And why?—When would a series of good sound whippings have been of the greatest benefit to Solomon: when he was a godly young man, or an idolatrous old one?—In order to reform this world thoroughly, then, whom should we thrash, the children or the grown-up people?—And why?—If, then, the whipping-post should be abolished in Delaware, why should it be retained in the nursery and the school room?—Write on the board, in large letters, the following sentence: *If a boy ten years old should be whipped for breaking a window, what should be done to a man thirty-five years old for breaking the third commandment?*

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A Sale

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

Guy de Maupassant

THE defendants, Césaire-Isidore Brument and Prosper Napoléon Cornu, appeared before the Court of Assizes of the Seine-Inférieure on a charge of attempted murder, by drowning, of Madame Brument, lawful wife of the first of the aforenamed.

The two prisoners sat side by side on the traditional bench. They were two peasants; the first was small and stout, with short arms, short legs, and a round head, with a red, pimply face, planted directly on his trunk, which was also round and short, and with apparently no neck. He was a raiser of pigs, and lived at Cacheville-la-Goupil, in the Canton of Criquetot.

Cornu (Prosper-Napoléon) was thin, of medium height, with enormously long arms. His head was on crooked, his jaw awry, and he squinted. A blue blouse, as long as a shirt, hung down to his knees, and his yellow hair, which was scanty and plastered down on his head, gave his face a worn-out dirty look, a ruined look that was frightful. He had been nicknamed "the curé," because he could imitate to perfection the chanting in church and even the sound of the serpent. This talent attracted to his café—for he was a saloon-keeper at Criquetot—a great many customers who preferred the "mass at Cornu" to the mass in church.

Madame Brument, seated on the witness bench, was a thin peasant woman, who seemed to be always asleep. She sat there motionless, her hands crossed on her knees, gazing fixedly before her with a stupid expression.

The Judge continued his interrogation:

"Well, then, Madame Brument, they came into your house and threw you into a barrel full of water. Tell us the details. Stand up."

She rose. She looked as tall as a flagpole, with her cap, which appeared like a white skull cap. She said, in a drawling tone:

"I was shelling beans. Just then they came in. I said to myself: 'What is the matter with them? They do not seem natural; they seem up to some mischief.' They watched me sideways, like this, especially Cornu, because he squints. I do not like to see them together, for they are two good-for-nothings when they are in company. I said: 'What do you want with me?' They did not answer. I had a sort of mistrust——"

The defendant Brument interrupted the witness hastily, saying:

"I was full."

Then Cornu, turning toward his accomplice, said, in the deep tones of an organ:

"Say that we were both full, and you will be telling no lie."

The Judge, severely: "You mean by that you were both drunk?"

Brument: "There can be no question about it."

Cornu: "That might happen to any one."

The Judge, to the victim: "Continue your testimony, woman Brument."

"Well, Brument said to me, 'Do you wish to earn a hundred sous?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'seeing that a hundred sous are not picked up in a horse's tracks.' Then he said: 'Open your eyes and do as I do,' and he went to fetch the large empty barrel which is under the rain pipe in the corner, and he turned it over and brought it into my kitchen, and stuck it down in the middle of the floor, and then he said to me: 'Go and fetch water until it is full.'

"So I went to the pond with two pails and carried water, and still more water for an hour, seeing that the barrel was as large as a vat, saving your presence, Monsieur le Président.

"All this time Brument and Cornu were drinking a glass, and then another glass, and then another. They were finishing their drinks when I said to them: 'You are full,

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fuller than this barrel.' And Brument answered me: 'Do not worry; go on with your work; your turn will come; each one has his share.' I paid no attention to what he said, as he was full.

"When the barrel was full to the brim, I said: 'There, that's done.'

"And then Cornu gave me a hundred sous. Not Brument, Cornu; it was Cornu gave them to me. And Brument said: 'Do you wish to earn a hundred sous more?' 'Yes,' I said, for I am not accustomed to presents like that. Then he said: 'Take off your clothes.'

"'Take off my clothes?'

"'Yes,' he said.

"'How many shall I take off?'

"'If it worries you at all, keep on your chemise, that won't bother us.'

"A hundred sous, that is a hundred sous, and I have to undress myself, but I did not fancy undressing before those two good-for-nothings. I took off my cap, and then my jacket, and then my skirt, and then my sabots. Brument said: 'Keep on your stockings, also; we are good fellows.'

"And Cornu said, too: 'We are good fellows.'

"So there I was, almost like Mother Eve. And they got up from their chairs, but could not stand straight, they were so full, saving your presence, Monsieur le Président.

"I said to myself: 'What are they up to?'

"And Brument said: 'Are you ready?'

"And Cornu said: 'I'm ready!'

"And then they took me, Brument by the head and Cornu by the feet, as one might take, for instance, a sheet that has been washed. Then I began to bawl.

"And Brument said: 'Keep still, wretched creature.'

"And they lifted me up in the air and put me into the barrel which was full of water, so that I had a check of the circulation, a chill to my very insides.

"And Brument said: 'Is that all?'

"Cornu said: 'That is all.'

"Brument said: 'The head is not in; that will make a difference in the measure.'

"Cornu said: 'Put in her head.'

"And then Brument pushed down my head as if to drown me, so that I could already see Paradise. And he pushed it down, and I disappeared.

"And then he must have been frightened. He pulled me out and said: 'Go and get dry, carcass.'

"As for me, I took to my heels and ran as far as Monsieur le curé's. He lent me a skirt belonging to his servant, for I was almost in a state of nature, and he went to fetch Maître Chicot, the country watchman, who went to Criquetot to fetch the police, who came to my house with me.

"There we found Brument and Cornu fighting each other like two rams.

"Brument was bawling: 'It isn't true; I tell you that there is at least a cubic meter in it. It is the method that was no good.'

"Cornu bawled: 'Four pails, that is almost half a cubic meter. You need not reply, that's what it is.'

"The police captain put them both under arrest. I have no more to tell."

She sat down. The audience in the courtroom laughed. The jurors looked at one another in astonishment. The judge said:

"Defendant Cornu, you seem to have been the instigator of this infamous plot. What have you to say?"

And Cornu rose in his turn.

"Judge," he replied, "I was full."

The Judge answered gravely:

"I know it. Proceed."

"I will. Well, Brument came to my place about nine o'clock, and ordered two drinks, and said: 'Here's one for you, Cornu.' I sat down opposite him and drank, and, out of politeness, I offered him a glass. Then he returned the compliment and so did I, and so it went on from glass to glass until noon, when we were full.

"Then Brument began to cry. That touched me. I asked him what was the matter. He said: 'I must have a thousand francs by Thursday.' That cooled me off a little, you understand. Then he said to me all at once: 'I will sell you my wife.'

"I was full, and I was a widower. You understand, that stirred me up. I did not know his wife, but she was a woman, wasn't she? I asked him: 'How much would you sell her for?'

"He reflected, or pretended to reflect. When one is full one is not very clear-headed, and he replied: 'I will sell her by the cubic meter.'

"That did not surprise me, for I was as drunk as he was, and I knew what a cubic meter is in my business. It is a thousand liters. That suited me.

"But the price remained to be settled. All depends on the quality. I said: 'How much do you want a cubic meter?'

"He answered: 'Two thousand francs.'

"I gave a bound like a rabbit, and then I reflected that a woman ought not to measure more than three hundred liters, so I said: 'That's too dear.'

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"He answered: 'I cannot do it for less. I should lose by it.'

"You understand one is not a dealer in hogs for nothing. One understands one's business. But if he is smart, the seller of bacon, I am smarter, seeing that I sell them, also. Ha! ha! ha! So I said to him: 'If she were new I would not say anything, but she has been married to you for some time, so she is not as fresh as she was. I will give you fifteen hundred francs a cubic meter, not a sou more. Will that suit you?'

"He answered: 'That's a bargain!'

"I agreed, and we started out, arm in arm. We must help each other in this world.

"But a fear came to me: 'How can you measure her unless you put her into the liquid?'

"Then he explained his idea, not without difficulty, for he was full. He said to me: 'I take a barrel and fill it with water to the brim. I put her in it. All the water that comes out we will measure; that is the way to fix it.'

"I said: 'I see, I understand. But this water that overflows will run away; how are you going to gather it up?'

"Then he began stuffing me, and explained to me that all we should have to do would be to refill the barrel with the water his wife had displaced as soon as she should have left. All the water we should pour in would be the measure. I supposed about ten pails; that would be a cubic meter. He isn't a fool, all the same, when he is drunk, that old horse.

"To be brief, we reached his house, and I took a look at its mistress. A beautiful woman she certainly was not. Any one can see her, for there she is. I said to myself: 'I am disappointed, but never mind, she will be of value; handsome or ugly, it is all the same, is it not, Monsieur le Président?' And then I saw that she was as thin as a rail. I said to myself: 'She will not measure four hundred liters.' I understand the matter, it being in liquids.

"She told you about the proceeding. I even let her keep on her chemise and stockings, to my own disadvantage.

"When that was done she ran away. I said: 'Look out, Brument! she is escaping.'

"He replied: 'Do not be afraid, I will catch her, all right. She will have to come back to sleep. I will measure the deficit.'

"We measured. Not four pailfuls. Ha! ha! ha!"

The witness began to laugh so persistently that a gendarme was obliged to punch him in the back. Having quieted down, he resumed:

"In short, Brument exclaimed: 'Nothing doing; that is not enough.' I bawled and bawled, and bawled again, he punched me, I hit back. That would have kept on till the Day of Judgment, seeing we were both drunk.

"Then came the gendarmes! They swore at us, they took us off to prison. I want damages."

He sat down.

Brument confirmed in every particular the statements of his accomplice. The jury, in consternation, retired to deliberate.

At the end of an hour they returned a verdict of acquittal for the defendants, with some severe strictures on the dignity of marriage, and establishing the precise limitations of business transactions.

Brument went home to the domestic roof accompanied by his wife.

Cornu went back to his business.

Hokku—By T. K. HEDRICK

From the Japanese of Kukoo Agin

AS MOONBEAMS, evanescent,
shimmering through the silver mist
of perfumed fountains;
Nebulous as a star, new forming
from the jewel dust of ancient
suns;
Impalpable as the rose of dawn,
drifting down the eastern sky
on singing winds,
over amethystine seas—
Such is the maid of my dreams,
coming to me out of
the illimitable unknown

I hope she can cook.

Alone, disconsolate, fate driven,
a wandering dark star, I roam
in quest of a sun—
hopeful yet fearing,
She may illuminate me, and stir to life
potentialities of great endeavours
that lie within me.
On the other hand, am I a dark star?
I may be but a rubber balloon.
and in the flame of my sun—
Good night!

Lonely and sad is the life of a bachelor;
lonely and sad, indeed,
but reasonably safe.

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The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

EVEN "LOST AND FOUND" ADVERTISEMENTS MAY HAVE AN EMOTIONAL APPEAL

STOLEN—From the pocket of the Subscriber, while standing at the desk of Gilpin's Reading Room in the Merchant's Exchange on Saturday 4 P.M. 3rd of April, a black double folded pocket-book, containing money in city bills and other valuable receipts, bonds, notes, and papers. A liberal reward will be given to the person restoring the papers and monies to the subscriber. LOUIS DIETZ.

N.B.—O, thou villain, born and breathing like all other Humans, give me back my pocket-book and papers quick; know that there is nothing under the Sun that doth not come out. Revenge, if in the feeblest heads of Human, a dreadful engine. Forty years I lived, never lost or found anything. Bring back my pocket-book, for I shall not cease, for the rest of my life—keep the revengeful machinery in motion till I have my pocket-book, and be the devil of they neck myself, till thou art cast off this sublunnar sphere that God has made for Humans, but not for villains. *The Sun, April 5, 1841.*

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

NO NO'S

In the very, very center of Paris Mr. —— discovered a little coterie of exquisite handkerchiefs—tiny, decorative, romantic, resourceful; each one unfolding like a fairy flower only to prove entirely practical. The sweet, sweet touch for pretty noses—especially those of superfine Linen with hand-drawn work. *New York Sun.*

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. John Shirk wishes to thank her friends for their help in the death of her husband, Mrs. John Shirk. *Xenia (Ohio) Gazette.*

PAUL SOLOMON
Leading Outfitter For
MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
Snow Hill's Leading Men, Women and Children's Store
We do not wish to speak despairingly of others but we know we can serve you best
Snow Hill (N. C.) Standard-Laconic.

GUIPEL
(Guy-Pel)
Funeral Home
Ask those we have served
Phone 265
Muskogee (Okla.) Daily Phoenix.

DON'T KILL YOUR WIFE
LET US DO IT
WET WASH OR ROUGH DRY
THE ECONOMICAL WAY
WET WASH.....$ .75
ROUGH DRY..... .60
PHONE 432
TONOPAH LAUNDRY
Tonopah (Nev.) Daily Times.

FOR TRADE—Good Atwater Kent Radio—fully equipped for corn, oats and hogs—Jack Stotts.
Cody (Nebr.) Booster.

NOTICE—The postponed sale of Mrs. R. Carlson will be held Thursday, December 22, 1927. Sale will be held on this date regardless of weather. Col. J. M. Biever, auctioneer.—(Adv.)
Crookston (Minn.) Daily Times.

FOR SALE—1 Roan Milking Shorthorn bull, age 18 months. H. K. Mosby, R. No. 2, Lewistown. Telephone 912R5.
Lewistown (Mont.) Democrat-News.

INSTRUCTION

FRENCH teacher required: French lady to teach French to a girl, also piano, if possible. Apply Box 167, Japan Advertiser, Tokyo.
Japan Advertiser (Tokio).

NEW-LAID EGGS

Right Out of the Nest

A few more weekly customers wanted for new-laid white eggs. I produce these eggs myself, and deliver anywhere. Reasonable in price.

Some of my customers are well-known Dundee people. Included are several Bee-News executives.

A trial order will demonstrate to you the reason these particular people serve my eggs in their homes. Just drop a card to H. B. Potter, care *Bee-News*, and I will call.
Omaha (Nebr.) Evening Bee-News.

A MALE Lit. student would like to three girls, clean, heat; also a garage. 422 E. Washington. Phone 8544. 93, 94, 95.
Michigan Daily (University of Michigan).

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WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

Charles Placer, who operates a gasoline filling station just east of Urbana, but within the corporation limits, was entered during the night. Four inner tubes and a quantity of tobacco and gasoline was taken. *Springfield (Ohio) Daily News.*

Mr. Durant brought the dealers to their feet with cheers when he said:

"In the new Star Four I am giving you a bigger and better can than the new Ford."

New York Times.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12.—(A.P.)—Discovery of the tomb of a Sumerian Queen, which apparently was left undisturbed by vandals who plundered her royal husband's grave nearby some 5,000 years ago, has given to the joint expedition of the museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the British Museum the richest treasures thus far found in or of the Chaldees, says a report received from or by the university. *San Francisco Examiner.*

HAMBURG STEAK

Melt a chopped Spanish onion in a tablespoonful of butter, dust with. . .

Albany (N. Y.) Times Union.

Mrs. Dawes is another "home body," and one of these wifely powders behind the throne who makes her energetic husband take time off to relax with the music which he loves. Homes for home. . .

Bloomington (Ind.) World.

It was a pink and white wedding, with all the beauty and glamor of June days fused into a setting of exquisite appointment. A wealth of blossoms decorated the Fancher home, converting it into a varitable garden spot. An improvised altar was formed in front of the fire place. Here the bridal couple stood, facing the floral setting and exchanged cows. *Modesto (Cal.) News-Herald.*

At the home of the groom's sister, Mrs. Ed Hilliard of East Brady, Lorett Greenawalt became the bride of William Adams, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. William Adams of East Brady. Rev. H. H. Wilson officiated. when the accident occurred.

Pittsburgh (Pa.) Newspaper.

The Parrot-Cryer "administration" is scheduled to execute its revenge today on President Hugh J. McGuire of the Board of Public Porks for McGuire's refusal to approve the $298,985 bill of "extras" on the West Adams storm drain, by pushing McGuire out of the presidency of the board.

Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.

Several ladies have asked to give on the fund for painting the church. The men are succeeding splendidly in this task. Nearly everyone canvassed have willingly responded by giving as they could. The Trustees wish to paint the porch and parsonage widows, etc., and the women are requested to give to this task.

Middleboro (Mass.) Methodist Church Bulletin.

The members of the Epsilon Pi Chapter of the Sigma Beta sorority were delightfully entertained Monday evening at the home of Miss Lena Gardner. The evening was spent in playing bride, prize being awarded to Miss Helen Leslie.

Convoy (Ohio) Signal News.

The Star Band of Coatesville stopped off here Friday afternoon on their tour advertising Coatesville sale week. They gave a couple of selections for benefit of those who hostily gathered.

West Grove (Pa.) paper.

MUSIC HALL ARTISTS OF OLD TYPE PASSING NOW AT RAPID RATE

London, Feb. 3.—The morality among music-hall performers of the old type within recent years has been remarkable. *Montreal Daily Star.*

Spring must be here in spite of the snow, for C. H. East was stung on his back porch by a bee last Sunday. *New Underwood (S. Dak.) Times.*

A contest was held to determine classification, botanical and common names of the flowers, with Mrs. William Darrow winning the highest score. A copy of "Milady's House Pants," by F. E. Palmer, was awarded as the prize.

Daytona (Fla.) Evening Herald.

Hon. A. A. Huddleston, who has been in politics for the past 100 years, has retired to a quiet life for awhile. *Cumberland (Ky.) News.*

A STRIPPING BEE

A stripping bee was held at home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rataczak and family Tuesday. A large crowd was present. The men folks played cards while the women folks stripped. At 11 o'clock a nice luncheon was served by Mrs. Ratazcak. *Kewaunee (Wis.) Enterprise.*

CARD OF THANKS

We, the children of Mrs. Matchett, wish to thank our friends for sympathy and kindness shown us during our late bereavement.

Nina E. Mackey
T. B. Matchett
R. B. Matchett.

Sympathy is all right in its place, but there are times when a kick would be far more effective.

Waterford (Pa.) Leader.

GREENUP Offers Many Diversions During Week But Mrs. Bowlings's Death Is Given Most Consideration

Russell (Ky.) Times.

According to H. W. Trueblood, local manager of the Star factory branch, the truck is giving a maximum of service with a minimum of economy.

Portland (Ore.) Sunday Oregonian.

Julian Eltinge, a famous feminine impersonator, had a rival in the person of Leslie Bunch, a student at McKendree College, who, according to the Lebanon Advertiser, had impersonated a fair creature in a recent masquerade there. The Advocate carried pictures of Mr. Bunch in costume and without. *Greenville (Ill.) Advocate.*

HUMAN SELECTED FOR AD MANAGER

Knoxville (Tenn.) Dispatch.

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The Queen's Necklace

By ALEXANDER DUMAS

CHAPTER XX

GOLD

WE MUST now return to the interior of the room. Beausire was much surprised to see Oliva lock the door, and still more so, not to see his adversary. He began to feel triumphant, for if he was hiding from him, he must, he thought, be afraid of him. He therefore began to look for him, but Oliva forced him to stop and answer her questions.

Beausire, feeling himself ill-treated, began to talk loudly.

Oliva, who knew that she was no longer to blame, as the cause of offence had disappeared,—"Quia corpus delicti aberat," as the text has it,—cried out so loud that to silence her Beausire put his hand to her mouth, or tried to do so.

But he was mistaken; Oliva understood differently the very persuasive and conciliatory movement of Beausire. To this hand coming so swiftly in the direction of her face, she opposed a hand as adroit, as quick, as lately had been the sword of the unknown. This hand parried carte and tierce, thrust forward, downward, and gave Beausire a slap in the face.

Beausire gave back, by a side thrust with the right hand, a blow which beat down both hands of Oliva and with a scandalous noise reddened the left cheek.

Oliva replied to this blow of Beausire's with a projectile heavy and dangerous—a pitcher of earthen-ware; and Beausire's answer was the whirling of a cane, which broke several cups, cut down a wax candle, and ended by hitting the shoulder of the young woman. She, furious, flew at him and seized him by the throat, and he, trying to free himself, tore her dress.

Then with a cry she pushed him from her with such force that he fell in the middle of the room. He got up foaming with rage.

But as the valour of an enemy is measured by the defence made, and as a good defence must always be respected, even by the conqueror, Beausire, who had conceived much respect for Oliva, took up the conversation where he had left it.

"You are a wicked creature, you ruin me," he said.

"On the contrary, it is you who ruin me."

"Oh, I ruin her!—her who has nothing!"

"Say that I have nothing now; say that you have eaten, and drunk, and played away all that I had."

"You reproach me with my poverty?"

"Yes; for it comes from your vices."

"I will correct all yours at a single blow."

"By beating me?" and Oliva brandished a very heavy pair of tongs, the sight of which made Beausire start back.

"Do not talk of vices; it only remained for you to take a lover."

"And what do you call all those wretches who sit by you in the gambling den, where you pass your days and nights?"

"I play to live."

"And nicely you succeed—we die of hunger; charming profession, on my word!"

"And you with yours are obliged to cry if you get your dress torn, because you have not the means to buy another; a fine profession, *pardieu!*"

"Better than yours!" cried Oliva, furious, "and there is the proof of it!" And putting her hand in her pocket, she drew out some gold and threw it across the room.

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The louis began to roll upon their edges, and tumble on their faces, some hiding under the furniture, others continuing their sonorous evolutions even under the doors. The others fell flat from fatigue, their faces shining like sparks of fire.

When Beausire heard this metallic ring upon the furniture and upon the floor, he was seized with a vertigo, or, we ought rather to say, with remorse. "Louis! double louis!" cried he, astounded.

She took out some more, and threw them in his face.

"Oh," cried he, "Oliva has become rich!"

"This is the proceeds of my profession," cynically replied the creature, kicking vigorously both the gold which strewed the floor, and Beausire who was picking it up.

"Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen," counted he, joyfully.

"Miserable wretch!" muttered Oliva.

"Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two."

"Coward!"

"Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five."

"Villain!"

Beausire got up. "And so, Mademoiselle, you have been saving money, while you deprived me of necessaries. You let me go about in an old hat, darned stockings, and patched clothes, while you had all this money. Where does it come from? Why, from the sale of my furniture, when I joined my sad destiny to yours."

"Scoundrel!" murmured Oliva, looking at him with contempt, which did not disturb him.

"I pardon you, not your avarice, but your economy," he continued.

"You would have killed me just now," said Oliva.

"Just now I was right; now I should be wrong to do it."

"Why, if you please?"

"Because now you are a good housekeeper, and contribute to our expenses."

"You are a base wretch!"

"My little Oliva!"

"Give me back my money."

"Oh, my darling!"

"If you do not, I will pass your own sword through your body."

"Oliva!"

"It is either yes or no."

"It is no, Oliva; I will never consent to be run through the body."

"Do not stir, or I run you through. The money!"

"Give it to me."

"Ah, coward! ah, degraded creature! you beg, you solicit the fruits of my bad conduct! Ah, this is what is called a man! I have always despised you,—have despised you all, do you hear?—and more still him who gives than him who receives."

"He who can give is fortunate. I have also given you, Nicole," replied Beausire, gravely.

"Do not call me Nicole."

"Pardon, then, Oliva; but is it not true?"

"Fine presents, certainly,—some silver buckles, six louis d'or, two silk dresses, and three embroidered handkerchiefs."

"It is a great deal for a soldier."

"Hold your tongue! The buckles you stole from some one else; the louis d'or you borrowed and never returned; the silk dresses——"

"Oliva! Oliva!"

"Give me back my money."

"What shall I give you instead?"

"Double the quantity."

"Well," said the rogue, "I will go to the Rue de Bussy, and play with it, and bring you back, not the double, but the quintuple;" and he made two steps to the door.

She caught him by the skirt of his too tender coat.

"There," said he, "you have torn my coat."

"So much the better, you shall have a new one."

"Six louis! Oliva, six louis! Luckily, at the Rue de Bussy they are not particular about dress."

Oliva seized hold of the other coat-tail and tore it off. Beausire became furious.

"Death of all the devils!" he cried; "you will make me kill you at last. See how this vixen has undressed me. Now I cannot go out."

"On the contrary, you must go out immediately."

"Without a coat?"

"Put on your great coat."

"All holes and patches."

"Then do not put it on, if you like that better; but you must go out."

"Never."

She took out of her pocket another handful of gold, and jingled it between her hands.

Beausire was almost wild; he kneeled at her feet and cried, "Order, and I will obey."

"Go quickly to the Capucin Magique, Rue de Seine, where they sell dominoes for the ball, and buy me one complete, mask and all."

"Good."

"And one for yourself, black; but for me

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a white satin one, and I give you only twenty minutes to do it in."

"Are we going to the ball?"

"Yes, if you are obedient."

"Oh, always, always!"

"Go, then, and show your zeal."

"I am going."

"What! are you not gone yet?"

"But the money?"

"You have twenty-five louis."

"What! I have twenty-five louis! And how do you make that out?"

"Why, those you picked up."

"Oh, Oliva, I thought you meant to give me those."

"You shall have more another time; but if I give you them now, you will stop and play. Go, and come back quickly."

"She is right," said he to himself; "that is just what I intended to do."

"Twenty minutes, do you hear?" cried Oliva.

"I obey."

As soon as he was gone Oliva wrote rapidly these words: "The peace is signed, the division made, and the ball decided on. At two o'clock we shall be at the Opera; I shall wear a white domino, with a blue ribbon on my left shoulder." Then rolling this round a bit of the broken vase, she went to the window and threw it out.

The valet picked it up, and made off immediately.

In less than half an hour Monsieur Beausire returned, followed by two journeyman tailors, who had brought, for the sum of eighteen louis, two beautiful dominoes, such as could be found only at the Capucin Magique, the establishment of a celebrated tailor, costumer of her Majesty and the maids of honour.

CHAPTER XXI

THE CARDINAL'S HOUSE

We left Madame de La Motte at Monsieur Mesmer's door, watching the queen's carriage as it drove off. As soon as it was out of sight she went home for the purpose of procuring a domino and another mask, and at the same time to see if anything had occurred there while she was away. She had promised herself, for that happy night, some enjoyment after all the emotions of the day. She would go alone to the Opera and enjoy the charm of adventure. Therefore it was a disappointment to her to find a man waiting at her door with a note from the Cardinal de Rohan. She opened it and read as follows:

"Madame la Comtesse,—You have doubtless not forgotten that we have business together; even if you have a short memory, I never forget what has pleased me. I shall have the honour to wait for you at a place to which my messenger will conduct you, if you please to come."

This letter was signed by a pastoral cross.

Jeanne, although somewhat annoyed, immediately re-entered the coach, and told the messenger to get on the box with the coachman. Ten minutes sufficed to bring her to the entrance of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, where, in a hollow and completely hidden by great trees, was one of those pretty houses, built in the time of Louis XV., with all the taste of the sixteenth century, with the comfort of the eighteenth.

"Oh, oh! a pleasure-house," murmured the countess. "It is very natural on the part of Monsieur de Rohan, but very humiliating for a Valois. But, patience!"

That word, which resignation makes a sigh, or impatience an exclamation, betrayed the devouring ambition of her dreams and the mad cupidity of her desires. But as she crossed the threshold of the house she determined on her course of action.

She was led from room to room till she came to a small dining-room, fitted up with exquisite taste. There she found the cardinal waiting for her. He was looking over some pamphlets, but rose immediately on seeing her.

"Ah, here you are. Thanks, Madame la Comtesse," and he approached to kiss her hand; but she drew back with a reproachful and indignant air.

"What is the matter, Madame?" he asked.

"You are doubtless not accustomed, Monseigneur, to receive such a greeting from the women whom your Eminence is in the habit of summoning here."

"Oh, Madame!"

"We are in your private house, are we not, Monsieur?" continued she, looking disdainfully around her.

"But, Madame——"

"I had hoped, Monseigneur, that your Eminence would have deigned to remember in what rank I was born. I had hoped that you would have been pleased to consider that if God has made me poor, he has at least left me the pride of my race."

"Come, come, Countess, I took you for a woman of intellect."

"You call a woman of intellect, it appears,

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Monseigneur, every one who is indifferent to, and laughs at, everything, even dishonour. To these women—pardon me, your Eminence—I have been in the habit of giving a different name."

"No, Countess, you deceive yourself; I call a woman of intellect one who listens when you speak to her, and does not speak before having listened."

"I listen, then."

"I had to speak to you of serious matters, Countess."

"Therefore you receive me in a dining-room."

"Why, would you have preferred my receiving you in a boudoir?"

"The distinction is delicate," said she.

"I think so, Countess."

"Then I am simply to sup with you?"

"Nothing else."

"I trust your Eminence is persuaded that I feel the honour as I ought."

"You are quizzing, Countess."

"No; I only laugh."

"You laugh?"

"Yes. Would you prefer to see me angry? You are difficult to please, Monseigneur."

"Oh, you are charming when you laugh, and I ask nothing better than to see you always doing so; but at this moment you are not laughing. Oh, no! there is anger in that smile which shows your beautiful teeth."

"Not the least in the world, Monseigneur; the dining-room reassured me."

"That is good."

"And I hope you will enjoy your supper."

"What!—that I shall enjoy my supper? And you?"

"Oh, I am not hungry."

"What, Madame, you refuse to give me a supper?"

"What do you say?"

"You drive me out?"

"I do not understand you, Monseigneur."

"Listen, dear Countess; if you were less in a passion I would tell you that it is useless to behave like this,—you cannot appear otherwise than charming; but as at each compliment I fear to be dismissed, I abstain."

"You fear to be dismissed? Really, I beg pardon of your Eminence, but you become unintelligible."

"What I say is, however, quite clear. The other day, when I came to see you, you complained that you were lodged unsuitably to your rank. That compelled me to shorten my visit; and besides, it made you somewhat cold toward me. I thought, therefore, that to restore you to your proper place would be like restoring air to the bird whom the experimenter has placed under his air-pump."

"And then?" said the countess, anxiously, for she began to comprehend.

"Then, beautiful Countess, that you might receive me with pleasure, and that I, on my part, might visit you without compromising either you or myself—" He stopped and looked at her.

"Well?" she said.

"I hoped that you would deign to accept this small residence; you observe I do not call it a private house."

"Accept! you give me this house, Monseigneur?" said Jeanne, her heart beating with pride and eagerness.

"A very small gift, Countess; but if I had offered you more, you would have refused."

"Oh, Monseigneur, it is impossible for me to accept such a gift."

"Impossible, why? Do not say that word to me, for I do not believe in it. The house belongs to you; the keys are here on this silver plate. I treat you as if you were a conqueror; do you find any humiliation in this?"

"No, but——"

"Then accept."

"Monseigneur, I have told you——"

"How is this, Madame? You write to the ministers for a pension; you accept a hundred louis from an unknown lady——"

"Oh, Monseigneur, it is different. Who receives——"

"Who receives, obliges," said the cardinal nobly. "Come, I have waited for you in your dining-room. I have not yet seen the boudoir, nor the drawing-room, nor the bed-rooms; but I suppose there are all these."

'Oh, Monseigneur, forgive me! You force me to confess that you are the most delicate of men;" and the countess, who had so long kept her feelings under control, blushed with pleasure at the thought that she would be able to say, "My house." But she perceived, by the appearance of the cardinal, that she had betrayed herself too freely. "Monseigneur," she said, drawing back a step, "I beg your Eminence to give me a supper."

The cardinal took off his cloak, which he had not yet removed, and entered on his duties as major-domo. The supper was speedily served. As the servants were coming through the antechamber Jeanne put on her mask.

"It is I who ought to wear a mask," said

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the cardinal, "for here you are at home, among your own servants. It is I who am the stranger."

Jeanne began to laugh, but retained her mask nevertheless; and in spite of her pleasure and surprise, which choked her, she did honour to the repast.

The cardinal, as we have already said on several occasions, was a man of a noble heart and of strong intelligence. A long-continued acquaintance with the most civilized courts of Europe, with courts governed by queens; familiarity with the society of women, who at that period complicated, but also often decided, political questions; the experience transmitted to him, so to speak, by inheritance, and increased by personal observation,—all these advantages, so rare to-day, and already rare at that time, made the prince an extremely difficult man for rival diplomatists, or women who were his mistresses, to circumvent. And besides, his polished manners and dignified courtesy were a shield which nothing could penetrate.

The cardinal, therefore, considered himself very superior to Jeanne. That provincial, swollen with pretensions, who had been unable to conceal her avarice under her false pride, seemed to him an easy conquest, desirable, doubtless, by reason of her beauty, her wit, and a certain piquant charm which is especially seductive to men whose sensibilities have been dulled by experience. This time, perhaps, the cardinal, less penetrating than impenetrable, was in error; but Jeanne, beautiful as she was, inspired him with no distrust.

This was the ruin of that superior man. He not only made himself seem less than he was,—he made himself a pigmy. When once the struggle had begun, Jeanne, who was aware of her apparent inferiority, was careful to conceal her real superiority. She played the part of a country coquette, and made herself seem trivial and silly, so that her adversary, still confident in his strength, might be correspondingly feeble in his attacks.

The cardinal, who had observed all the signs of emotion which Jeanne had been unable to repress, thought her intoxicated by the present he had made her,—as indeed she was, for it was beyond her hopes, and even beyond her pretensions. What the cardinal overlooked was that the ambition and pride of a woman like Jeanne would soar to a height beyond his own. Jeanne's first intoxication was already somewhat abated by a succession of new desires.

"Come," said the cardinal, pouring some Cyprus wine into a small cup starred with gold,—"come, now that you have made a contract with me, do not be out of humour toward me, Countess."

"Out of humour toward you? Oh, no!"

"You will sometimes, then, receive me here without aversion?"

"I shall never be so ungrateful as to forget that here you are in your own house, Monseigneur."

"My house? Nonsense!"

"Yes, yours,—yours only."

"Ah, if you contradict me, beware!"

"Well, what will happen?"

"I shall impose on you other conditions."

"Ah, in your turn, beware!"

"Of what?"

"Of everything."

"Tell me."

"I am in my own house—"

"And—"

"And if I find your conditions unreasonable I shall call my servants."

The cardinal began to laugh.

"There, you see!" she said.

"I see nothing at all."

"Oh, yes! you see that you are making fun of me."

"Why do you say that?"

"You laugh—"

"And with reason, it seems to me."

"Yes, with reason, for you know that if I call my servants, they will not come."

"Oh, yes, they would,—the devil take me!"

"Fie, Monseigneur!"

"What, then, have I done?"

"You swore, Monseigneur."

"I am no longer a cardinal while I am here, Countess. I am simply your guest,—that is to say, in good luck;" and he laughed again.

"Come," said the countess to herself; "decidedly, he is a charming man!"

"By the way," said the cardinal, suddenly, as if something quite foreign to his thoughts had occurred to him, "what were you saying to me the other day of two sisters of charity,—two German ladies?"

"Of those two ladies with the portrait?" said Jeanne, who, having seen the queen, was ready with her parry and thrust.

"Yes, the ladies with the portrait."

"Monseigneur," said the countess, looking at him intently, "I am sure you know those ladies better than I do."

"I? Oh, Countess, you do me an injustice! Did you not express a desire to know who they were?"

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"Certainly; it is natural to wish to know one's benefactors."

"Well, then, had I known who they were I should have told you."

"Monsieur le Cardinal, I tell you that you know those ladies."

"No."

"Repeat that 'no,' and I shall call you a liar!"

"And I shall take revenge for the insult."

"And how, if you please?"

"By kissing you."

"It is strange that the ambassador to the the court of Vienna, the intimate friend of the Empress Maria Theresa, should not recognize the portrait of his friend, unless, indeed, it were very unlike."

"What! Really, Countess, it was the portrait of Maria Theresa?"

"Oh, yes; pretend ignorance!"

"Well, then, suppose that I recognized the portrait,—what would you infer from that?"

"That on recognizing the portrait of Maria Theresa you must have some suspicion as to its owner."

"But why do you insist on my knowing that?" asked the cardinal, with some anxiety.

"Why, because ordinarily one finds the portrait of the mother only in the hands of——"

"Go on."

"Of the daughter."

"The queen!" cried the cardinal, with so truthful a tone of surprise that it duped even Jeanne. "Do you really think the queen came to see you?"

"And you did not suspect it?"

"*Mon Dieu!* no; how should I? I, who speak to you, am neither son, daughter, nor relation in any degree of Maria Theresa, yet I have a portrait of her about me at this moment. Look!" said he,—and he drew out a snuff-box and showed it to her. "If I, who am in no way related to the imperial house, carry about such a portrait, another might do the same, and yet not be of the august house of Austria."

Jeanne was silent; she had all the instincts of diplomacy, but was deficient in practice.

"Then, it is your opinion," he continued, "that you have had a visit from the queen, Marie Antoinette?"

"The queen and another lady."

"Madame de Polignac?"

"I do not know."

"Perhaps Madame de Lamballe?"

"A young lady, very beautiful and very serious."

"Oh, perhaps Mademoiselle de Taverney."

"It is possible; I do not know her."

"Well, if her Majesty has really come to visit you, you are sure of her protection. It is a great step toward your fortune."

"I believe it, Monseigneur."

"And her Majesty was generous to you?"

"She gave me a hundred louis."

"And she is not rich,—especially at this moment."

"That doubles my gratitude."

"Did she show much interest in you?"

"Very great."

"Then all goes well," said the prelate, thoughtfully, and overlooking the protégée in thinking of the possible protectress; "there remains now but one thing for you to do."

"What is it?"

"To gain admission at Versailles."

The countess smiled.

"Ah, Countess, let us not deceive ourselves; that is not so easy."

She smiled again, more significantly than before.

"Really, you provincials," said the cardinal, "doubt nothing; because you have seen Versailles with doors which open, and stairs for ascending, you think any one may open those doors, and ascend those stairs. Have you seen the monsters of brass, of marble, and of lead, which adorn the park and the terraces?"

"Why, yes, Monseigneur."

"Griffins, gorgons, ghouls, and other ferocious creatures. There are hundreds of them. Well, you will find ten times as many wicked living animals between you and the favour of sovereigns."

"Your Eminence will aid me to pass through the ranks of these monsters."

"I will try, but it will be difficult. And if you pronounce my name, if you show your talisman, after two visits it will be useless to you."

"Happily, then, I am guarded by the immediate protection of the queen, and I shall enter Versailles with a good key."

"What key, Countess?"

"Ah, Monsieur le Cardinal, that is my secret,—or rather it is not; for if it were mine I should feel bound to tell it to my generous protector."

"There is, then, an obstacle, Countess?"

"Alas, yes, Monseigneur. It is not my secret, and I must keep it. Let it suffice you to know that to-morrow I shall go to Versailles; that I shall be received, and, I have every reason to hope, well received."

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The cardinal looked at her with wonder. "Ah, Countess," said he, laughing, "I shall see if you will get in."

"You will push your curiosity so far as to follow me?"

"Exactly."

"Very well."

"Be careful what you do from to-morrow, for your honour is committed to your entrance at Versailles."

"Yes, and into the private apartments, Monseigneur."

"Really, Countess, you are a living enigma."

"One of those monsters who inhabit the park of Versailles?"

"Oh, you believe me a man of taste, do you not?"

"Certainly, Monseigneur."

"Well, here I am at your knees, and I take your hand and kiss it. Should I do that if I thought you a monster?"

"I beg you, Monseigneur, to remember," said Jeanne, coldly, "that I am neither a grisette nor an opera girl,—that I am my own mistress, except as belonging to my husband, and am equal in rank to any man in this kingdom. I will accept freely and spontaneously, when it shall please me, the man who shall have gained my affections. Therefore, Monseigneur, respect me a little, and in me the noble rank to which we both belong."

The cardinal rose. "I see," said he, "you wish me to love you seriously."

"I do not say that; but I wish to be able to love you. When that day comes—if it does come—you will easily find it out, believe me. If you do not, I will let you know it; for I am young enough, and attractive enough, not to mind making the first advances, nor to fear a repulse."

"Countess, if it depends upon me, you shall love me."

"We shall see."

"You have already a friendship for me; have you not?"

"More than that."

"Really? then we are at least half-way."

"Let us not measure the road, but go forward."

"Countess, you are a woman whom I should adore, if—" He stopped and sighed.

"Well," said she, in surprise, "if——"

"If you would permit it," the cardinal hastened to reply.

"Monseigneur, I will permit it, perhaps, when fortune shall have smiled on me sufficiently to persuade you to dispense with falling at my feet, and so prematurely kissing my hands."

"What do you mean?"

"Yes; when I shall be independent of your kindness you will no longer suspect that I welcome your visits through sordid motives. Then you will have a higher opinion of me; I shall gain by it, and you will not lose."

"Then you forbid me to pay my court now?"

"Not at all; but there are other ways besides kneeling and kissing hands."

"Well, Countess, let us hear; what will you permit?"

"All that is compatible with my tastes, my duties——"

"Oh, that is vague indeed."

"Stop; I was going to add, and my caprices."

"I am lost!"

"You draw back?"

The cardinal was at that moment controlled less by his inward thought than by the charm of that provoking enchantress. "No," said he; "I do not draw back."

"Not before my duties?"

"Nor before your tastes and caprices."

"Well, then, I want a proof."

"Speak."

"I want to go to the ball at the Opera."

"Well, Countess, that only concerns yourself. Are you not free as air to go where you wish?"

"Ah, but you have not heard all. I want you to go with me."

"I, to the Opera, Countess?" said he, with a start of horror.

"See, then, how much your desire to please me is worth."

"A cardinal cannot go to a ball at the Opera, Countess. It is as if I proposed to you to go into a—public-house."

"Then a cardinal does not dance, now-a-days?"

"Oh, no!"

"But I have read that Monsieur le Cardinal de Richelieu danced a saraband."

"Yes; before Anne of Austria."

"Before a queen, that is true," said Jeanne, looking at him intently. "Perhaps you would do as much for a queen?"

The cardinal could not help blushing, dissembler though he was. Jeanne, either because she pitied his confusion or because for policy's sake she was unwilling to prolong it, hastened to add,—

"Is it not natural that I should feel hurt when, after all your protestations, you will not do as much for me as you would for a queen,—especially when I only ask you to

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go concealed in a domino and a mask; and when it would shorten by a gigantic step that road you were measuring a little while ago,—for I could not be too grateful to you."

The cardinal, pleased with being let off so easily, and rejoicing especially in the continuing victory which Jeanne's address allowed him to derive from every one of her caprices, seized the countess's hand and pressed it tenderly. "For you," said he, "everything,—even the impossible."

"Thanks, Monseigneur; you are really amiable. But now that you have consented, I will release you."

"No, no! he who does the work can alone claim the reward. Countess, I will attend you, but in a domino."

"We shall pass through the Rue Saint Denis, close to the Opera," said the Countess; "I will go, masked, into a store, buy a domino and a mask for you, and you can put them on in the carriage."

"Countess, that is a capital idea of yours."

"Oh, Monseigneur, your goodness covers me with confusion. But now I think of it, perhaps at the Hôtel Rohan you might find a domino more to your taste than the one I should buy."

"Now, Countess, that is unpardonable malice. Believe me, if I go to the Opera, I shall be as surprised to find myself there, as you were to find yourself supping *tête-à-tête* with a man not your husband."

Jeanne had nothing to reply to this. Soon a carriage without arms drove up; they both got in, and drove off at a rapid pace.

CHAPTER XXII

SOME WORDS ABOUT THE OPERA

THE Opera, that temple of pleasure at Paris, was burned in the month of June, 1781. Twenty persons had perished in the ruins; and as it was the second time within eighteen years that this had happened, it created a prejudice against the place where it then stood in the Palais Royal, and the king had ordered its removal to a less central spot. The place chosen was the Porte Saint Martin.

The king, vexed to see Paris deprived of its Opera, became as sorrowful as if the arrivals of grain had ceased, or bread had risen to more than seven sous the quartern loaf. It was melancholy to see the nobility, the army, and the citizens without their after-dinner amusement; and to see the promenades thronged with the unemployed divinities, from the chorus singers to the prima donnas.

To console the king,—and the queen too was somewhat interested,—Monsieur Lenoir, an architect, was introduced to their Majesties; he promised to do wonderful things. The worthy man had new devices, including a system of ventilation so perfect that even in case of fire no one could be smothered. He would make eight doors for exit, besides five large windows, placed so low that any one could jump out of them without danger of worse harm than a sprained ankle. To replace the beautiful hall built by Moreau he was to erect a building with ninety-six feet of frontage toward the boulevard, ornamented with eight caryatides, on pillars forming three entrance doors; with eight columns resting on the foundation, a bas-relief above the capitals, and a gallery with three windows. The stage was to be thirty-six feet wide; the theater, seventy-two feet deep, and eighty-four across from one wall to the other. There were to be ante-rooms adorned with mirrors, and decorated in a plain and noble style; under the hall an immense reservoir was to be provided, with two series of pumps, to the service of which twenty soldiers of the guards were to be detailed. And to crown all, the architect asked for only seventy-five days and nights to get the building ready for the reception of the public.

This appeared to all a mere gasconade, and was much laughed at. The king, however, went over the estimates with Monsieur Lenoir, and concluded the agreement with him.

Monsieur Lenoir applied himself to the work, and fulfilled his promise; the hall was finished at the appointed time

Then the public, naturally distrustful, reflected that the structure was built of wood, and that, having been built so rapidly, it could not be very stable; so that, after longing for its erection and watching with admiration the daily progress of the work, they were unwilling to enter it, when at last it was completed. A few foolhardy persons took tickets for the performance of "Adèle de Ponthieu," the music by Piccini, but at the same time made their wills.

On seeing this, the architect in his despair had recourse to the king, who gave him an idea.

"The cowards in France," said the king, "are those who have money. They might be willing to give you an income of ten

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thousand francs, or to be stifled in a crowd; but they will not take the risk of being crushed under falling ceilings. Give them no further attention; address yourself to the worthy citizens who cannot pay for admission. The queen has presented me with a dauphin, and the city is wild with joy. Have it announced that to celebrate the birth of my son, the Opera will be thrown open to the public for a gratuitous performance. If twenty-five hundred persons crowded together—that is an aggregate of three hundred thousand pounds—do not sufficiently test the solidity of the structure, ask those good people to jump about a little; you know, Monsieur Lenoir, that weight is quintupled in a fall of four inches. Your twenty-five hundred spectators will weigh fifteen hundred thousand pounds if you make them dance; give a ball, then, after the spectacle."

"Sire, I thank you," said the architect.

"But in the first place, reflect; that crowd will be heavy."

"Sire, I am sure of my work, and I shall go to the ball."

"And I," replied the king, "will attend the second representation."

The architect followed the king's advice. They played "Adèle de Ponthieu" before three thousand plebeians, who applauded louder than kings. They were willing enough to dance after the performance, and to enjoy themselves. Their weight was increased tenfold instead of fivefold. The structure stood unshaken.

Had there been anything to fear it would have been at the subsequent performances, when the timorous nobles crowded the hall, —that hall to which, three years after its opening, Monsieur le Cardinal de Rohan and Madame de La Motte were going to attend a ball.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE OPERA-BALL

THE ball was at its height when the Cardinal de Rohan and Madame de La Motte glided in stealthily—the prelate, at least—among thousands of dominoes and masks of every kind. They were soon lost in the crowd. Two persons had taken refuge from the pressure under the queen's box; one of them wore a white domino and the other a black one. They were talking with great animation. "I tell you, Oliva," said the black domino, "that I am sure you are expecting some one. Your head is no longer a head, but a weathercock, and turns round to look after every newcomer."

"Well! is it astonishing that I should look at the people, when that is what I came here for?"

"Oh, that is what you came for?"

"Well, Monsieur; and for what do people generally come to the Opera?"

"A thousand things."

"Men, perhaps, but women only for one, —to see and be seen by as many persons as possible. You have brought me to the Opera-ball. I am here; you must be resigned."

"Mademoiselle Oliva!"

"Oh, do not speak in that big voice. You know it does not frighten me; and above all, do not call me by name. You know, there is nothing in worse taste than to call people by name at the Opera-ball."

The black domino made an angry gesture; it was interrupted by a blue domino who approached them.

"Come, Monsieur," said he, "let Madame amuse herself. It is not mid-Lent every day, and it is not at every mid-Lent that one comes to the Opera-ball."

"Mind your own business," replied the black domino, rudely.

"Eh, Monsieur! learn once for all," said the blue domino, "that a little courtesy is never out of place."

"I do not know you, and why the devil should I have anything to do with you?"

"No; you do not know me, but I know you, Monsieur de Beausire."

At hearing his name thus pronounced, the black domino trembled, and betrayed his agitation by the shaking of his silken hood.

"Oh, do not be afraid, Monsieur de Beausire," continued the mask; "I am not what you think I am."

"Eh, *pardieu!* what do I think you are? Are you not content with guessing names? Must you pretend also to guess what one thinks?"

"Why not?"

"Then, tell me what I thought. I have never seen a sorcerer, and shall enjoy meeting one."

"Oh, what you ask is not difficult enough to entitle me to that name, which you seem to grant so readily."

"Tell me, at all events."

"Well, then, you took me for an agent of Monsieur de Crosne."

"Monsieur de Crosne!" he repeated.

"Oh, yes; you do not know him, *pardieu!*

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Monsieur de Crosne, the lieutenant of police."

"Monsieur!"

"Softly, Monsieur de Beausire, you really look as if you were feeling for your sword."

"Certainly I was feeling for it."

"Good Heavens! what a war-like disposition; but I think, dear Monsieur Beausire, you left your sword at home, and you did well. But to speak of something else, will you let me have Madame's arm for a little while?"

"Madame's arm?"

"Yes, Monsieur; that is not uncommon, I believe, at a ball at the Opera,—or have I but just arrived from the Indies?"

"Certainly not, when it is agreeable to the lady's cavalier."

"It suffices sometimes, dear Monsieur Beausire, that it is agreeable to the lady."

"Do you ask it for a long time?"

"Really, Monsieur Beausire, you are too curious. Perhaps for ten minutes, perhaps for an hour, perhaps for all the evening."

"You are laughing at me, Monsieur."

"Dear Monsieur, answer, Yes or No. Yes or no, will you give me Madame's arm?"

"No."

"Come, come, do not be ill-tempered,—you, who were so pleasant a little while ago."

"A little while ago?"

"Yes; at the Rue Dauphine."

"Rue Dauphine!" exclaimed Beausire, stupefied.

Oliva laughed.

"Hold your tongue, Madame," said the black domino, grinding his teeth. Then to the stranger, "I do not understand you. Play your game honestly, if you can."

"My dear Monsieur, it seems to me that nothing can be more honest than the truth. Am I not right, Mademoiselle Oliva?"

"What, you know me also?" said she.

"Did not Monsieur just speak your name aloud?"

"And the truth," continued Beausire,—"the truth is——"

"That you were on the point of killing this poor lady, but stopped at the sound of twenty louis."

"Enough, Monsieur!"

"Well, then, if you have had enough, give me Madame's arm."

"Oh, I see; you and she have an understanding together."

"I swear to you it is not so."

"How can any one say such a thing?" cried Oliva.

"And if it were so," said the stranger, "it would be only for your benefit."

"For my benefit?"

"Certainly."

"When one asserts a thing he proves it," said Beausire, cavalierly.

"Willingly."

"Ah! I should be curious to know——"

"I will prove to you that your presence here is as injurious to you as your absence would be profitable. You are a member of a certain academy, are you not?"

"I?"

"Oh, do not get angry, dear Monsieur de Beausire. I am not speaking of the French Academy."

"Academy—academy—" muttered Beausire.

"In the Rue du Pot-de-Fer, in the second story, is it not, my dear Monsieur de Beausire?"

"Hush!" said Beausire.

The blue domino drew out his watch, which was studded with diamonds that made Beausire's eyes water to look at them. "Well!" continued he, "in a quarter of an hour they are going to discuss there a little project, by which they hope to secure two million francs among the twelve members, of whom you are one, Monsieur de Beausire."

"And you must be another; if you are not——"

"Pray go on."

"A member of the police."

"Oh, Monsieur de Beausire, I thought you had more sense; but I am sorry to see that you are a fool. If I were of the police I should have taken you long ago, for some little affairs less honourable than this speculation of two millions which they are going to discuss in the academy in a few minutes."

Beausire reflected a moment.

"The devil! You must be right." Then still reflecting, "So, Monsieur, you wish to send me to the Rue du Pot-de-Fer; but I know why,—that I may be arrested there; I am not such a fool."

"More foolishness. If I had the power to do as you say; the power, greater still, of guessing what is going on at your academy,—I should have had you arrested at once, and we should have been rid of you, Madame and I; but on the contrary, my motto is 'with gentleness and persuasion,' dear Monsieur de Beausire."

"Oh, I know now," said Beausire, "you are the man who was on the sofa two hours ago, are you not?"

"What sofa?" inquired the blue domino,

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whose little finger Oliva pinched slightly; "the only sofa I know of is that of Monsieur Crébillon, junior."

"Never mind; you have induced me to go, and if you are sending a worthy man into harm, you will pay for it some day."

"Be tranquil," said the blue domino, laughing at this epithet "worthy"; "by sending you there, I give you one hundred thousand francs at least, for you know the rule of this society is that whoever is absent loses his share."

"Well, then, good-by!" said Beausire, and vanished.

The blue domino took possession of Oliva's arm, left at liberty by Beausire.

"Now!" said she, "I have let you manage poor Beausire at your ease, but I warn you, you will not find me, who know you, so easy to talk over; therefore, find something pretty to say to me, or——"

"I know nothing prettier in the world than your own history, dear Mademoiselle Nicole," said he, pressing the pretty round arm of the little woman, who uttered a low cry at hearing this name, which the mask whispered in her ear; but recovering herself with marvelous quickness said:

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* what a name! Is it I whom you call Nicole? If so, you are shipwrecked on leaving port; you founder on the first rock, for that is not my name."

"At present I know that you call yourself Oliva. Nicole was too provincial. I know that there are two women in you,—Oliva and Nicole. We will talk afterward of Oliva; at present I want to speak of Nicole. Have you forgotten the time when you answered to that name? I do not believe it, my dear child; for the name that one bears as a young girl is ever the one enshrined in the heart, although one may have been forced to take another to hide the first. Poor Oliva! Happy Nicole!"

At that moment a swarm of maskers, pushing by them, obliged Oliva to cling closely to her companion to keep from being swept away.

"See," he said, "all this motley crowd. See how these groups form and separate, some with joyous laughter, and others with reproaches. All these people have, perhaps, as many names as you; and I might astonish many of them by speaking to them names which they remember themselves, but think forgotten by all others."

"You said 'Poor Oliva!' Do you, then, think that I am not happy?"

"It would be difficult to be happy with a man like Beausire."

Oliva sighed and said, "Indeed, I am not."

"You love him, however?"

"Oh, a little!"

"If you do not love him much, leave him."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I should no sooner have done so than I should regret it."

"Do you think so?"

"I am afraid I should."

"What could you have to regret in a drunkard, a gambler, a man who beats you, and a blackleg who will one day come to the gallows."

"You would not understand me if I told you."

"Try."

"I should regret the excitement with which he surrounds me."

"I ought to have guessed it; that comes of passing your youth with such silent people."

"You knew about my youth?"

"Perfectly."

"Ah, my dear Monsieur!" said Oliva, laughing, and shaking her head with an air of distrust.

"You doubt it?"

"Really, I do."

"Then we will talk a little about your youth, Mademoiselle Nicole."

"Very well; but I warn you, I will answer you nothing."

"I do not wish it. I do not mean your childhood. I begin at the time when you first perceived that you had a heart capable of love."

"Love for whom?"

"For Gilbert."

At this word, this name, a shudder ran through her whole body, and the blue domino felt her trembling on his arm. "Ah, my God!" she cried, "how do you know?" and she darted through her mask, with an indescribable emotion, a searching glance at the blue domino. Then with a sigh, she said, "Oh, Monsieur! you have pronounced a name indeed fertile in recollections. You knew Gilbert?"

"Yes, since I speak to you of him."

"Alas!"

"A charming lad, upon my word. You loved him?"

"He was handsome. No, perhaps not; but I thought him so. He was full of intelligence, my equal in birth; but Gilbert thought no woman his equal."

"Not even——"

"Not even who?"

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"Not even Mademoiselle de Ta——"

"Oh, I know whom you mean, Monsieur! You are well informed. Yes, Gilbert loved higher than the poor Nicole. You are possessed of terrible secrets, Monsieur! Tell me, if you can," she continued, looking earnestly at him, "what has become of him?"

"You should know better than any one."

"Why, in Heaven's name?"

"Because, if he followed you from Taverney to Paris, you followed him from Paris to Trianon."

"Yes, that is true; but that is ten years ago, and I wish to know what has happened since the time when I ran away, and since he disappeared. Oh, how much can happen in ten years!"

Her companion looked at her in silence.

"I beg of you," persisted Nicole, almost supplicatingly, "tell me what has become of Gilbert! You turn away your head, and are silent. Perhaps the remembrances pain you."

The blue domino remained with his head bowed down, as if burdened by the weight of his recollections.

"When Gilbert loved Mademoiselle de Taverney—" continued Nicole.

"Speak lower when you mention names. Have you not noticed that I do not speak them?"

"When he loved her so much that every tree at Trianon was witness to his love——"

"You loved him no longer, then?"

"On the contrary, I loved him more than ever; and this love was my ruin. I am beautiful, proud, and, when I please, insolent, and would allow my head to be cut off rather than confess myself despised."

"You have a heart, Nicole?"

"I had then," she said, sighing.

"This conversation makes you sad?"

"No; it does me good to speak of my youth. It is with life as with rivers; the most turbid stream has a pure source. Go on, and pay no attention to any poor, stray sigh which may issue from my breast."

"Oh," said the blue domino, with a gentle nod, which betrayed a smile hidden under the mask, "I know of you, of Gilbert, and another person, my poor child, all that you can possibly know yourself."

"Then," cried Oliva, "tell me why Gilbert fled from Trianon; and if you tell me——"

"You will be convinced? Well, I will not tell you, and you will be more thoroughly convinced still."

"How can that be?"

"In asking me why Gilbert left Trianon, you do not wish me to confirm a suspicion but to tell you something which you do not know."

"That is true."

Then shuddering more violently than she had yet done, she seized both his hands in hers, "My God!" said she, "my God!"

"Well, what does this mean?"

Nicole appeared to recover herself, and to dismiss the idea which had produced this demonstration.

"Nothing," she said.

"Yes, you wished to ask me something."

"Yes; tell me frankly what has become of Gilbert?"

"Have you not heard that he was dead?"

"Yes; but——"

"Well, he is dead."

"Dead!" said Nicole, with an air of doubt. Then shuddering as before, "For mercy's sake, Monsieur, grant me one favour!"

"Two, ten, as many as you like, my dear Nicole."

"I saw you two hours ago,—for it was you, was it not?"

"Certainly."

"You did not, then, try to disguise yourself?"

"Not at all; on the contrary, I did all I could to make you see me."

"Oh, mad, mad woman that I am,—I who looked at you so much! Mad, mad, stupid woman,—only a woman! as Gilbert said."

"Well, now, spare your beautiful hair. Spare yourself."

"No; I wish to punish myself for having looked at you without seeing you."

"I do not understand."

"Do you know what I am going to ask of you?"

"No."

"Take off your mask."

"Here? Impossible!"

"Oh, you cannot fear being seen by others! Here, behind this column, you will be quite hidden, except from me. You fear that I should recognize you."

"Me!"

"And that I should cry, 'It is you; it is Gilbert!'"

"You did well to say, 'Mad! mad!'"

"Take off your mask."

"Yes, on one condition,—that you will take off yours if I ask it."

"I will take it off. If I do not, you may tear it off."

The blue domino yielded to Nicole's request. He went into the dark corner pointed out by her, and taking off his mask

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placed himself before Oliva, who looked earnestly at him for a whole minute.

"Alas, no!" she said, stamping her feet, and wounding the palms of her hands with her finger-nails. "Alas, it is not Gilbert!"

"And who am I?"

"Oh, I do not care, since you are not he!"

"And if it had been Gilbert?" said he, as he put on his mask again.

"Ah, if it had been!" she cried, passionately, "and he had said to me, 'Nicole, do you remember Taverney-Maison-Rouge?' oh, then——"

"Then?"

"There would have been, for me, no longer a Beausire in the world."

"But I have told you, my dear child, that Gilbert is dead."

"Ah, perhaps, then, it is for the best!" said Oliva, with a sigh.

"Yes; he would never have loved you, beautiful as you are."

"Do you, then, think he despised me?"

"No; he feared you, rather."

"That is possible. I was something like him; and he knew himself so well that I made him afraid."

"Then, as you said just now, it is better that he is dead."

"Do not repeat my words; in your mouth they hurt me. Why is it better that he is dead? Speak!"

"Because to-day, Mademoiselle Oliva,—you observe that I abandon Nicole,—because to-day, my dear Oliva, you have before you a future, happy, rich, and brilliant."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes; if you will resolve to do everything to attain the end I promise you."

"You may rest easy on that score."

"But you must give up sighing, as you were just now."

"Very well! I sighed for Gilbert; and as he is dead, and there are not two Gilberts in the world, I sigh no more."

"Gilbert was young then; he had the faults and good qualities of youth. But now——"

"Gilbert is not now older than he was ten years ago."

"No, undoubtedly, since he is dead."

"You see, then, he is dead; the Gilberts do not grow old,—they die."

"Oh," cried the unknown, "O Youth! O Courage! O Beauty!—eternal springs of love, heroism, and devotion,—he who loses you loses life itself. Youth is paradise, heaven, everything. What God bestows upon us afterward is but a sad compensation for the loss of our youth. The more generous he has been to a man in his youth, the greater should be the compensation when that youth has fled. But nothing can replace, great God! the treasures which that youth lavished on the man."

"Gilbert would have thought what you have so eloquently uttered," said Oliva. "But enough of this subject."

"Yes; we will speak of yourself. Why did you run away with Beausire?"

"Because I wished to leave Trianon, and I was obliged to go with some one. I could no longer remain after having been rejected by Gilbert."

"Ten years of fidelity through pride," said the blue domino. "Oh, how dearly have you paid for that vanity!"

Oliva laughed.

"Oh, I know what you are laughing at! You laugh because a man who pretends to know everything accuses you of having been ten years faithful, when you think you have not exposed yourself to that ridiculous reproach. However, I know all about you. I know that you went to Portugal with Beausire, where you remained two years; that you then left him, and went to the Indies with the captain of a frigate, who hid you in his cabin, and who left you at Chandernagor when he returned to Europe. I know that you had two million rupees to spend in the house of a nabob who kept you shut up, and that you escaped through the window on the shoulders of a slave. You were then rich, for you had carried away two beautiful pearl bracelets, two diamonds, and three large rubies. You came back to France, and on landing at Brest your evil genius made you encounter Beausire on the quay, who almost fainted on recognizing you, bronzed and emaciated as you were on your return, poor exile!"

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" cried Oliva, "who are you, then, who know all this?"

"I know, further, that Beausire carried you off again, persuaded you that he loved you, sold your jewels, and reduced you to poverty. Still you say you love him; and as love is the source of all happiness, of course you must be the happiest woman in the world."

Oliva hung her head, and covered her eyes with her hands; but two large tears might be seen forcing their way through her fingers,—liquid pearls, more precious, perhaps, than those in her bracelets, but which no one, alas! would have wished to purchase of Beausire.

"And this woman," she said at last,

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"so proud and so happy, you have bought this evening for fifty louis."

"I know it is too little, Madame," said the unknown, with that exquisite grace and perfect courtesy which never leaves the gentleman, even when addressing the lowest class of courtesans.

"No; on the contrary, I am surprised that a woman like me should be worth so much."

"You are worth much more than that, as I will show you. Oh, do not answer, for you do not understand; and besides—" added the unknown, leaning toward her.

"And besides?"

"Just now I want all my attention."

"Then I will be silent."

"No; talk, on the contrary,—of anything, it does not matter what, so that we seem occupied."

"Be it so; but you are a very strange man."

"Take hold of my arm, and let us walk."

They walked on among the various groups, Oliva attracting the gaze of every connoisseur to her fine figure, elegantly shaped head, and slender neck which her domino could not conceal; for in those days at the Opera-ball the passers-by followed the movements of a woman with as much curiosity as in our days the lovers of horse-flesh watch the paces of a fine horse.

At the end of some moments Oliva ventured to ask a question.

"Silence!" said the unknown; "or rather, talk as much as you like, only do not ask questions at present, for I cannot answer now. When you speak, disguise your voice, hold your head up, and touch your throat with your fan."

She obeyed. In a moment they passed a highly perfumed group, in the center of which a very elegant-looking man was talking rapidly to three companions, who were listening respectfully.

"Who is that young man in that beautiful gray domino?" asked Oliva.

"Monsieur le Comte d'Artois," replied the unknown; "but do not speak just now, for mercy's sake!"

At this moment, when Oliva, astounded at the high-sounding name pronounced by her companion, stepped to one side to get a better view of its owner, two other dominoes passed them and took refuge from the crowd in a place under the boxes, where there were no benches.

"Lean on this pillar, Countess," said one of them in a low voice, which was overheard by the blue domino, who started at its sound.

Almost at the same moment a yellow domino, whose bold manner revealed the useful man rather than the agreeable courtier, came up to the blue domino and said, "It is he."

"Very good," replied the other, dismissing the yellow domino by a gesture.

"Now, then," said Oliva's companion, turning to her, "we will begin to enjoy ourselves a little."

"I hope so, for you have twice made me sad,—first by taking away Beausire, who always makes me laugh, and then by speaking of Gilbert, who has made me weep so many times."

"I will be both Gilbert and Beausire to you," said the unknown, gravely.

"Oh!" sighed Oliva.

"I do not ask you to love me, remember; I only ask you to accept the life I offer you,—that is, the accomplishment of all your fancies, provided you occasionally help me with mine. Just now I have one."

"What is it?"

"That black domino is a German of my acquaintance who refused to come to the ball with me, under the pretext of a headache."

"And to whom you also said that you would not come."

"Precisely."

"He has a lady with him?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"I do not know; we will approach them. I will pretend that you are a German; you must not speak, lest he should recognize you by your accent as a native Parisian."

"Very well. And you will mystify him?"

"Oh, I will answer for that. Now, pretend to point him out to me with the end of your fan."

"Like that?"

"Yes, very well; now whisper to me."

Oliva obeyed with a docility and intelligence which charmed her companion.

The black domino, who had his back turned to them, did not see all this; but his companion did. "Take care, Monseigneur," said she; "there are two masks watching us."

"Oh, do not be afraid, Countess, they cannot recognize us. Do not mind them; but let me assure you that never form was so enchanting as yours, never eyes so brilliant; permit me to tell you——"

"All that one can say under the mask."

"No, Countess, all that one can say under——"

"Do not finish; you will condemn your-

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self. And besides,—danger greater still,—our spies would hear."

"Two spies!" cried the cardinal, with agitation.

"Yes, they have made up their minds to come to us."

"Disguise your voice, Countess, if they make you speak."

"And you yours, Monseigneur."

Oliva and her blue domino indeed approached; the latter came up to the cardinal, and said, "Mask——"

"What do you want?" said the cardinal, in a voice as unlike his natural one as he could make it."

"The lady who accompanies me desires me to ask you some questions," replied the blue domino.

"Ask quickly," said Monsieur de Rohan.

"And let them be very indiscreet," said Madame de La Motte.

"So indiscreet that you must not hear them," replied the blue domino, and he pretended to whisper to Oliva, who made a sign in answer; then in irreproachable German, he said to the cardinal, "Monseigneur, are you in love with the lady who accompanies you?"

The cardinal trembled. "Did you say Monseigneur?" he asked.

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"You are mistaken, then; I am not the person you think."

"Oh, Monsieur le Cardinal! do not deny it; it is useless. If even I did not know you, the lady who accompanies me assures me she knows you perfectly." And he again whispered to Oliva, "Make a sign for yes. Do so every time I press your arm."

She made the sign.

"You astonish me," said the cardinal, completely taken aback; "who is this lady?"

"Oh, Monseigneur! I thought you would have already recognized her. She knew you at once. It is true that jealousy——"

"Madame is jealous of me?" cried the cardinal.

"We do not say that," replied the unknown, rather haughtily.

"What are you talking about?" asked Madame de La Motte, who did not like this conversation in German, which she could not understand.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!"

Madame de La Motte stamped her foot, impatiently.

"Madame," said the cardinal to Oliva, "one word from you and I promise to recognize you instantly."

Monsieur de Rohan had spoken German; Oliva did not understand a single word, and leaned toward the blue domino.

"Do not speak, Madame, I conjure you," said he.

All this mystery piqued the curiosity of the cardinal.

"One single German word," he said, "could not much compromise Madame."

The blue domino, who feigned to have received orders from Oliva, replied immediately, "Monsieur le Cardinal, these are Madame's words: 'He whose thoughts are not continually on the alert, he whose imagination does not perpetually bring before him the presence of the loved one, does not love, however much he may pretend that he does.'"

The cardinal seemed struck by the sentiment expressed in these words. His whole attitude evinced in the highest degree surprise, respect, and exalted devotion; then his arms fell at his sides.

"It is impossible!" he murmured in French.

"What is impossible?" asked Madame de La Motte, who seized eagerly on these few words she could understand.

"Nothing, Madame, nothing."

"Really, Cardinal, you are making me play but a sorry part," said she, angrily.

The cardinal did not even seem to notice her anger, so great was his preoccupation with the German lady.

"Madame," said he to her, "these words that your companion has repeated to me in your name are some German lines which I have read in a house which is perhaps known to you."

The blue domino pressed Oliva's arm, who thereupon bowed assent.

The cardinal shuddered. "That house," said he, hesitatingly, "is it not called 'Schoenbrunn'?"

"Yes," nodded Oliva.

"They were written on a table of cherry-wood, with a gold bodkin, by an august hand?"

"Yes," bowed Oliva, again.

The cardinal stopped, tottered, and leaned against a pillar for support.

Madame de La Motte stood by, watching this strange scene.

Then the cardinal, touching the blue domino, said, "This is the conclusion of the quotation: 'But he who sees everywhere the beloved object, who recognizes her by a flower, by a perfume, even through the thickest veils, he can still be silent; his voice is in his heart, and to be understood

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by one other heart is sufficient for his happiness.'"

"Oh, they are speaking German here," said a young voice from an approaching group. "Let us listen. Do you speak German, Marshal?"

"No, Monseigneur."

"But you do, Charny?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"Here is Monsieur le Comte d'Artois," said Oliva, softly, to her companion.

At this moment the orchestra began a noisy prelude, and in the commotion caused by the dancers in hurrying to their places, the new-comer ran against the blue domino.

"Take care, gentlemen," said he, with a tone of authority.

"Monsieur," replied the prince, who continued masked, "the crowd urges us forward; your pardon, ladies."

At this instant some invisible hand pulled Oliva's hood from behind, her mask fell, and for a moment her features were visible. The blue domino uttered a cry of affected anxiety; Oliva a cry of alarm. Three or four cries of surprise responded to this exclamation.

The cardinal nearly fainted, and Madame de La Motte supported him. The pressure of the crowd separated the Comte d'Artois and his party from them. Then the blue domino approached the cardinal and said, "This indeed is an irreparable misfortune; this lady's honour is at your mercy."

"Oh, Monsieur, Monsieur!" murmured Prince Louis, bowing; and he passed over his forehead, streaming with perspiration, a handkerchief which trembled in his hand.

"Let us go quickly," said the blue domino to Oliva; and they moved away.

"Now I know," said Madame de La Motte to herself, "what it was the cardinal thought to be impossible; he took this woman for the queen. But what an effect it has had on him! Another observation to be retained."

"Would you like to leave the ball, Countess?" asked Monsieur de Rohan, in a feeble voice.

"As you please, Monseigneur," replied Jeanne.

"I do not find much interest here; do you?"

"Not at all."

They pushed their way through the crowd. The cardinal, who was tall, looked all around him trying to catch another glimpse of the vision which had disappeared; but from that moment blue, red, yellow, green, and gray dominoes whirled before his eyes in the luminous vapour like the varied colors of a prism. Everything at a distance was blue to the eyes of the unfortunate prince, but nothing near him was of that colour. In this state he regained the carriage which awaited him and his companion. They started on their return, and for five minutes the cardinal did not utter a word.

CHAPTER XXIV

SAPPHO

Madame de La Motte, who never forgot herself, roused the prelate from his revery. "Where is this carriage taking me, Cardinal?" she said.

"Back to your own house, Countess."

"My house!—in the faubourg?"

"Yes, Countess; a very small house to contain so many charms!" and saying this, the cardinal took one of her hands and kissed it gallantly.

The carriage stopped before the little house where so many charms were to try to find room. Jeanne alighted, and the cardinal was preparing to follow her.

"It is not worth the trouble, Monseigneur," whispered this female demon.

"What, not worth the trouble to spend a few hours with you, Countess?"

"And sleep, Monseigneur," said Jeanne.

"I believe there are several sleeping rooms in your house, Countess."

"For me, yes; but for you——"

"None for me?"

"Not yet," said she, with an air so gracious and so provoking that the refusal was equal to a promise.

"Adieu, then," replied the cardinal, so stimulated by the play in hand that for a moment he forgot the scene at the ball.

"Au revoir, Monseigneur."

"Well, I like it better so," said he, as the carriage drove off.

Jeanne entered her new house alone. Six lackeys waited for her in the hall, and she looked at them with that air of quiet superiority which fortune does not bestow upon all the rich.

"Where are my attendants?" she said.

One of the men advanced respectfully. "Two women wait for Madame in her room," said he.

"Call them."

The valet obeyed. A few minutes later two women entered.

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"Where do you usually sleep?" said Jeanne.

"We have no place as yet," said one of them; "we can sleep wherever Madame pleases."

"Where are the keys?"

"Here, Madame."

"Well, for this night you will sleep out of the house."

The women looked at her in surprise.

"You have some place to go to?" said Jeanne.

"Certainly, Madame; but it is late. Still, if Madame wishes to be alone——"

"These men can accompany you," she continued, dismissing the valets also, who seemed rather pleased.

"When shall we return?" asked one of the women, timidly.

"To-morrow at noon."

The six valets and the two women looked at each other for a moment, and then, controlled by Jeanne's commanding appearance, they moved toward the door. Jeanne accompanied them, but before closing the door on them asked, "Is any one else in the house?"

"*Mon Dieu!* no, Madame; there will be no one. It is impossible that Madame should remain here thus abandoned. Let one of the women stay,—in the servants' hall, in the kitchen, anywhere; but let some one stay and watch."

"I have no need of any one."

"But a fire might break out,—Madame might be ill."

"Good-night; go, all of you." She drew out her purse. "Here," she added, "is something as a welcome to my service."

A joyous murmur—a mode of thanks used by well-bred servants—was the only answer, the last word of the valets. All disappeared, bowing to the floor. Jeanne overheard their remarks as they went away; they were saying to one another that fortune had given them a fanciful mistress. When the noise of their voices and footsteps had died away, Jeanne locked the door, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Here I am, alone in my own house!" She lighted a candle in a three-branched candlestick, and bolted the massive door of the vestibule. Then ensued a silent, extraordinary scene, which would have highly interested one of those nocturnal spectators who, according to the fictions of the poet, hover over cities and places.

Jeanne was inspecting her possessions. She admired, room by room, all this house, the least detail of which had acquired in her eyes an immense value, now that to the curiosity of the visitor had succeeded the egotism of the proprietor.

The ground-floor included a bath-room, dining-room, three drawing-rooms, and two reception-rooms. The furniture of these rooms was in keeping with the luxuriousness of its owner. It was not new, and it was more pleasing to Jeanne than it would have been if procured expressly for her. All those rich antiques, disdained by women of fashion, the marvellous pieces of carved ebony, the glass lustres, the gothic clocks, masterpieces of chasing and enamel, the screens embroidered with Chinese figures, and the enormous Japanese vases filled with rare flowers,—excited the new proprietress to an ecstasy of delight that cannot be described. On a mantel-piece two gilded tritons bore branches of coral from which were suspended, as fruit, articles of jewelry at that time fashionable. On a gilded table with a white marble top was an immense elephant, sea-green, from whose ears hung pendants of sapphire, supporting a tower filled with the flasks of perfumes. Books for women, gilded and illustrated, were conspicuous on rosewood shelves, the corners of which were ornamented with arabesques of gold. A complete set of furniture covered with Gobelin tapestry, a triumph of patient work, which had cost one hundred thousand francs at the manufactory, adorned a small salon finished in gray and gold, on the walls of which every panel was an oblong canvas painted by Vernet or by Greuze. One small salon was richly ornamented with the best portraits by Chardin, and the finest terra-cottas by Clodion. Everything evinced, not the eagerness of a rich *parvenu* to gratify his caprices or those of his mistress, but the long and patient labour of those whose riches are of ancient date, who add to the treasures received from their fathers other treasures to be handed down to their children.

Jeanne examined everything in detail. Then, as her domino annoyed her, and her whalebone bodice was too tight, she went into her bedroom, quickly undressed, and slipped on a robe of wadded silk. Shivering, half-naked in the silk which caressed her bosom and her waist, her vigorous and finely proportioned leg rounding out the folds of her short robe, she boldly ascended the stairs, carrying her light in her hand. Familiarized with the solitude, and having no fear of encountering the gaze even of a servant, she bounded from room to room,

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permitting her light robe to flutter in the wind which blew in under the doors, and which, ten times in ten minutes, lifted it to the height of her charming knees. When she raised her arm to open a closet door, and the robe opened sufficiently to disclose the white roundness of the shoulder, of that dazzling tint so familiar in the paintings of Rubens, then the invisible spirits concealed under the draperies, or lurking behind the painted panels, must have rejoiced at having in their possession so beautiful a hostess, who thought that she was their possessor.

At length, after roaming through all the house, exhausted, breathless, her candle nearly consumed, she returned to her bedroom, hung with blue satin, and embroidered with large, fantastic flowers. She had seen everything, had admired everything; there was now nothing else for her to admire but herself. Suddenly her eyes fell on a marble Endymion—a delicate and voluptuous figure by Bouchardon—falling, intoxicated with love, on a block of porphyry. She closed the door and the portières of her chamber, drew the heavy window-curtains, and went back to the statue, devouring with her gaze the beautiful lover of Diana, who had given him a last kiss as she ascended toward the sky.

Jeanne felt under her feet the soft wool of the thick carpet; her legs trembled and bent under her; a languour which was induced neither by fatigue nor by sleepiness pervaded her frame and weighed upon her eyelids, while a heat which did not come from the fireplace ascended from her feet through all her body, and filled her veins with that living electricity which is called love.

At the moment of these extraordinary sensations Jeanne perceived herself in a pier-glass placed behind the statue of Endymion. Her robe had fallen from her shoulders to the carpet. The fine cambric, dragged down by the heavier silk, had fallen to the middle of her white and rounded arms. Two black eyes, soft with languour, brilliant with desire,—the eyes of Jeanne herself,—thrilled her to the depths of her heart. She saw that she was beautiful; she felt that she was young and ardent; she said to herself that in all that surrounded her nothing was so worthy of love,—not even Diana. She approached the marble to see if Endymion would not awake to life, and for the mortal disdain the goddess. She became intoxicated with the transport; she leaned her head toward her shoulder with a strange trembling, and applied her lips to the palpitating flesh. While she still gazed into the reflection of herself in the mirror, suddenly her eyes closed, her head drooped forward upon her breast, and sighing, she fell on the bed, without consciousness and without apparent life.

The candle shot forth a last ray of light from the midst of melted wax, and then yielded its last perfume with its last spark.

CHAPTER XXV

THE ACADEMY

Beausire had followed to the letter the advice of the blue domino; he had repaired at once to his academy, as it was called. The worthy friend of Oliva, tempted by the enormous sum of two millions, was greatly alarmed at his apparent exclusion by his companions, who had not communicated to him a scheme promising so great a reward. He knew that the associates in the academy did not pride themselves on being scrupulous, which in itself was a reason for haste, since the absent are always at a disadvantage, and especially so if their absence affords to others a chance for gain.

Beausire had acquired among his associates the reputation of a man to be feared. This was neither difficult nor astonishing. He had been a police officer and had worn a uniform. He knew how to draw his sword, and he had a habit of looking very fierce at the slightest word that displeased him,—all which appears rather terrifying to those of doubtful courage, especially when they have reason to shun the notoriety of a duel and the curiosity of the police. Beausire, then, calculated on avenging himself for the contempt with which they had treated him, by frightening his associates in the gaming-house of the Rue du Pot-de-Fer.

It was a long distance from the gate Saint Martin to the Church Saint Sulpice. But Beausire was rich; he jumped into a carriage and promised the driver an extra fare.

The horses started off at a rapid pace. Beausire, having no hat and no sword, since he wore a domino, assumed an expression of ferocity, sufficient to alarm any belated passer-by. His entrance into the academy produced quite a sensation.

There were in the first salon about twenty players, who were drinking beer or

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syrups, and smiling upon seven or eight women horribly rouged, who were looking on at the game.

They were playing faro at the principal table; the stakes were low, and the excitement small in proportion.

On the arrival of the domino, who shook his hood and moved his arms about underneath his dress, some women began to titter, half mockingly and half coquettishly. Monsieur de Beausire was a favourite, and the ladies never ill-treated him. Meantime he advanced as if he had neither heard nor seen anything, and when he had reached the table, he awaited in silence some remark upon his ill-humour.

One of the players—an old financier of doubtful character, a fellow apparently good-natured—said to him, "*Corbleu!* Chevalier, you come from the ball looking out of sorts."

"That is true," said the ladies.

"Does your domino hurt your head?" said another.

"It is not my domino that hurts me," replied Beausire, harshly.

"Oh!" said the banker, who had just raked toward him a dozen louis, "Monsieur le Chevalier de Beausire has been unfaithful to us; do you not see that he has been to the Opera-ball, and that in the neighbourhood he has played for a heavy stake and has lost it?"

Every one laughed at or pitied him, according to their dispositions; the women had compassion for him.

"It is not true that I have been unfaithful to my friends," replied Beausire; "I am incapable of infidelity! It is well for certain persons of my acquaintance to be guilty of infidelity toward their friends;" and to give more weight to his words he had recourse to the gesture of striking his hat down over his head. But unfortunately he merely flattened his silk hood, and thus gave it a ridiculous width, producing a very ludicrous effect instead of the serious one he had intended.

"What do you mean, dear Chevalier?" asked two or three of his associates.

"I know what I mean," replied Beausire.

"But that is not enough for us," said the good-natured old man.

"That does not concern you, Monsieur," retorted Beausire, unwisely.

A very expressive glance from the banker warned him that his remark was indiscreet. Indeed, it was necessary in this assembly not to make any distinction between those who paid and those who pocketed the money.

Beausire understood the glance, but his blood was up; those who are really brave control themselves more easily than those who pretend to be courageous.

"I thought I had friends here," he said.

"Why, certainly," replied several voices.

"Well, I was deceived!"

"In what?"

"In this: that many things are done without me."

Another sign from the banker; new protestations from the others.

"It is enough that I know," said Beausire, "and the false friends shall be punished."

He put his hand to his side to feel for his sword, but only touched his pocket, which, being full of louis, yielded a sound which betrayed him.

"Oh, oh!" cried two ladies, "Monsieur de Beausire is well off to-night!"

"Yes, it seems so," said the banker, slyly; "it seems that if he has lost, he has not lost anything; and that if he has been unfaithful to us, it is an infidelity which can be atoned for. Come, put up something, dear Chevalier."

"I thank you!" said Beausire, dryly; "if every one else keeps what he has, I will keep what I have."

"What the devil do you mean?" whispered one of the players.

"We will have an explanation, presently."

"Play then," said the banker.

"Just one louis," said a lady, caressing Beausire's shoulder in order to get as near as possible to his pocket.

"I only play for millions," said Beausire, boldly; "and really I cannot conceive how people can play here for paltry louis. Millions! Come, gentlemen of the Pot-de-Fer, since there is a secret scheme a-foot for gaining millions, have done with pitiable stakes of a louis! Millions, millionaires!"

Beausire had reached that moment of excitement when a man oversteps the bounds of common-sense. An intoxication more dangerous than that of wine excited him. Suddenly he received from behind a kick on the legs so violent as to make him pause and turn round; he saw by his side a broad, olive-coloured face, stiff and rough, with black eyes as luminous as burning coals. To Beausire's gesture of anger, this strange personage replied with a ceremonious bow and a stare as long as a rapier.

"The Portuguese!" said Beausire, astounded at this salutation from a man who had just kicked him.

"The Portuguese!" repeated the ladies,

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who abandoned Beausire to flutter round the stranger.

This Portuguese was the pet of these ladies, to whom, on the pretext that he did not speak French, he was in the habit of bringing confectionery, sometimes wrapped up in bank-notes of fifty or sixty francs.

Beausire knew that this Portuguese was one of the partners. He always lost his money with the frequenters of the gaming-house. He fixed the amount of his stakes at a hundred louis a week, and these were always lost. He was the decoy of the society. While he allowed himself to be plucked of a hundred golden feathers, the other associates stripped the players thus entrapped. The Portuguese was therefore regarded by the associates as a useful man and by the frequenters of the place as an agreeable man. Beausire had for him that tacit respect which is always inspired by what is mysterious, even when it inspires some distrust also. Beausire, therefore, on receiving the kick of the Portuguese, became silent and sat down.

The Portuguese took his place at the table, and put down twenty louis, which in about fifteen minutes had all passed into the hands of the other players. The clock struck three. Two servants entered. The banker dropped his money through a hole in the table, for the by-laws of the association were conformed to the degree of confidence which the members had in one another, and did not permit to any one member exclusive control of the common funds. They even provided that the banker should not wear long sleeves, or carry any money about him,—provisions designed to prevent his hiding money in his sleeve, and to reserve to the company the right to search his pockets and take from him whatever money was found.

The lackeys brought in cloaks, overcoats and swords. Some of the fortunate players offered their arms to the ladies; the unlucky ones squeezed themselves into sedan-chairs, still in use in those quiet parts of the town, and the lights in the gambling-room were extinguished.

Beausire also had put on his domino as if to go out; but he did not leave the house, and as soon as the door was closed upon those departing, he returned and entered the salon where eleven of the associates had already assembled. "At last," said he, "we will have an explanation."

"Light your lamp, and do not speak so loud," said the Portuguese, in good French.

Beausire muttered a few words to which no one paid any attention; the Portuguese seated himself in the banker's place. Then they examined the doors and windows to make certain that all was secure, drew the curtain close, and seated themselves.

"I have a communication to make," said the Portuguese; "fortunately, I arrived in good time; for Monsieur Beausire was seized this evening with a most imprudent flow of eloquence."

Beausire tried to speak.

"Silence," said the Portuguese; "let us not waste time in talk. You have uttered words which were more than imprudent. You had become aware of my plan; that is all very good. You are a man of talent and may have guessed it; but it seems to me that vanity should not predominate over interest."

"I do not understand," said Beausire.

"We do not understand," said the respectable assembly.

"Yes; Monsieur de Beausire hoped to be the first to make this proposition."

"What proposition?" cried the rest.

"Concerning the two million francs!" said Beausire with emphasis.

"Two million francs!" they cried.

"First," said the Portuguese, "you exaggerate; it is not as much as that. I will instantly prove it."

"We do not know of what you are talking," said the banker.

"But are not the less interested," said another.

"Speak first," said Beausire.

"Gladly," returned the Portuguese; and he turned out a large glass of orgeat, which he drank quietly, retaining all the time his cool manner. "You must know, then," he said—"I am not speaking for Monsieur de Beausire's information—that the necklace is not worth more than fifteen hundred thousand francs."

"Oh, then it concerns a necklace?" said Beausire.

"Yes; did you not mean the same thing?"

"Perhaps."

"Now he is going to be discreet after his former folly," and the Portuguese shrugged his shoulders.

"I see with regret that you are taking a tone which displeases me," said Beausire, with the manner of a cock getting ready to fight.

"Mira! Mira!" said the Portuguese, cold as marble; "when I have done you may say what you please; but time presses, and the ambassador will arrive in eight days."

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"This matter becomes complicated," said the banker; "a necklace, fifteen hundred thousand francs, and an ambassador! What does all this mean?"

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell," said the Portuguese: "Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange offered to the queen a diamond necklace worth fifteen hundred thousand francs. She refused it, and now they do not know what to do with it; for none but a royal fortune could buy it. Well, I have found the royal personage who will buy this necklace, and drag it forth from the iron chest of Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange."

"It is——"

"It is my gracious sovereign the queen of Portugal," and he looked very important.

"We understand it less than ever," said the associates.

"And I not at all," thought Beausire; then he said aloud: "Explain yourself clearly, dear Monsieur Manoel; our private differences should give place to the public interests. I acknowledge you the author of the idea, and renounce all claim to its paternity; but for God's sake, speak out!"

"That is as it should be," said Manoel, drinking a second glass of orgeat.

"We are already assured that there exists a necklace worth fifteen hundred thousand francs," said the banker. "That is an important point."

"And this necklace is in the strong-box of Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange. That is the second point," said Beausire.

"But Don Manoel said that her Majesty the queen of Portugal would buy the necklace. That is what baffles us."

"Nothing can be clearer, however," said the Portuguese. "All you have to do is to pay attention to my words. The embassy is just now vacant. The new ambassador, Monsieur de Souza, will arrive in eight days, perhaps sooner."

"Good!" said Beausire.

"And what is there to prevent this ambassador, eager to see Paris, from arriving and establishing himself before that time?"

The partners looked at one another, gaping in wonder.

"Do you not understand," said Beausire, "that Don Manoel means that the ambassador who will arrive may be, perhaps, a false one?"

"Exactly," added the Portuguese. "If the ambassador who shall present himself wishes to purchase the necklace for her Majesty the queen of Portugal, has he not the right?"

"Of course he has," said the company.

"And then he negotiates with Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange. That is all."

"Nothing more?"

"Only, that after having negotiated, it will be necessary to pay," observed the banker.

"Certainly; yes," replied the Portuguese.

"Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange will not give the necklace into the hands of an ambassador, even if it were the real Souza, without good security."

"Oh, I have thought of all that!" said the future ambassador.

"And what is your plan?"

"The embassy, as we have said, is now vacant."

"Yes."

"The only person there is a chancellor, a worthy Frenchman who speaks Portuguese as badly as possible, and who is delighted when the Portuguese speak to him in French, because in that language he is at home, and delighted also when Frenchmen speak Portuguese to him, because it is a compliment to his knowledge."

"Well?" said Beausire.

"Well, gentlemen, we will present ourselves to this worthy man with all the appearances of the new legation."

"Appearances are good," said Beausire, "but credentials are much better."

"We shall have them," replied Manoel.

"No one can deny that Don Manoel is an invaluable man," said Beausire.

"Our appearance and our credentials having convinced the chancellor as to the identity of the legation, we will establish ourselves at the embassy."

"Oh, oh, it is bold!" interrupted Beausire.

"It is necessary," continued the Portuguese.

"It is very simple," affirmed the other partners.

"But the chancellor?" objected Beausire.

"We have agreed that he will be convinced."

"If he should become less credulous, ten minutes before he began to doubt, he would be dismissed. I believe that an ambassador has a right to change his chancellor."

"Certainly."

"Then, when we are masters of the hôtel, our first step will be to wait on Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange."

"But you forget one thing," said Beausire; "our first act should be to ask an audience of the king, and there we should break down. The famous Riza Bey, who was presented to Louis XIV, as ambassa-

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dor from the Shah of Persia, spoke Persian at least, and there were no scholars here capable of discovering how well he spoke it; but we should be found out at once. We should be told directly that our Portuguese was remarkably French, and we should be sent to the Bastille."

"We will escape this danger by remaining quietly at home."

"Then Monsieur Boehmer will not believe in our ambassadorship."

"Monsieur Boehmer will be told that we have come to France merely to buy the necklace. We will show him our order to do this, as we shall before have shown it to the chancellor; only we must try to avoid showing it to the ministers, for they are suspicious, and might find a multitude of little flaws."

"Oh, yes!" cried they all, "let us avoid the ministers."

"But if Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange require money on account?" asked Beausire.

"That would complicate the affair," said the Portuguese, somewhat embarrassed.

"For," continued Beausire, "it is usual for an ambassador to have letters of credit, at least, if not ready money; and here we should fail."

"You find plenty of reasons why the enterprise should fail," said Manoel; "but nothing to make it succeed."

"It is because I wish to succeed that I speak of the difficulties. But stop; a thought strikes me."

All the heads approached in a circle.

"Every ambassador has a strong-box."

"Yes; a strong-box and a credit."

"We will not speak of credit, for there is nothing so hard to procure," said Beausire. "To obtain credit, one must have horses, carriages, servants, and everything of that sort. Let us consider the strong-box. What do you know of the one belonging to the Portuguese embassy?"

"I have always regarded her Majesty as a magnificent queen. She has probably seen that everything is arranged properly."

"That is for us to verify; but supposing the strong-box to be empty?"

"As is possible," said the others, laughing.

"Well, if it be, we must ask Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange who are their correspondents at Lisbon, and we will sign and stamp for them letters of credit for the sum demanded."

"That will do," said Manoel, majestically. "I was engrossed with the grand idea, but had not sufficiently considered the details."

"Which are exquisite," said the banker, licking his lips.

"Now, let us think of arranging the parts," said Beausire. "Don Manoel will be ambassador."

"Certainly," they all said.

"And Monsieur Beausire my secretary and interpreter," said Manoel.

"Why so?" said Beausire, rather uneasily.

"I am Monsieur de Souza, and must not speak a word of French; for I know that that gentleman when he talks, which is very seldom, speaks nothing but Portuguese. You, on the contrary, Monsieur, who have travelled, who are familiar with Parisian customs, who speak Portuguese also——"

"Very badly," said Beausire.

"Well enough not to be taken for a Parisian; and then, you know," added Don Manoel, fixing his black eyes on Beausire, "the most useful agents will have the largest shares."

"Assuredly," said the others.

"Well, it is agreed,—I am secretary and interpreter."

"Let us settle this at once," interrupted the banker; "how shall we divide the profits?"

"It shall be divided into twelve parts; but I, as ambassador and author of the scheme, shall have a share and a half; Monsieur Beausire the same, as interpreter and because he partly shared my idea, and talked of millions on arriving here."

Beausire gave a sign of approval.

"Finally," said the Portuguese, "a share and a half to him who sells the jewels."

"Oh," said the others, in one voice, "he should have only half a share!"

"And why?" said Don Manoel, in surprise; "it seems to me that he will run a great deal of risk."

"Yes; but he will have a bonus, a premium, and allowances, which will net him an enormous share," said the banker.

At this everybody laughed; these honest people understood one another wonderfully.

"So far, then, it is settled; we will arrange the minor details to-morrow, for it is very late," said Beausire, who was thinking of Oliva, left at the ball with the blue domino, in whom, in spite of his readiness to give away louis d'or, he did not feel implicit confidence.

"No, no; we will finish at once," said the others. "What is to be prepared?"

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"A travelling-carriage, with the arms of Monsieur de Souza," said Beausire.

"That would take too long to paint and to dry," said Manoel.

"Then we must say that the ambassador's carriage broke down on the way, and that he was forced to use the secretary's."

"Have you a carriage, then?" asked the Portuguese.

"I shall have the first one I can find."

"But your arms?"

"Whatever may be on it."

"Oh, that simplifies everything. It must be dirty,—splashes of mud on the panels and on the back and all about the crest, so that the chancellor will see nothing but mud."

"But the rest of the embassy?" asked the banker.

"We will arrive in the evening," said Beausire; "it is the best time for a first entrance; and you shall all follow next day, when we have prepared the way."

"Very well."

"But every ambassador, besides a secretary, must have a valet, who will occupy a delicate position!" said Don Manoel.

"You, Captain," said the banker, addressing one of the sharpers,—"you will take the part of valet."

The captain bowed.

"And the money for the purchases?" said Manoel; "I have nothing."

"I have a little," said Beausire; "but it belongs to my mistress."

"What have we in our fund?" asked the members.

"Your keys, gentlemen," said the banker.

Each drew out a key which opened one of twelve locks; these locks secured the drawer under the table in such a manner that none of these honest associates could open it except in the presence of all the others. They proceeded to examine its contents.

"One hundred and ninety-eight louis, besides the reserve fund," said the banker.

"Give them to Monsieur de Beausire and to me; it is not too much," said Manoel.

"Give us two-thirds, and leave the other third for the rest of the embassy," said Beausire, with a generosity which won all their hearts.

Don Manoel and Beausire received, therefore, one hundred and thirty-two louis, and sixty-six remained for the others. They then separated, after appointing a rendezvous for the next day.

Beausire rolled up his domino under his arm and hastened to the Rue Dauphine, where he hoped to find Oliva in possession of additional louis d'or.

(*To be continued*)

Sea and Land

By MOSCHUS

Translated by J. M. Edmonds

WHEN the wind strikes gently upon a sea that is blue, this craven heart is roused within me, and my love of the land yields to the desire of the great waters.

But when the deep waxes gray and loud, and the sea begins to swell and to foam, and the waves run long and wild, then look I unto the shore and its trees and depart from the brine, then welcome is the land to me and pleasant the shady greenwood, where, be the wind never so high, the pine-tree sings her song.

O 'tis ill to be a fisher with a ship for his house and the sea for his labour and the fishes for his slippery prey. Rather is it sleep beneath the leafy plane for me, and the sound hard by of a bubbling spring such as delights and not disturbs the rustic ear.

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Some Persons of Importance

The service of philosophy, of speculative culture, towards the human spirit is to rouse, to startle it into sharp and eager observation. Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive for us,—for that moment only.

Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life.

WALTER PATER.

THAT passage, with its much-quoted phrase about the "gemlike flame," seems to me to represent Pater at his best. There may be many to whom "eager observation" and "passion" and "ecstasy" mean something fuller and more overwhelming than the responses apparent in one of the writer's restrained temperament: yet whatever the rhythm of his own emotions, he is here preaching that boundless joy of life which is man's most devout philosophy.

There are times when ordinary mortals will be apt to accuse him of a certain "defeatism"—as in his sympathetic detailing of young Flavian's attitude: "It was all around one:—that smoothly built world of old classical taste, an accomplished fact, with overwhelming authority on every detail of the conduct of one's work. With no fardel on its own back, yet so imperious towards those who came labouring after it, Hellas, in its early freshness, looked as distant from him even then as it does from ourselves. There might seem to be no place left for novelty or originality,—place only for a patient, an infinite, faultlessness."

Now, it is of course impudence for an ignoramus to find fault with so finished and broadly cultured a scholar as Walter Pater. But I have never known one of the breed to hesitate on that account, and *homo sum*—. Moreover, I am not speaking of literature professionally, but as something to nourish the inner being of any person of intelligence. Sometimes one feels as if it would be a gain for real culture if all literary criticism, and courses of literature, and picked-up pre-judgments about great writers could be wiped out, that the world might start fresh, like Adam in Eden, and sample these fruits of the human mind with a naïf palate. Perhaps then we'd get away from the stultifying falseness of second-hand appreciation, from the deadening exclusiveness of considering literature and culture ends in themselves.

So—I cannot help feeling that at times such highly refined natures as Pater's forget the very statement he quotes from Pliny the younger: "For it is not true that nature, as if weary and effete, no longer produces what is admirable." There is a sense that like his Marius, he had been "given more to contemplation than action," and "constructing the world for himself in great measure from within, by the exercise of meditative power"; and reading the praise of Italian farm-life where "vulgarity seemed impossible," or the fastidious "horror of profanities," one experiences an occasional desire for the ripe wit of a Montaigne, endlessly curious about the infinite variety of life as it is—even for those Gargantuan obscenities of Rabelais, which by comparison become a fresh and bracing wind, a grateful balance of coarse earthiness.

Having confessed which, it is only fair (to the editor) to add that a recent tour through eight volumes of Pater has resulted in the listing for future publication of several essays

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(besides the interesting paper on Michelangelo's poetry in this issue) which this magazine could hardly do without!

Mr. Pater narrowly escaped one tragedy—that of being born in the United States. For his father, Richard Glode Pater, first saw the light in New York, a member of a Dutch family which probably included Jean-Baptiste Pater, the painter. The father went to England and became a physician, practising among the poor in Shadwell, where Walter, the second son, was born in 1839.

At fourteen the boy went to King's School, Canterbury, and his æsthetic reactions to the cathedral coloured his mind throughout his life. He made little mark at Oxford, being shy and withdrawn; even with the stimulus of private tuition by Jowett, who had discerned some unusual quality in him, he took merely a second in literæ humaniores when he graduated in 1862. Gradually growing away from his idea of entering the Church, he settled down into the congenial position of a fellowship at Brazenose, and began to produce his leisurely "well-filed" papers on poetry and art. By the time his *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* appeared (1878), he was the center of a small, highly cultivated circle—including the pre-Raphaelite band—who hailed him as a stylist of rarest finish and a critic of insight and cultivation.

Marius the Epicurean, his chief bid for lasting fame, appeared in 1885: it is still to-day a sort of bible for the classical-minded. Then came *Imaginary Portraits*, *Appreciation, with an Essay on Style*, *Plato and Platonism*, and *The Child in the House*, and after his death in 1894 several posthumous volumes were gathered: *Greek Studies*, *Miscellaneous Studies*, the unfinished romance of *Gaston de Latour*, and *Essays from the Guardian*.

Unquestionably he added something to literature; and the further one advances in those rarefied regions of higher æsthetics, the more one is apt to find to enjoy in his polished expression of the hunger for perfection.

"SCARLETON" was the pen-name of a Nova Scotia writer, Susan Morrow. She married Maj.-Gen. Guy Carleton Jones, C. M. G. (also M.D., C.M., M.R.C.S., Knight of Grace, Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Officier Légion d'Honneur, and holder of the Queen's medal with two clasps from the Boer War), a distinguished soldier in the British Army, who was for a dozen years Director-General of the Canadian Medical Service.

Born in 1869, Mrs. Carleton Jones seems to have written only a handful of short stories, five of which appeared in the *Atlantic* between 1901 and 1907; and she died in 1926, leaving to outsiders mainly a remembrance of a vivid personality which breathed through these striking and original tales.

"The Lame Priest" carries its interest in itself: a poignant story of mystery made credible. But it is also notable as one of the very few appearances of our old friend the Werewolf on this side of the Atlantic. In fact, I cannot remember any other piece of American fiction dealing with this legend so deeply ingrained in the childhood of the race—though it is matter of common reference, and I believe the superstition still holds traditionally among the more primitive French-Canadians; I should not be at all surprised to find it, too, subconsciously existing and ready to spring to life, among the "Pennsylvania Dutch." For it is an inheritance of particular force in French and German folklore.

There is probably something earlier in Hindu and Egyptian literature; and Circe's operations upon shipwrecked mariners, and Nebuchadnezzar's fate are variants of the idea; but old Pliny seems to have started the Werewolf definitely on his literary career, when in his sometimes highly unnatural *Natural History* (viii, 31) he tells how the luckless loup-garou must pass through a purgatory of nine years as a wolf before resuming his human form. (This first great single-handed cyclopædia-maker drew upon the work of some five hundred writers for his "facts" on subjects which ranged from "The Goose in War, Love, Gourmandism, Sybaritism and Sickness" to the magical and medical functions of the Hyæna which "imitates the human voice among the stalls of the shepherds; and, while there, learns the name of some one of them, and then calls him away and devours him.")

Petronius also, in the *Satyricon*, has a startling incident, where the hero's friend removes his clothing and immediately becomes a wolf.

The belief in this lycanthropy as a fact of every-day life took firm root in every country

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where the wolf was such a present danger as to become a symbol of shuddering terror to children in fireside tales: Scandinavian sagas are full of it;—as witness Longfellow's

> Oft through the forest dark
> Followed the were-wolf's bark;

in Lithuania and Livonia, the folklore tells it again and again, frequently changing the wolf to a bear, as in Mérimée's "Lokis," or to a vampire, as Bram Stoker's Hungarian nobleman preferred; many German tales of the Middle Ages celebrate it, and there are fascinating French metrical romances of the fourteenth century which bring out all the tragedy for the metamorphosed human. In 1573 a court of Parliament at Dôle, in Franche-Comte, authorized the country folk to arm themselves and beat the woods for a band of most pestilential werewolves who had "carried off several little children, so that they have not since been heard of, and done injury to some horsemen, who kept them off only with great difficulty and danger."

Only because the wolves had been killed off early in Great Britain is Anglo-Saxon literature so poor by comparison in narratives of these intriguing monsters: we did our best with witches changing themselves to cats and hares, but they are mild indeed beside the bloody tragedy of the medieval werewolf.

Incidentally, for those who wish the *frisson* of a more intimate acquaintance with these fearsome matters, there are several satisfying treatises: Baring-Gould's *Book of Werewolves*, *Werewolves*, by Eliot O'Donell, *The Werewolf in Latin Literature*, by K. F. Smith, and the Modern Language Association's comprehensive *Historical Study of the Werewolf in Literature*.

LAST August I gave some account of that strange personality who wrote some memorable books under the name of "Frederick, Baron Corvo." His "Epick of Sangiorgio" is particularly appropriate here, since the "day" of the patron saint of England, Aragon and Portugal falls at this time—and a nation which breaks out into Mother's Days and Bath Weeks ought to appreciate the high memorial days of others.

For, gravely weighing the various legends (which get a bit tangled and duplex between the account of Eusebius and that in the *Chronicon Pascale*), modern criticism is willing to admit that a Cappadocian Christian named Giorgios, who had risen to high rank under Diocletian, did suffer martyrdom for his faith, possibly on April 23d, 303.

The canon of Pope Gelasius, less than two centuries later, cautiously classes the Saint militant as one of those "whose names are justly reverenced among men, but whose acts are known only to God"; but the zealous hagiographers fixed all that in succeeding centuries: they discovered his miracle-working relics in the French village of Le Maire, and again at Lydda in Syria, from which they were removed to Zorava in the Hauran to impress the natives, their Mussulman conquerors, and the devout Crusaders when they arrived. (The church built by the latter to him at Lydda was later destroyed by Saladin.)

The Dragon, whom Voragine made a part of English heritage in his *Golden Legend*, sprang from high antiquity. Saint George's shrine at Lydda (near Joppa) was hard by the traditional scene of Perseus' rescue of Andromeda from the sea-monster! So, since in matters of dogma and expression the early Church, like M. Pocquelin, took its own where it found it, the Christian hero was gradually presented with the exploits of the Greek myth. (Our German friends, of course, carry him on back still further and see him as one more manifestation of the irrepressible solar myth.) That's a long, long way from "St. George for Merry England"—and, considering it, there's less surprise at finding Baron Corvo's Italian Toto embroidering the legend with a marvelous mixture of myth and legend.

For many centuries the entire Roman Catholic Church has observed this anniversary as a "semi-duplex"; the Spanish Catholics raise it to "a duplex of the first class with an octave"; and it is also a principal feast in the Greek Orthodox Eastern Church.

The indefatigable Brand has some entertaining notes on ancient observances:

> Blue Coats were formerly worn by people of fashion on St. George's Day, blue being the national colour, in honour of the national saint.
>
> The Fins hold that whoever makes a riot on St. George's Day is in danger of suffering from storms and tempests.

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In Coates's History of Reading, under the heading of Churchwardens' Accounts in the year 1536, are the following entries:

"CHARG" OF ST. GEORGE

"Ffirst payd for iii caffes-skynes, and ii horse-skynnes iiii s. vi d.
Payd for makeying the loft that Saynt George standeth upon, VI d.
Payd for ii planks for the same loft xiij d.
Payd for iiij pesses of clowt lether, ij s. ij d.
Payd for makeying the yron that the hors resteth upon, vj d.
Payd for makeying of Saynt George's cote, viii d.
Payd to John Paynter for his labour, XLV s.
Payd for roses, bells, gyrdle, sword and dager, iij s. iij d.
Payd for setting on the bells and roses, iij d.
Payd for naylls necessarye thereto, x d. ab.

At Leicester "the riding of the George" was one of the principal solemnities of the town, the inhabitants being bound to attend the Mayor; and St. George's horse used to stand, harnessed, at the end of St. George's chapel in St. Martin's church.

ANTREA KARKAVITSAS is a member of that group of modern Greek fiction writers, of whom Bikelas and Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown) have been among the few internationally known figures.

Demetra Vaka, in editing the volume, *Modern Greek Stories*, some years ago, points out that the Greece of to-day is essentially a nation of readers:

> While the better classes were eagerly Europeanizing themselves, the native life was growing stronger and healthier. Schools multiplied everywhere, and perhaps there is no country in the world which has so many newspapers and so many newspaper readers. Athens has 250,000 inhabitants (1920), and 250 publications a week. Peasants will walk miles, or flag the trains, to obtain their newspapers. The quality of the editorials is excellent. And so esteemed is a writer in Greece that he expects little pecuniary gain. The fact that he cannot hope to make a living from literature has never prevented the Greek from writing, and thus modern Greece has always had an abundance of both poets and prose writers . . .
>
> Such as Greece is, she has given to the world Mr. Venizelos in her political life, and has produced Mr. Karkavitsas in her literature. A nation which can do that must be a nation with a future.

Certainly "Sea" presents with powerful simplicity that ancient theme of the resistless lure of the ocean for the man who has come under her Circe spell. H. W. L.

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